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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1903.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

BY JOHN SWAFFHAM.

And patiently exact,
This universal God
Alike to any act
Proceeds at any nod,
And quietly declaims the cursings of himself.
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"HELEN, is there a God after all?" The Rev. James Thomson crashed his whole fourteen stone into the worn arm-chair, every line of his body clear writ "fagged-out," of his face "despair." His wife, though she, too, wore the air of one who has fought the long battle against insuperable forces until every fibre has learned the utter failure of struggle, moved quickly over and bent above the limp giant—a hand on either chair-arm.

"Don't, please, Henry, dear!" she pleaded, and one who should have seen her smile might have read how twenty-seven years of wedded life and sordid struggle had at least failed to quench the love in this woman's soul.

The man did not raise his eyes, but from the utter despondency of his face the same bitter voice repeated the question: "Can you say there is, Helen?"

"You are very tired, dear, and I know it is hard." She turned her still beautiful head a moment, and added in a quick lower tone—"Not while the daughter's here, please!"

"How long have we been married?" he questioned, in the new key, but still with the same note.

"Twenty-seven years."

"And for twenty-seven years you and I and seven curates, good men all, have lavished ourselves and, in one way and another, a

matter of twelve thousand a year. I say nothing of the hundred others who have helped off and on ; of the Settlement, which has fought to the full of its youth these five years ; of the libraries, and the schools, and the—the everything,” he concluded desperately. “And what is the result ? Dare you tell me, my wife, that you have seen God’s hand upon this people ?”

He raised his eyes wearily to hers, and she held them for a moment with her grave smile. Then she kissed his forehead.

“Father,” said a voice at their ears, “what is it ?”

Surely it was clear proof of the great self-mastery which these two had learned that neither started. Their eyes met always, but the mother’s hand stole round her daughter’s waist. “Father’s very tired, dear !” she said.

Then they both rose, but still their gaze, self-centred, did not meet her. The tall woman of twenty-three, with all the grace of her mother tempered to the passionate strength of her father, watched them keenly, but the lines on the fine face were not good to see. The man found himself with an effort, tragic in its intensity. “We must dress ourselves, Roy, eh ?” he smiled, “or Robert will get no dinner.”

The three went upstairs together.

The great yew in Escote churchyard is gnarled and twisted, seams plastered with mortar less petrified with age than its wood is hard with years ; here clamped with iron bands, stayed there with oaken props. Men have come from the four quarters of the world and called its age two thousand years. Who knows ? Earl Oswiu built this church for Wilfrith the Bishop in A.D. 687 ; there is no such Saxon door upon all the earth. The yew looks on it as a thing of yesterday ; yet both alike have stood all that hand of time and stress of weather may do, and therein are admirable of men. But I think that not half of those who now come to Escote churchyard regard these as of more than secondary import. Mostly, as at this moment a man and a woman, these comers stand bareheaded by the twelve years’ tomb, the raw granite slab.

Here Lie the Bodies of

Henry Thomson and of Helen his wife.

For Thirty Years they gave their Lives to the
Parish of Saint Jonathan in Whitechapel, and
dying in the flower of their age yet were
they not divided.

He was 52 and his wife 47.

AT REST.

Presently the man and woman turn slowly. When they feel the shadow of the yew they pause as with one consent, and the man again uncovers. It is a great head, and the sunlight, cut sheer through the branches overhead, lights each clear contour of the profile as his restless eyes gather every detail of the triangular Saxon porch. The woman notes for the thousandth time the strength of the straight clean brows under the twin overarching prominences of his forehead; the keen, deep-set eye, wide nostrils, and full but firm lips above the stubborn chin. In happy days of Greece this man were a philosopher; like times in England should hail their great reformer, inevitably as the bitter modern poverty would cast up from the seething space a socialist, nay more, against God and man alike. But it is young and its fire not yet curbed to the lines of the knowledge of the baffled impotence of strength.

“One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.”

He did but murmur the lines, yet she heard them, though she did not choose to show it.

“I am glad they died here. Now at least I can always think of them as near by to strengthen us in spirit, just as I have never failed to gather something of their power from this tree and this porch in their sublime defiance of every power but themselves.”

“Robert!” cried the woman with a note of the agony of a hunted creature in her voice. “Take me away, right away from this struggle. You know it killed them.”

She clutched his arm, but he knew her moods and raised his hand to her elbow too. Then while either held the other with almost painful firmness he answered:

“Whether is it better, my dear, to march breast forward even though we fall as they did, or to be a Stylites on his pillar?” She interjected a fierce assent to the alternative, but he continued unheeding. “Did they doubt the clouds would break? Sometimes, perhaps, they faltered, but you know for how long; and you know also that already hundreds are reaping on the fields they sowed with their strength. Roy!” he added, changing to a gentler tone and tenderly shaking her arm as he felt the relaxing grasp of her fingers, “You know if we are their children and can hold back.”

His voice had the grand optimism of a youth which feels

the hour of its power and may doubt no failure. Before the passion of his idealism her mood must quail, but it could not pass.

"Let us go in," he said, changing his grasp to a light touch on her elbow.

Perhaps he had never realised till now how deep the iron had entered into this woman's soul. Her fingers closed on his forearm even more harshly than before, and the revelation of the voice reached him through all his young ardour.

"Except on the day I marry you, I will never enter a church, Robert, unless it be to christen or to bury my child—never until I see that God is not the cold, unregarding devourer of souls as He was to them."

She was but twenty-six, he a bare year older, but few men have gained by death the knowledge to read souls which was his by birth-right. There was an infinite compassion in his tenderness which was almost more than she could bear, yet all his answer ran "So be it."

.

Four were playing whist in the low-ceiled, black-beamed room which had been a cottage kitchen when Henry Tudor landed at Ravenspur, now part of a famous Jacobean house. The two men had come down to Escote for the brief week-end respite of City bondage. At the table sat a woman of forty, toying with the weekly papers, and the younger watched her face as he played. His thought was, "My father says he has never seen the perfect face since he saw this twenty years ago; I have never seen so hopeless an antagonism. But she will never give in."

In the intervals of play they talked.

"You are no politician, Mr. Watson, I think you said?"

"I fear not, Mrs. James. It is scandalous, of course."

"Why!" she said fiercely. "But you know something about the social movements, I suppose?"

"Can a fellow escape them any more than Weissmannism?" he returned, opposing question to question.

She regarded him curiously, but if there was a moment's relenting in the gaze, her voice denied the insinuation. "If I give you my father's life, will you promise me to read it, Mr. Watson?" she answered, with a cold precision of intonation which came as an ice-wind on his heart opened to a great pity of her state.

"Surely!" he replied, and once more she glanced keen question

at the tone. But he had turned to the cards again, and the hint, if it had existed, found no counterpart on his face.

Meanwhile he gravely revoked twice.

It was a year later—the time identical, the scene nearly so. He noted a few more books; also a St. Helena had replaced the portrait of Renan over the drawing-room mantelpiece. Yet her face was hard as ever, and he had watched it often during the past year till every line had become a haunting memory in his dreams.

Her husband hummed as he arranged his hand—

“ If only still we play
With all our mights and mains,
We know, though we may stay
Not long enough, the pains
Will never be quite lost. . . .”

“ O Robert,” protested a voice at the table, “ you know that’s——” The ending did not come to their ears. Her husband bravely finished his morality; but the words were no longer articulate, and once more the ice-blast swept through the room.

John Watson did not revoke this time. Her husband did.

Mr. James had not yet finished writing his letters; the two other women, just returned from church, were upstairs. John Watson smoked a cigarette in a long deck-chair in the porch, when her figure behind him in the door chilled the bright August landscape of his view. He drew himself together, but did not turn.

“ You have read my father’s life ?” she asked abruptly.

“ I promised.”

“ And you have been to church !”

He met her challenge with its equal, as he rose and faced her.

“ Why not ?”

Intuitively she knew her match, but refused to recognise defeat before it came—“ And I say, why ?”

“ Do you ever read Clough ?”

“ I don’t think he did.”

He took no notice of her begging-the-question answer.

“ ‘ This world is very odd, we see,
We do not comprehend it ;
But in one fact we all agree,
God won’t, and we can’t mend it.

‘ Being common sense it can’t be sin
 To take it as I find it ;
 The pleasure to take pleasure in,
 The pain, try not to mind it.’

“ Did you ever test that view ? ” he asked.

“ It’s pure childish talk, and he knew it,” she asserted, but he found the shadow of retreat in the tone.

“ Or this ? ” he continued—

“ ‘ But country folks who live beneath
 The shadow of the steeple ;
 The parson and the parson’s wife,
 And mostly married people ;
 ‘ And almost everyone when age,
 Disease, or sorrows strike him,
 Inclines to think there is a God,
 Or something very like Him.’ ”

There was plain hesitation now. “ Why do you talk to me in other people’s words ? ” she asked angrily.

Inexorably he went on—

“ ‘ Is it so small a thing
 To have enjoyed the sun,
 To have lived light in the spring,
 To have loved, to have thought, to have done,
 To have advanced true friends *and beat down baffling foes ?* ’ ”

He spared her no single emphasis on the last half-line, and she shrank visibly.

“ Is there any more ? it is nearly lunch time.” She was very scornful, yet she never stirred from her post in the doorway.

“ Only this—

‘ And why is it that still
 Man with his lot thus fights ?
 ’Tis that he makes his will
 The measure of his rights,
 And believes nature outraged if his will’s gainsaid.’ ”

“ ‘ They only can take in
 The world’s immense design ;
 Our desperate search was sin,
 Which henceforth we resign.’ ”

“ That is your own poet and your answer. Face it if you dare ! ” she flashed. “ Dare you ? ”

"I think I have the better right to ask that question, perhaps."

"How?" There was imminent disaster on her now, but she struggled bravely.

"How? I am twenty-three and you are forty, and you leave nothing to rob me of the savour of life. Ask your husband!" In his holy resentment he struck home unrelenting, then feared the sudden pallor of her face.

"My husband!" she faltered.

With an effort he concluded: "It is no place of mine, God knows; but where are the enthusiasms, the utter fearlessness of the right which made Robert James a name to follow through the world seventeen years ago?"

Her lids were lowered and her foot beat the ground, but it was more from nervousness than the old petulant unrest. There was a long pause. Then she raised her eyes and met his.

"Why have you done this?" she asked, and her voice was just utterly hopeless—no more.

"Why, indeed, unless to keep my soul."

A fearful struggle went through her, but she conquered.

"Thank you!" He could hardly hear the low word, but watching the dragging gait as she turned wearily upstairs, the man became very sorry. Then the lunch bell rang. Her niece came in late. "Aunt Roy has an awful headache," she said.

.

Again three months. Autumn is everywhere, but as yet the airs are still warm and heavy, change gradual, no disruption. Within there is also change, a gradual mellowing of tone, yet slowly, decent, and with order. St. Helena in ecstasy before her dream-cross no longer hangs above the mantel where now is Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Between the windows she supplants Carlyle, as before Renan. But, more altered than all is Mrs. James, whose face behind the urn wears a new and lovely peace. Clearly her husband would go unreprieved should he hum his didactic ditties, but he does so no more. Evidently he is free of bonds, and his talk ripples gladly, so that the young man's thought, as he listens, goes back to tales of the speaker's youth.

John Watson, walking churchward with the niece next day, watches the pair in front. "Mrs. James is coming with us; surely she must be stronger than she used to be!"

A queer smile fluttered round the girl's mouth

"Aunty Roy was never not strong enough. She always comes now!"

Of Mrs. James and John Watson when men chance to speak, there is always a smile on their lips and a kind amusement in their eyes. "Brother and sister, mother and son," they laugh, "but what is this!"

Between them the past is as it had never been, unseen, unnoted, unrecalled. Yet the one saved his soul from between the other's hands, leaving there, instead, her own which was lost.

SHIPS' FIGURE-HEADS.

EVEN the most cursory looking backwards is quite sufficient to show that the theory of the survival of the fittest applies equally as well to things nautical as to those connected with operations on dry land. Steam as a motive power on the high seas, metal as a substitute both for wood and for hemp, have effectually robbed Old Ocean of much of its delightful inspiration for poet, for painter, and for novelist. Song and story, history and tradition, perpetuate the memory of those staunch ships and sterling seamen first to penetrate the mysteries of Far Cathay and the Antipodes; but the marine engineer and his "black squad" have effectually buried the romance of the silvery sea in the coal-bunkers of the modern steamship. Even where sails of snow-white hue and graceful cut are still solely used to woo the freshening breeze which is absolutely necessary to drive the good ship over the seas, it must be freely admitted that iron and steel, together with mechanical labour-saving appliances, have lessened the demand for very much that was ever before the eyes of our forefathers.

Ships themselves, as a general rule, are continuously tending more and more nearly to become simply huge floating warehouses, "that bear the wheat and cattle, lest street-bred people die." The stately spars tapering upward from an immaculate deck, as though intent on piercing the steely blue of the celestial concave, are replaced by fuliginous funnels, sending forth sooty particles, striving with each other to demonstrate beyond a doubt that coal won from the bowels of the earth is now all-powerful in this utilitarian age. The faultlessly-fashioned white wings so beloved by the ancient mariners, once bosomed out by a favouring gale, have also disappeared before the tiresomely throbbing screw-propeller, ever churning the never-surfeited sea into feathery foam. Even the famous figure, which was often tricked out fantastically by the nautical artist with every colour of the solar spectrum that happened to be handy, and was really "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever" to the hardy toiler of the deep sea gifted with a perfervid imagination—even the fondly cherished

figure-head is fast becoming but a gentle reminder of a glorious past. Most of the modern ocean-going steamships could not possibly carry a figure-head, inasmuch as the elegant cutwater of the earlier vessels is now replaced by a severely straight stem after the manner of a glorified river-steamer or ferry-boat. Utility is preferred before ornament, and the rigid result is often far from pleasing even to the most superficial observer. A figure-head firmly fixed on the swan-like prow was certainly prettier than the straight stem which is now in vogue. It was, however, a source of weakness to a steamer, and caused her unnecessary strains when pitching heavily into a savage sea. Nevertheless, the figure-head and its resting-place were not devoid of utility under certain circumstances. The form of the whole structure, curving upward and outward, assisted somewhat in lessening the blow when accidentally colliding with another ship, because the figure-head and the accompanying superstructure bears the brunt of the collision; whereas the vertical stem of a swift steamship advancing upon a devoted barque cuts through her as effectually as though it were specially designed for ramming purposes. Hence the figure-head may be regarded as not only ornamental, but also useful, and its desuetude deplored.

Probably a figure-head, or something in lieu thereof, was seldom absent from all sorts and conditions of ships prior to the middle of the nineteenth century. Sailors of towering trireme, or of curious caravel, of gigantic line-of-battleship, or of tiny cargo-carrier, were all pertinaciously proud of the bow adornment of their ocean home, whether in the shape of carved figure-heads, or painted representations of men and animals. Some of the ancient small craft were similarly shaped at either end, and consequently had a figure-head at each extremity. The ships of Homer appear to have been destitute of such ornaments; but those of Tyre and Sidon had quite a number of images, either carved or painted. From the prow of an ancient ship there projected as many as three figure-heads, one above the other; the two lower ones, which were sheathed with metal and served as machines to run down an enemy's ship, took the form of the heads of rams, wild boars, or dolphins. In the priceless illuminated manuscript "Virgil," of the fourth century, kept among the treasures of the Vatican, the vessel that carried the pious Aeneas and his companions to Italy is represented as having the figure of a fabulous sea-monster as a ram, a ring-shaped figure-head at the prow, and a scroll-shaped one at the stern. The earliest vessels appear, occasionally at any rate, to have had their prows and poops prettily ornamented with pictures representing, to

the best of the artist's ability, the many and various gods affected by the ancient shipowners and seafarers. Sometimes, apparently, the paintings were subsidiary to statues of the tutelary deity; and perhaps the figure-head as known to us may be the modern and corrupted interpretation of the ancient mariners' attempts to award due prominence to the guardian genius of their ship. Virgil, in the first book of the "*Aeneid*," describes the heavy weather encountered by Orontes' barque, which eventually foundered. As the yeast of waters closed over her there were left upon the surface not only floating men, but also arms, merchandise, and pictures. The *tabulae*, or pictures, of the poet were evidently of the class referred to above. Even now some of the wooden sailing-ships are fitted with boards which bear the ship's name; and perhaps the pictures of the ancients served in some way to distinguish the vessel, as well as to honour the tutelar deity.

It seems safe to infer that Mercury, Mars, Venus, Cupid, and similar deities of a remote period, were in course of time allotted images, either carved or sculptured, as figure-heads of the prows of the earlier coasting-vessels. Merchant, warrior, and lover would thus, as it were, place their ships under the protection of that patron deemed most suitable to satisfy the exigencies of the moment. St. Paul's ship bore the sign of the "Twin Brothers." This designation may perchance refer to a figure-head, or painting, representing Castor and Pollux, the great twin-brothers of the classics who were said to have been changed into a constellation; or merely to some brethren who have gone down the avenues of time unwept and unsung. An eye painted on either bow of a vessel was not at all uncommon amongst the ancients; and, even after the lapse of a long series of years, this fashion holds for clumsy Chinese junks and for Neapolitan fishing-vessels. As for the Neapolitan fishermen they are fond of painting a crude representation of the Madonna on their lateen sails; and occasionally a carved figure of the patron saint is placed on the forward part of the ship, so that the men may make their due orisons to the sanctified figure, or revile and beat it should the weather be persistently unfavourable.

Naturally enough the gods did not hold their own in more ways than one. Something more solid and stationary than a readily removable image or picture became absolutely necessary once voyages were extended, and ships increased in size. Consequently a carved wooden figure-head, firmly fixed on the prow, became first favourite. As a matter of fact, a figure-head seemed essential to the artistic completion of an old-fashioned sailing-ship, fashioned from

wood, so as to ensure the symmetry of the forward portion of her hull. Some of the figures were excellent examples of wood-carving ; but many were ambitiously designed and feebly fashioned. An old brig, the *Spheroid*, which must have been seen at some time by everyone frequenting the docks, as she traded for many years between London and the West Indies, always seemed to be curiously at variance with her figure-head. She was rather appropriately named, being the kind of craft which sailors say are built by the mile and cut off as wanted, and seemed almost as wide as she was long. Moreover, she was not exactly in her first youth, and looked even older than her age. Her figure-head, the bust of some unknown person, was generally resplendent with gilt over every square inch of its surface. Hair, eyes, mouth, every part of the bust, simply dazzled the beholder as the rays of a summer sun were reflected from it. She eventually foundered at sea after an eventful career ; and is replaced by a new *Spheroid*, a modern screw-steamer, altogether destitute of a figure-head. A few steamships may still be observed in the docks fitted with figure-heads ; but they are not of most modern construction. The *City of Rome*, which came under my personal notice at Liverpool in 1883, had a really imposing figure-head, representing a Roman warrior encased in heavy armour and proudly challenging that admiration which was its due. Curiously enough this colossal figure was gilt from the topmost pinnacle of his helmet to the soles of his feet. A smaller steamer, the *Braganza*, has a figure-head which attracts attention everywhere owing to the fact that it is an object-lesson with respect to the great skill displayed by the carver thereof in producing a real work of art. It is a life-size model, in full uniform, of John, eighth Duke of Braganza, who was on the throne when Portugal attained to independence of Spain. Seamen are often unsparing in the paint devoted to the beautifying of a figure-head ; and the result is not always a delight for the observer who is gifted with a sense of colour. Not long since, in the London Dock, there was a little schooner bearing the rather long name of *The Girl of the Period*. Her figure-head was a young lady dressed in the pink of fashion ; and in her rather prominent hands she bore a bounteous bouquet, the flowers of which were tipped with every possible *nuance* of colour. The figure-head of the American ship *Grace Darling*, on board which clipper many happy months were spent by me, was a life-size representation of that dauntless daughter of the Outer Farm lighthouse-keeper whose heroic exploit at the loss of the *Forfarshire* in September, 1838, will never be forgotten. She was imagined to be

standing on a rock, gazing seaward, with her hands sheltering her eyes from the sun's rays, and in a state of nudity except for a single garment extending from her neck to her knees. This figure-head was painted white, but a border of gold ran right round the lower hem of her single garment ! Probably *Grace Darling* herself had never seen such a curious covering. Not long since a figure-head measuring 4 feet in length was washed ashore on the French Coast near Cape Petit Blanc Nez. It had been got up to represent a woman wearing a white dress with blue and yellow borders ; on her neck was a locket of blue, yellow, and red, and in her left hand was a gorgeous sunshade. In January, 1901, a carved figure-head representing a princess, life size, was picked up at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland. This princess stood on an imitation rock. In her right hand was an open fan, in her left a telescope. Her golden hair was hanging down her back, as the song says ; she had a blue necklet, and, although hatless, she had been given a brown jacket with blue fringe. About thirty years ago, according to an American paper, a vessel named *The Devil* was given a figure-head representing his Satanic Majesty with all of his fabulous appurtenances, including caudal appendage, horns, and pitchfork.

Seldom are figure-heads so lovingly regarded as that affixed to the little yacht *Foam*, which the late Lord Dufferin utilised to dare the dangers of the Arctic regions. In his published description of the voyage, entitled "Letters from High Latitudes," his lordship grows quite enthusiastic about the vessel's figure-head. "I remained on board," he says, "to superintend the fitting of our sacred figure-head, executed in bronze by Marochetti, and brought along with me by rail still warm from the furnace." Lord Dufferin even waxes poetical over his acquisition :

Our progress was your triumph duly hailed
By Ocean's inmates ; herald dolphins played
Before our stem, tall ships that sunward sailed
With stately curtsies due obeisance paid.
What marvel, then, if when our wearied hull
In some lone haven found a brief repose,
Rude hands, by love made delicate, would cull
A grateful garland for your goddess brows ?

Life is short, and work is the order of the day on board the cargo-carrier ; although a little more poetry in the profession would prevent Jack from becoming a dull boy.

Figure-heads of celebrated clipper merchant-ships are difficult to discover after the vessels have successfully carried out valuable

services throughout a long series of years. Some of the ships are broken up, others lie at the bottom of Old Ocean, and, in either case, the figure-heads are no longer in evidence. Chatham, Devonport, and Portsmouth, however, have quite a large number of figure-heads of obsolete warships preserved in His Majesty's Dockyards. It is not always easy though to accurately determine the respective period of each. Some ships, as for example the *Victory*, had several different figure-heads during their career of active service. Among the treasured figure-heads under the care of our dockyard officials are the figure-head and stern ornamentations of the old *Bellerophon*, familiarly termed "Billy Ruffian" by British bluejackets, which was broken up in 1834. On board that famous ship Napoleon I. surrendered to Captain Maitland. She went into the reserve about 1815, subsequently filled the humble but useful duties of a convict-hulk, and eventually passed into the hands of the ship-breakers. Warship figure-heads, kept trim and attractive in an accessible public building, are deserving of preservation lest we forget ; for the rising generations of Britishers will find Smollett and Marryat, Armstrong and Chamier rather difficult to understand in the near future without the aid of a dictionary of nautical terms. Drake's little ship that sailed round the world, "singed the King of Spain's whiskers," and looted vast stores of hard cash, was nearly one hundred years old when Pepys visited her in a creek near Deptford. Portions of the good ship, fashioned into useful articles, are in existence ; but nothing is known of the figure-head which she presumably had. Some of the old-time warships had most ornate figure-heads. One, designed by Thomas Haywood for the *Sovereign of the Seas* in 1637, was terminated by an equestrian statue of King Edgar trampling upon seven kings ; the image of the royal Saxon warrior being backed at the forecastle by the more pacific presentiment of Cupid seated on a lion.

A good idea of warship figure-heads was obtainable by a stroll through the model section of the 1891 Naval Exhibition. One was of H.M.S. *Queen Charlotte*, 110 guns, the flagship of Lord Howe on the Glorious First June, 1794, when after an hour's fierce fighting, the French line was broken and victory remained with the English fleet. Another, a kind of dragon, was supposed to be the figure-head of the *Resolution*, at one time commanded by that famous circumnavigator Captain James Cook. A third was assumed to be the *Sea Horse*, on board which the gallant Nelson was a midshipman. Straight-stemmed battleships of the present day do not lend themselves to the adoption of massive figure-heads. Merchant ships are

similarly situated. Yet two score years ago there was almost as much discussion and consideration between a shipowner and his staff with respect to figure-heads as there is now with the engineer about the machinery. Warships, however, are often elaborately decorated on either bow with paintings relating in some way to the names they bear. On the starboard bow of H.M.S. *Hood*, launched at Chatham, there is a painting of Admiral Lord Hood, after whom the ship is named, together with his arms. The other bow bears a painting of Lord Hood's younger brother Alexander, who was second in command at Lord Howe's above-mentioned victory and afterwards was created Viscount Bridport, as also his arms. H.M.S. *Neptune* carries on her straight stem a massive medallion surrounded by a scroll and surmounted by a crown. There is a large trident in the centre of the medallion, the emblem of office of the jovial sea-god; and on either side is an allegorical representation.

Figure-heads of stately ships that have ended a chequered career, either in the yard of a breaker-up of old vessels, or on some surf-beaten shore, are often utilised in very curious ways. A huge figure-head at one time was a conspicuous object in the yard of a hostelry at Waterbeach, close to Goodwood Park. If local tradition may be accepted as true it was once the pride of the crew of the *Centurion*, the ship in which that famous rover of the salt sea, Commdore Anson, made a memorable voyage round the world in 1740-44. The following jingling rhyme was deeply cut into the pedestal serving as a support to this interesting relic of a bygone age :

Stay, traveller, awhile, and view
One who has travelled more than you,
Quite round the globe through each degree
Anson and I have ploughed the sea,
Torrid and frigid zone have passed,
And safe ashore arrived at last,
In ease and dignity appear,
He in the House of Lords, I here.

This figure-head of globe-trotting renown is said to have been transferred to Windsor on the accession to the throne of England's sailor king, William IV. In Messrs. Kellock's shipping sale-room at Liverpool there is a particularly fine specimen of the wood carver's art, in the shape of a figure-head presumably, at one time, the crowning glory of H.M.S. *Hastings*, one of the last of England's wooden walls. It is placed in front of the auctioneer's rostrum, and has a very striking effect. Everyone who has crossed Vauxhall Bridge, or rather the structure of that name recently pulled down

cannot but have observed quite a considerable number of huge warship figure-heads and stern ornaments displayed in prominent positions around the railings and inside of the extensive yard of Messrs. Castle, the well-known ship-breakers, who have riven many a warship hull into stacks of oak timber, but spared the figure-heads—perhaps in compassion for their departed greatness. The figure-head of the defunct *Collingwood* is a fairly good presentment of what a corpulent admiral might be in the flesh. Surely not one of the sterling seamen who manned that warship on various commissions could ever have imagined that her figure-head would fall on such evil days. The figure-head's portly stomach is pierced by an iron pipe supporting a gas lamp, which is used to illuminate the yard. The result is certainly most ludicrous. At any rate, neither the memory of the illustrious dead, nor the high place on the roll of fame filled by the warship named after the gallant admiral, is brightened by this curious combination of the useful and the ornamental. Close alongside is the figure-head of the *Edinburgh*, represented by an amazing effigy of a braw son of "Caledonia, stern and wild," in the shape of an enormous Highlander, perhaps one of the Black Watch, in all his war-paint. There also is the figure-head of the *Leander*. If the far-famed youth of Abydos was anything like his image he must have been blessed with quite a Byronic appearance, and was undoubtedly more than capable of swimming across the Hellespont in order to pay his court to Hero, that girl of Sestos for whom he recklessly risked his life lest she should mourn his absence. The figure-head of the *Orion* represents a hardy hunter of gigantic stature, quite in accordance with the adopted mythological version; and the *Cressy* apparently carried a figure-head which portrays the features of a Black Prince evolved from a daring artist's inner consciousness rather than those of England's famous warrior. His huge helmet and monstrous moustache ought unaided to have filled a vacillating foe with a wholesome dread of coming to close quarters. The gallant son of Edward III. was only fifteen years old when the battle of Cressy, or Crécy, call it what you will, was fought to a finish. Hence this counterfeit presentment of the Black Prince is somewhat of an anachronism. It looks very much like one that often frowned upon me in the days of my youth from its point of vantage on the prow of the old wooden warship *Goliath*, then ending her career in quietness at anchor in the River Medway. England still has a *Goliath*, but she is a floating fortress, altogether destitute of figure-head, and dependent upon her engines for command of the sea. Near Chatham Dockyard in those days, about 1864, there used to

be a large number of England's obsolete wooden walls at anchor ; and they afforded excellent examples of figure-heads which had seen much active service under every sky. The old Arctic discovery ship, H.M.S. *Resolute*, had one of the smallest of figure-heads, a polar bear's head and shoulders, if my memory serves me. An American whaler picked up the *Resolute*, after a long drift in the ice, and she was eventually returned by the United States to England with much ceremony. She has long since gone the way of such ships ; but mementoes of her, in the shape of snuff-boxes and walking-sticks made from her oak timbers, are scattered over the United Kingdom. Close by the *Cressy*, at Messrs. Castle's yard, is the figure-head of the *Princess Royal*, representing a regal lady of graceful proportions, with a face not by any means unlike what her late Majesty Queen Victoria was at the age of twenty-one or thereabouts. Next is the figure-head of the *Colossus*. A truly massive lady, extremely *décolletée*, must have been chosen for the model of this effigy. The famous warships to which these figure-heads at one time belonged were probably broken up about three decades ago. In 1894 the Admiralty addressed a circular to the Royal Dockyards directing that the figure-heads of condemned warships sold out of the Royal Navy should be retained if of historical interest ; so that such ornaments to the yards of ship-breakers will be fewer in the future than they have been of recent years. The old figure-head of Farragut's famous fighting flagship, the *Hartford*, that was often in action, is reported to have been sent to Washington from Mare Island Navy Yard, California, where the old ship had undergone extensive repairs, and erected in a prominent position at the Capitol. There is a strange story afloat which, if not true, is at least well told, that the recently deceased Captain S. W. Dewey distinguished himself in his salad days by actually sawing off the figure-head of the United States warship *Constitution*. It was a likeness of Andrew Jackson, who was not *persona grata* to some of his fellow-citizens. After many years the story reached the ears of the authorities, and the then young officer was tried and acquitted. He was later on awarded an enthusiastic reception by the residents of Boston, Massachusetts.

Novelists have not been slow to avail themselves of the aid afforded by the mystery and romance attaching to ship's figure-heads. James Payn related a weird story of one which is, perhaps, founded on fact. Shipwrecked seafarers were buried in a lonely corner of the hamlet's churchyard, and willing hands, guided by loving hearts, did all that was possible to ornament the graves of the unknown dead in this portion of God's acre. Sea-shells were laid symmetrically on

each mound, and close by were placed such figure-heads of the shattered ships as could be recovered from the devouring sea. One, that of the Bristol ship *Erin*, representing a tall young woman in the airy costume of Eve before the Fall, had been fixed in a vertical position, and it had quite a ghostly similitude under the pale light of the moon. On one occasion, a newly appointed curate, in ignorance of these picturesque figure-heads, was nearly frightened to death by the apparition of that of the *Erin*, under the erroneous impression that he had by chance come upon a young lady anticipating the Resurrection. In one of R. L. Stevenson's last contributions to literature, he draws a weird word-picture of the schooner *Farallone* entering the waters of the quietest of sleepy lagoons. Not an inhabitant was visible to the crew of the advancing schooner; but to their intense surprise, not unmingled with superstitious dread, on the top of the beach, close alongside of a flagstaff, there was observed a woman of unparalleled proportions and white as the driven snow, who seemed to be beckoning to them with uplifted arm. On nearer approach to this disquieting figure it turned out to be the figure-head of some stricken ship that had drifted thither to become the presiding genius of that silent spot. Fenimore Cooper, in his fascinating nautical yarn, entitled "The Water Witch," has made the figure-head quite a central character of the story. Ludlow saw beneath the bowsprit a female form fashioned with the carver's consummate skill. It stood on the projection of the cutwater, resting lightly on the ball of one foot, after the manner of the famous Mercury of the Bolognese. Apparently this figure-head was dressed, for the drapery was fluttering, scanty, and of a sea-green tint. The face was bronzed, the rich locks were dishevelled, the eyes full of strange meaning, while a smile so "malign" played about the mouth, that the young sailor started when it first met his view, as if a living woman had returned his gaze. Above her head she held a book with letters of red written on its pages. Never before, nor since, has such a figure-head been observed by mortal man. Dickens pictured one of his *dramatis personæ*, Mr. Daniel Quilp, the ship-breaker, as grievously maltreating, with a red-hot poker, a figure-head representing a forgotten admiral, under the firm belief that the figure-head was the very image of his mortal enemy, Kit Nubbles. The latter was undoubtedly none the worse for this vicarious punishment.

An American ship, the *N. B. Palmer*, not only had a figure-head but also a remarkable figure on the poop which might be regarded by some as a return to the tutelar deity which adorned the stern portion of the classical craft of dim and distant antiquity. For

some years she possessed the carved life-size figure of an old sailor which served as a support for the steering compass. Naturally enough, perhaps some of this vessel's helmsmen when engaged in steering her were disconcerted by the fixedly wooden stare of the inanimate old salt, holding the compass in his brawny arms; and eventually the figure had to be removed, and an ordinary binnacle substituted as a holder for the steering compass, lest a serious accident should happen to the ship consequent on the undue tension on the nerves of the helmsman caused by the old sailor's figure. For over three decades this figure with a past has stood in front of a large emporium at New York, as an outward and visible sign that nautical instruments may be obtained inside the shop from Messrs. Negus, whose name is familiar to every shipmaster trading out of the port of New York. Over on this side of the "big drink," as the stormy North Atlantic is familiarly termed, we have something similar, for "The Little Midshipman," immortalised by Dickens in "Dombey and Son," has served as the sign of Messrs. Norie and Wilson, London opticians and nautical-instrument makers, ever since the far-off days of 1763. It is on record that King William IV. raised his hat to this famous little figure, while on his way to the Trinity House. Sailing-ships with straight stems are not altogether unknown, although very rarely seen. Such vessels do not carry figure-heads; but in lieu thereof have rudimentary ornamentation on either side of the stem. A figure-head would only serve to accentuate the peculiarity of this class of vessel.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,

ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH.

IN those many scandalous chronicles for which the eighteenth century is so remarkable, there are probably few names of less honourable mention than that of Miss Elizabeth Chudleigh, known to her contemporaries as "Her Grace of Kingston." A bigamous Duchess is, indeed, a sufficiently rare spectacle in any age not to bring down the caustic comment of the literary gossip. That the fraternity was almost universally hostile to the lady speaks hardly on behalf of English chivalry. It must be acknowledged, however, in strict justice to their attitude, that Miss Chudleigh's career, even apart from her distinctive achievement, did in fact deserve their censure. Though the motives which prompted them were questionable, their satire cannot have been wasted. Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, had the temper of a fiend and the manners of a fishwife. She had neither wit nor sense, nor was she ever guilty of an unselfish action. She did no murder, it is true, but she committed every other sin in the Decalogue, and more besides. Though her last misfortune may move us to sympathy, it should not affect our judgment. In "vociferating anger," we are told, she could fairly "boast an alliance with Juno." Above all, if so impartial an observer as Miss Hannah More may be believed, "she was large and ill-shaped; there was nothing white but her face, and, had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen." Such was the lady who, from the obscurity of a small country village, rose, on the merits of a pretty face, to be a dazzling and eccentric ornament in what was pleased to consider itself the most brilliant Court of Europe. Appointed in 1743 to be a Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, she forced her way into Society through the good offices of the celebrated Mr. Pulteney, afterwards, on recanting his political principles, raised to the Peerage as the Earl of Bath. Born twenty-three years previously, in 1720, she came of a good Devonshire family, the Chudleighs of Ashton. Her father, early in life, entered the Army; and, though it does not appear that he was ever engaged in any service that could give him an opportunity of

distinguishing himself for either courage or conduct, he died, in 1726, a colonel and lieutenant-governor of Chelsea Hospital. Her childhood was passed in the country, and, with the exception of a rather serious love-affair in which she became involved about the age of fifteen, presents no element of interest. It was not until 1740 that an accidental meeting when out walking gained for her the advantage of Mr. Pulteney's friendship. Miss Chudleigh, flattered by his notice, made the best of the occasion. A correspondence followed, in which the young girl professed herself the willing disciple of the eminent politician. The story goes that he was "mightily taken" by her eagerness to be instructed, and, in his letters, gave her much valuable advice as to her future deportment at the Court. Be that as it may, her advent in London beneath his auspices just three years later found her already an accomplished mistress of the art of captivation.

In the society of Leicester House, the new beauty, with her tinge of originality, had little difficulty in pushing to the front. To contrive to please the humours of the Princess of Wales implies, indeed, no great expenditure of wit. She ran the round of pleasure; led fashions; played whist with Lord Chesterfield; rioted with Lady Harrington and Miss Ash; figured at a masquerade as Iphigenia in such guise that Horace Walpole mistook her for Andromeda; and laughed at the lover whom she chose not to favour with her smiles with all the confounding grace of a woman of quality. That her widowed mother was at this time driven to eke out a livelihood by the reception of "paying guests" was no impediment to her ambition. In accordance no doubt with the directions of her master, her maxim on every occasion was to be "short, clear, and surprising." So skilled was she that when, during a State performance at the Opera, one of the royal guards fell down in an apoplexy, "Miss Chudleigh went into the most theatrical fit of kicking and shrieking that ever was seen. Several other women who were preparing their fits were so distanced that she had the whole house to herself." Needless to add, the youth of St. James's gave her a wonderful welcome. Ere twelve months were gone, she had refused the offers of two such noble suitors as Lord Hillsborough and the Duke of Ancaster. Her reasons became apparent, when it was announced by the gazetteers that the "beautiful Miss Chudleigh" was betrothed to the wealthy Duke of Hamilton. Unfortunately, the lady's first attempt at matrimony was destined to turn out a failure. His Grace, then nineteen years of age, was hurriedly despatched on the grand tour, in the hope that change of air and scene might effect an alteration in his youthful

passion. During her lover's enforced absence on the Continent Miss Chudleigh retired to the residence in Hampshire of her aunt, a Mrs. Hanmer. Constant to his vows, the Duke of Hamilton plied her with letters, reiterating the unchangeableness of his affections. One of these amatory epistles happening to fall into the possession of Mrs. Hanmer, that excellent dame, who had apparently been kept in ignorance of the intended wedding, resolved, for motives of her own, to interrupt the courtship. She accordingly took it upon herself to intercept his letters. The scheme was immediately successful. Left, as it seemed, without a word from her wandering lover, Miss Chudleigh was "quick to confess herself deeply mortified." On his side, the Duke, receiving no replies to his communications, abandoned himself to similar sentiments of pique. When he at length returned to England, "hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and his person," it was to fall in love with and marry one of the Miss Gunnings. Long before this, however, Miss Chudleigh had passed out of his reach. Mrs. Hanmer had a *protégé*, the Honourable Augustus Hervey, a grandson of the first Earl of Bristol, whom she was anxious to see settled. She played her cards with dexterity. As soon as the first symptoms of "mortification" began to display themselves in Elizabeth, the disconsolate Maid of Honour received an invitation to visit her cousin, Mr. John Merrill, of Lainston, a village in the neighbourhood of Winchester. Among the guests was, as it happened, Mr. Hervey, then a lieutenant in the Navy. The young officer was twenty, Elizabeth four years his senior. With the private assistance of Mrs. Hanmer, he contrived to "make himself agreeable" to the fashionable beauty. The acquaintance ripened rapidly. Within a few weeks the Duke of Hamilton had been forgotten, and Miss Chudleigh had fallen into the trap which had been laid for her. From this moment dates the beginning of her troubles.

On August 4, 1744, the pair were secretly married late at night in the church at the bottom of Mr. Merrill's garden, by the Rector, Mr. Amis, a divine who is variously alluded to in the memoirs of the time as Amos, Arnis, Ames, and even Aures. The marriage may have been necessary, but it was certainly unfortunate. The bridegroom early betrayed that eccentricity for which his family was remarkable and which had given rise to the saying that God created men, women, and Herveys. Three days after the wedding he rejoined his ship, then bound for the West Indies, and the bride went back to live with her mother in Conduit Street.

Here, her position was of some delicacy, for no sooner had the

ceremony been performed than she repented of it. Having nothing in the world except her place in the household of the Princess of Wales, she naturally hesitated to resign this in exchange for the poor establishment Hervey could offer her as his wife. Maid or matron, indeed, she was but ill-disposed to spend her days in the exercise of the conjugal virtues, and the return of her husband in 1746 placed her in an embarrassing predicament. To prevail on him not to claim her as his wife required all the art of which she was mistress. "At a rout, ridotto, or ball," writes one of her admirers, "there was this fell destroyer of peace, embittering every pleasure, and blighting the fruit of happiness by the pestilential malignancy of his presence." In fact, if the scandal-mongers may be credited, Elizabeth had by this time wormed her way into the affections of the old King himself; so much so that, not content with kissing her in public and appointing her mother to be housekeeper at Windsor, he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him five-and-thirty guineas—actually disbursed out of his privy purse and not charged to the Civil List. It need not surprise us that she discovered the enforced attentions of her unacknowledged husband to be irksome and unwelcome.

Secret though it was, the facts of the marriage were probably already suspected by the Court gossips. Throughout the fifties there are unmistakable references in Walpole's letters to "the virgin Chudleigh," while "*The Connoisseur*," published in 1755, is still more indiscreet. Fortunately for the lady, Hervey from this time let her go her own way, preferring to occupy himself with battering, or being battered by, the French and Spaniards.

Thus conditioned was the pseudo Miss Chudleigh when the Duke of Kingston became her admirer. His Grace was some nine years her senior when, in 1759, she constituted herself, without any attempt at disguise, his mistress. "He has hitherto had so ill an education," writes his kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "'tis hard to make any judgment of him; he has his spirit, but I fear will never have his father's sense." No great nobleman, probably, ever lavished his money more freely upon the pleasures of his mistress. A great house in town was placed at her disposal, crowded with valuable objects; her entertainments were the talk of London. To them came the choicest spirits of the Court, regardless of her equivocal position. Always reckless where other people's money was concerned, Elizabeth Chudleigh squandered the Duke's wealth in a manner which could only provoke the wonder of her guests. She had a villa at Finchley and a country seat near Colnbrook. In 1766 she started to build a new town mansion in Paradise Row,

Knightsbridge, which she was afterwards pleased to describe as Kingston House. Lady Harrington and Miss Ash were her most constant companions. With them she plunged more deeply than ever into dissipation, until the chronicles rang with the stories of her revels, her drinking bouts, her eccentricities. Happily, her worship of magnificence had not yet broadened out into vulgarity. When occasion rendered it advisable, she could still sufficiently control her propensities as to behave with due decorum. That she was, in a way, attached to the Duke seems to have been undoubted ; no question can possibly arise as to *his* devotion for her. Walpole describes the ball given by her in honour of the birthday of the Prince of Wales in 1760. " You had heard before you left London of Miss Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the Prince's birthday. Poor thing ! I fear she has thrown away above a quarter's salary. It was magnificent and well understood—no crowd—and, though a sultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole summit of the wall with a battlement of lamps ; smaller ones on every step, and a figure of lanterns on the outside of the house. The virgin mistress began the ball with the Duke of York, but nobody did dance much. Miss Chudleigh desired the gamblers would go up into the garrets : ' Nay, they are not garrets : it is only the roof of the house hollowed, for upper servants, but I have no upper servants.' Everybody ran up ; there is a low gallery with book-cases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures of different colours and with Chinese chairs of the same colours. Vases of flowers in each for nosegays, and in one retired nook a most critical couch. The Lord of the Festival was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expense of his pleasures. At supper, she offered him Tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms and very fine, and on all the sideboards and even on the chairs were pyramids and triangles of strawberries and cherries."

It is amusing to reflect that Elizabeth still remained a Maid of Honour. Indeed, it cannot but come as a shock to believers in the respectability of the Court of George III. to read that, after that monarch's accession a grand ball was given by the Duke of Kingston's mistress, in 1763, at which the whole Court appears to have been present.

Meanwhile, Hervey, by time and attachments, had grown so weary of the connubial state as to be cordially desirous of a change. On her side there were excellent reasons why Elizabeth should desire

to be a free woman, for Captain Hervey's tongue had of late been wagging with more freedom, and discretion was hardly to be counted among his virtues. A certain intimation from the Duke of Kingston clinched her determination. Negotiations were set on foot, and pushed through rapidly. A suit for jactitation was begun, and Hervey failing, as it was arranged he should fail, in substantiating the marriage, the union was dissolved by the Ecclesiastical Court on February 11, 1769. Walpole tells us that Hervey's consent and collusion were directly inspired by means of a bribe of fourteen thousand pounds. Be that as it may, on her next appearance at Court, "Augustus Hervey chose to be there and said aloud that he came to take one look at his widow."

A month later, at the mature age of forty-nine, Elizabeth Chudleigh was married to the Duke of Kingston at St. Margaret's, Westminster, one Mr. Samuel Harper, "of the British Museum," officiating at the ceremony. In the words of one of her biographers, "she was raised to the pinnacle of her fate, and for a very few years did she enjoy that to which the chicanery of her life had been directed to accomplish, the parade of title without that honour which only can ennoble." One surprise at least awaited her. The fashionable world of London, which had been ready enough to flock to her balls and assemblies while she was the mistress of the Duke, gave her the cold shoulder as soon as her position was "regularised." Even at Thoresby, the Duke's country seat, the leading county magnates left her so severely alone that she was driven to consort with the smaller fry of squires and parson. The discovery did not tend to the improvement either of her manners or of her temper, and the last years of the Duke can hardly have been happy. "Ostentation," we read, "he so much detested that it was his custom, in perambulating the streets, to fold back the front of his coat so as to hide his star; and, whenever it was by accident brought to light, the disclosure caused him an involuntary blush." So retiring a disposition can have had little in common with the vulgar displays which were the pleasure of the Duchess. In the scurrilous pages of Mr. Thomas Whitehead, sometime steward to his Grace, is revealed more than one incident which goes to show that the Duke was far from being mistaken when, in an unguarded moment, he once alluded to his lady as a "termagant." On one occasion, when the travelling carriage was made ready to set out, she got in, and finding some of her husband's belongings bestowed upon the seat, "addressed him strongly for upwards of an hour," and finally threw them out into the street to make room for

her own. At last the Duke retaliated in the only way left open to him. In the latter part of 1773 he died, having been for several months a hopeless invalid.

Thus untimely left a widow, her Grace of Kingston succeeded unconditionally to her husband's personal estate, and to the income of the real estate for life, subject only to what must have been a galling condition, that she should remain a widow. Unhappily for her, the will, excluding from every benefit an elder, and preferring a younger nephew as the heir in tail, was unexpectedly to give rise to a prosecution which ended in the beggary of the prosecutor and the exile of herself. The Duke of Kingston had borne to his grave a marked dislike of one of his nephews. His private reason was well known to his confidential friends. Mr. Evelyn Meadows had been in and went out of the Navy. The gentleman, excluded from his presumptive heirship, joyfully received the information that a method of doing himself substantial justice yet remained. There appeared suddenly upon the scene a Mrs. Ann Cradock, who, having been in the service of Mrs. Hanmer, had actually been present in Lainston Church during the marriage ceremony between Elizabeth and Hervey. The good lady, being in unhappy circumstances, and having been, very unwisely, refused assistance by her Grace, now bethought herself that she might turn her knowledge to some pecuniary profit. She accordingly communicated with Mr. Evelyn Meadows. Acting, no doubt, under sufficient inducement, Hervey was brought to petition the King in Council for a Commission of Review with regard to the former suit for jactitation, and to pray for a new trial. After protracted delays the case was heard before a commission of Lords spiritual and temporal at Serjeants' Inn, and the marriage found to be a good one, upon the evidence then and there produced. The finding of the Ecclesiastical Court confirmed "most unexpectedly" the statement of Mrs. Ann Cradock and the suspicions of Mr. Evelyn Meadows. A bill of indictment was at once moved for against Elizabeth, the wife of Augustus John Hervey, for bigamy.

The unfortunate victim of this conspiracy was in Rome when the news reached her. Realising that her failure to appear would involve a sentence of outlawry, she resolved upon a hasty return to England. She had first to deal with the machinations of her adversaries. Her banker in Rome was the celebrated Mr. Jenkins, a gentleman who had acquired a large property by small means, commencing with the purchase of the little finger of a mutilated statue. He, too, was in the pay of Meadows, for when the Duchess called for her cash, excuses, and not the banker, greeted her. Guessing at the reason,

the Duchess became incessant in her applications, but without avail. The sequel was in keeping with her character. Pocketing a brace of pistols, she returned once more to the house, and receiving the usual answer that Mr. Jenkins was not at home, sat down upon the doorstep, declaring loudly her determination there to remain until he returned, were it for a month or for a year. She knew that business would compel his return; and, finding it impracticable any longer to avoid an interview, Mr. Jenkins did in fact appear. As the Duchess possessed that blessed gift of utterance for which ladies of spirit are sometimes so eminently famous, it may be supposed that the conversation with the banker was not of the mildest kind. Money was demanded, not requested. A little prevarication ensued; but the production of a pistol served as the most powerful mode of reasoning. The money was obtained and the Duchess instantly left Rome.

After a few preliminary skirmishes as to jurisdiction, the accused was brought before the Peers, sitting as a court in Westminster Hall, under the presidency of Lord Chancellor Bathurst, on April 15, 1776. One of the spectators has left a description of the scene: "The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense; they adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable, and did nothing with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous. I forgot to tell you that the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." Always a believer in the virtues of phlebotomy, the Duchess adopted her favourite method to sustain her spirits, and insisted upon losing a certain quantity of blood almost every time she was ordered to retire from the bar. The defence was weak, and largely devoted to an eulogy of the Chudleigh family, which, according to her story, had produced none but brave men and virtuous women. The result was a foregone conclusion. At the close of the proceedings her Grace of Kingston was found unanimously guilty of the charge, and pronounced to be the true and lawful wife of Augustus John Hervey, now, since 1775, succeeded to the Earldom of Bristol. A discussion as to pains and penalties was interrupted by the lady claiming the privilege of her rank, upon which she was permitted to withdraw with "a curtesy to the judges."

Hannah More, gentle as ever, wrote to her friend: "I have the

great satisfaction of telling you that Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess-Dowager of Kingston, was this very afternoon undignified and unduchessed, and very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand. If you have been half as much interested against this unprincipled, wilful, licentious woman as I have, you will be rejoiced at it as I am. Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He is very angry that she was not burned in the hand. He says, as he was once a professed lover of hers, he thought it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it, but that he should have acceded to it most heartily, though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron."

Meanwhile, a writ of *ne exeat regno* was preparing, of which the lady, now properly to be described as Countess of Bristol, received private notice. Being advised immediately to leave the kingdom, she caused her carriage to be driven about the most public streets of the metropolis; invited a select party to dine at Kingston House, the better to cover her intention; and, while the guests were assembling, fled hastily to Dover in a hired post-chaise, and crossed over to Calais in an open boat. The remainder of her life was spent upon the Continent.

Fortunately for her peace of mind, the attempt of her enemies to upset the Duke of Kingston's will was easily frustrated. First at St. Petersburg, where she purchased an estate and set up a spirit distillery, and afterwards at Paris, where, to occupy her leisure, she became a rabbit merchant, the ex-Duchess continued her extravagant course of eccentricities. A troublesome lawsuit, in which her new property involved her, brought about a sudden termination. On receipt of an intimation that the case had been decided against her, she flew into so violent an access of rage that she broke a blood-vessel. The following day she rallied. After walking up and down the room several times, she complained of thirst. "I could drink," she said, "a glass of my fine Madeira, and eat a slice of toasted bread. I shall be quite well afterwards; but let it be a large glass of wine." The attendant reluctantly brought, and the Duchess drank, the wine. She then exclaimed: "I am perfectly recovered; I knew the Madeira would do me good. But my heart feels oddly. I will have another glass." The servant here observed that such a quantity of wine, drunk in the morning, might intoxicate, rather than benefit. The Duchess, however, persisted in her orders, and, the second glass of Madeira being disposed of, pronounced herself to be "charmingly indeed." She then walked about a little, and afterwards said: "I will lie down on the couch." A few minutes

later she expired, on August 26, 1788, and in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

With the death of the Duchess of Kingston the gossips began to bestir themselves once more, and the literary market was quickly flooded with "Authentic Details" of varying degrees of falsity. The voyage to St. Petersburg was compared to the expedition of Cleopatra; a Mark Antony only being wanted to make the comparison perfect. The town buzzed with anecdotes and scandal. She had always a brace of pistols loaded by her bedside; and her injunctions to her female domestics were, never to enter her chamber unless the bell rang, as by sudden surprise she might be induced to fire at them. If at table she happened accidentally to swallow a tainted oyster, with the utmost coolness she was wont "to throw it off her stomach," and "piously thank her Maker for being so much better." Mr. Whitehead assures us solemnly that "she had an excellent strong tone through her nostrils, when asleep." Her favourite recreation was to sit with her feet dangling in cold water; a pastime which she regarded as an infallible remedy for gout, provided that it was accompanied by copious draughts of "fine Madeira." There are stories of heavy gambling at Tunbridge Wells and of vulgar practical jokes played upon vulgar city madams.

If these valuable anecdotes were slightly exaggerated to meet the exigencies of the moment, at least they were not without the bounds of probability. The Duchess's affection for Madeira had ripened with her years, and was no doubt responsible for much that was eccentric in her character. An interesting letter is still preserved written by the great Frederic to the Electress of Saxony as early as 1765, giving an account of the wedding festivities of his nephew in Berlin; the King concludes:—"D'ailleurs les noces se sont faites comme je crois qu'elles se font partout, et sans qu'événement singulier ait distingué celle-ci des autres, à moins que je ne vous entretienne de l'apparition d'une dame anglaise, nommée Madame Chudleigh, qui, après avoir vidé une couple de bouteilles, a dansé en chancelant et a été sur le point de tomber sur le parquet. Cette aventure a beaucoup amusé le public peu accoutumé à voir des dames voyager seules et encore moins préférer les fumées du vin aux grâces et à la belle humeur qui leur sied si bien." It would seem that Frederic was in no wise offended at the tippling propensities of his guest, since, in his poetical works is to be found a poem, "*A Mademoiselle Schidley, qui avait envoyé au roi une charue anglaise,*" which, after suitable invocation of such celebrities as Circe, Nebuchadnezzar, Jupiter, Europa, and Pasiphaë,

conclusively avows his predilection for Miss Chudleigh in a highly-coloured amatory outburst. Indeed, long afterwards, Miss Chudleigh was accustomed to gratify her vanity by displaying epistles from Frederic, which usually consisted of about four lines, written in a scarcely legible hand.

How far the lavish enjoyment of Madeira may have assisted Miss Chudleigh in the choice of her admirers, we have no means of ascertaining. Certain it is, that in the person of Prince Radzivil she made a conquest which deserves to be reckoned among the most profitable achievements of her life. To the liberality of this nobleman are to be traced not a few of those "superlatively rich and elegant articles" which found their way, after her death, into the auction rooms of Christie. His entertainment of her, as he was pleased to term it, "without ceremony," was hardly to be surpassed by the splendours of a Monte Christo. He arrived to meet her at the appointed rendezvous with a procession of forty carriages, each drawn by six horses; the different vehicles contained his nieces, the ladies of his principality, and other illustrious characters. In addition to these, there were six hundred horses led in train, a thousand dogs, and several boars; a guard of Hussars completed the suite. Overwhelmed with this magnificence, it was a fortnight before the Duchess could be persuaded to tear herself away. An extempore village, a banqueting-hall, a theatre, had been run up for the occasion, and a supply of happy peasantry imported. Not least among the attractions was a shop set out with costly jewellery. Exerting all her powers of cajolery, it was not many days before the Duchess had added substantially to her jewel chest. Her departure was the signal for a novel manifestation of Prince Radzivil's esteem. Amid salvoes of artillery, a blazing torch was applied to the fairy-like erections, and a gigantic bonfire created to light her Grace upon her way.

It is distressing to reflect that even this sudden addition to her already large accumulations did not diminish those grasping habits which were earning for her an unenviable reputation. At the time of her visit to Prince Radzivil, she was on her way to St. Petersburg, to the Court of the Empress Catherine. Count Chernicheff was represented to her as an exalted character to whom she ought in policy to pay her particular *devoirs*. The Duchess felt the force of this argument and sent him two pictures, stripped from the galleries at Thoresby. As little skilled in painting as she was in music, she was a total stranger to the value of these pictures. They happened to be originals by Raphael and Claude. The Count was soon

apprised of this ; and, on the arrival of the Duchess at St. Petersburg he waited on her and professed the gratitude with which her present had inspired him. "They are," he added, "estimated at a value in Russian money amounting to ten thousand pounds English." The Duchess, who, the moment before he let this secret escape from his lips, had arranged her features with a smile of complacency, instantly changed colour and could with difficulty conceal her chagrin. She told the Count that she had other pictures which would be better honoured by his generous acceptance ; that the two paintings in his possession were particularly the favourites of her departed lord ; but that the Count was extremely gracious in permitting them to occupy a space in his palace, until her mansion was properly prepared for their reception. The ruse was unsuccessful, and the Duchess departed in high dudgeon. In a spirit of true feminine revenge, she left these works in her will to Mr. Evelyn Meadows, affirming that they had only been lodged with Count Chernicheff for safe custody. History, unfortunately, does not record whether her former adversary recovered the property bequeathed to him.

Instances of the Duchess's parsimony abound. She spent money on herself, or with the hope of some return, like water : but she was ever chary of her gifts. To Dr. Schomberg, who had been her most devoted adherent throughout her persecution, she sent, in recognition, a diamond ring inscribed with the word "*Amitié*" in small brilliants. A few days later when Dr. Schomberg was with company, it was noticed that a stone was missing from the ring. The services of a jeweller were hastily requisitioned, Dr. Schomberg meanwhile, as was customary with him, extolling the generous virtues of the Duchess, and "frequently asseverating that the priceless bauble was dear to him as life." The jeweller arrived and minutely scrutinised the ring. "I protest, Sir," he exclaimed, "it were not worth while to mend it. Such a trinket may be easily purchased for five-and-thirty francs in Paris." Dr. Schomberg "desired him to recollect himself," but, the jeweller persisting, was at length compelled to "yield to the amusement of the company." Finally, in the ardour of his indignation, he flung the "priceless bauble" from the window.

Economical, however, as the Duchess may have been in the giving of her presents, she was careful to secure good value in the gifts which she demanded from her admirers. Her will, a long rambling document wherein she made separate disposition of almost every article which she possessed, is the catalogue of a truly astonish-

ing accumulation. The contributors to her collection, indeed, include most contemporary names of note, from Pope Clement XIV. to the virtuous consort of King George III. It is on record in the chronicles, moreover, that her methods of acquiring fresh treasures were not invariably above suspicion.

That so many men, and not a few women, succumbed to her irresistible attractions bears ample testimony to the despotic power which she wielded. It is pleasant to be able to add that on one occasion at least she came within measurable distance of humiliation. In all probability, her Grace's encounter with Samuel Foote was the adventure of her life in which, the bigamy episode excepted, she was most nearly worsted. The pages of the period ring with the narrative of her discomfiture.

In 1775, Samuel Foote was at the height of his career. As the castigat^{or} of abuses on the stage, the "English Aristophanes," to use the term which the fashion of the day applied to him, was rather feared than worshipped. Few of his plays had been produced without an acknowledged purpose of caricaturing some well-known individual. Unfortunately he was not always to be regarded in the light of an honourable adversary : a fact best appreciated, perhaps, by Dr. Johnson, who, on learning of Foote's intention to hold him up for ridicule, had found it necessary to send round word that, if the threat were carried out, he "would go from the boxes on the stage and correct him before the audience." When, therefore, it became evident that her foibles had engaged his notice, the Duchess was not slow to take alarm. Foote had written a piece entitled "A Trip to Calais." The scenes were humorous, the character of her Grace was most admirably drawn in the person of Lady Kitty Crocodile, and the desired effect was accomplished : which was that she should see, and be ashamed of, herself. The real design of Foote, however, was to obtain a considerable sum of money from the Duchess for suppressing the play. With this view, he contrived to have it communicated to her, "by an indifferent person," that the Haymarket Theatre would shortly reopen with the new production. "Instead of a pistol," writes the Duchess's biographer, "Foote had a libel in his hand ; this he presented to the bosom of a female and threatened to direct the contents to her heart, unless she delivered to him TWO THOUSAND POUNDS." The Duchess would offer no more than sixteen hundred pounds ; Foote remained obdurate. An appeal to the Lord Chamberlain followed, backed with all the influence which her Grace could muster. Gibbon, in one of his letters, refers to the result. "The Duchess has stopped Foote's piece. She sent for

him to Kingston House, and threatened, bribed, argued, and wept, for about two hours. He assured her that, if the Chamberlain was obstinate, he would publish it with a dedication to her Grace." The two thousand pounds not being forthcoming, Foote was more than ever now determined that, either in a play or in a book, the town should become acquainted with Lady Kitty Crocodile. Since even her partisans were driven to admit that the delineation was "the Duchess to the life," her Grace of Kingston resolved upon decisive measures. The gutter news-sheets were enlisted in her favour, and the Duchess herself condescended to take part in a singularly bitter wordy warfare. Pitted against a professed wit as she was, the lady hardly got the best of the literary encounter. "I know too well," she wrote, "what is due to my own dignity to enter into a compromise with an extortionable assassin of private reputation. If I before abhorred you for your slander, I now despise you for your concessions; it is a proof of the illiberality of your satire, when you can publish or suppress it as best suits the needy convenience of your purse. You first had the cowardly baseness to draw the sword, and if I sheathe it until I make you crouch like the subservient vassal as you are, then is there not spirit in an injured woman, nor meanness in a slanderous buffoon. To a man my sex alone would have screened me from attack, but I am writing to the descendant of a Merry Andrew, and prostitute the term of manhood by applying it to Mr. Foote. Clothed in my innocence as in a coat of mail, I am proof against a host of foes; and, conscious of never having offended a single individual, I doubt not but a brave and generous people will protect me from the malevolence of a theatrical assassin. To make me an offer of pity at once betrays your ignorance and your vanity. I will keep the pity you send until the morning before you are turned off, when I will return it by a cupid, with a box of lip-salve, and a choir of choristers shall chant a stave to your requiem.—
E. KINGSTON."

The town was by this time on the tip-toe of expectancy, for it was not to be supposed that so practised a writer as Foote would allow this letter to remain unchallenged. It was brought to the notice of Foote that the Duchess had been assisted in the composition of her epistle by the notorious Parson Jackson, an adventurer whose reputation was not of a most savoury description. Accordingly, he replied as follows, effectually turning the laugh against his adversary: "Though I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of your agents, yet a public correspondence with your Grace is too great an honour for me to decline. . . . But why,

Madam, put on your coat of mail against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In these scenes, which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life, which have incited the curiosity of the grand inquest for the county of Middlesex. I am happy, Madam, however, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair; I was afraid it might have been a little the worse for the wearing: may it hold out to keep you warm the next winter! The progenitors your Grace has done me the honour to give me are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons and to be considered as the authors of my muse and not of my manhood; a Merry Andrew and a prostitute are no bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays. Prostitutes and players, too, must live by pleasing the public; not but your Grace may have heard of ladies who, by private practice, have accumulated amazing great fortunes. . . . I am obliged to your Grace for your intended present on the day, as you politely express it, I am to be turned off. But where will your Grace get the cupid to bring me the lip-salve? That family, I am afraid, has long quitted your service. Pray, Madam, is not Jackson the name of your female confidential secretary? And is she not generally clothed in black petticoats made out of your weeds? I fancy your Grace took the hint when you last resided at Rome: you heard there, I suppose, of a certain Joan who was once elected a Pope, and in humble imitation have converted a pious parson into a chambermaid. The scheme is new in this country and has doubtless its particular pleasures. That you may never want the benefit of the clergy in every emergence is the sincere wish of your Grace's most devoted and obliged humble servant, SAMUEL FOOTE."

In the result, Foote, finding discretion the better part of valour, gave up to the lady the palm of moral victory. He recast the "Trip to Calais," called it "The Capuchin," and conceived a portrait of Jackson in the character of Dr. Viper: a proceeding vigorously condemned by the *Duchess Post* in a flood of disgraceful insinuations in a letter to the *Evening Post*, a letter which, as Walpole remarked, "not the lowest of her class who tramp in pattens would have set her mark to." Not the least of the sins which may lie at the door of her Grace of Kingston is the fact that it was her money which contributed to gradually hound Foote to death. Dying in October, 1777, his end is directly attributable to the anxiety created by the odious charges in which the Duchess vented her revenge upon him.

Elizabeth Chudleigh, indeed, was not a woman to forget an injury, or to willingly confer a benefit. Her lack of principles may have been aggravated by too great a fondness for Madeira and by the circumstances of her unfortunate first marriage, but it is not, upon that ground, the more excusable. Hardly a redeeming feature in her character is to be discovered in the pages of contemporary chroniclers. Her beauty lay solely in her face, for her figure was ill made, clumsy, and ungraceful. She was without real education, and without wit or charm in conversation. In the ordinary decencies of civilised intercourse she was utterly deficient. She selected her admirers for what they could give her, and released them only when she had exhausted what lay in their purses. To her jewel-box her orisons were as regularly paid as a devotee is constant to her matins. She was selfish, vain, and tactless, and had no other motive than the satisfaction of her whims. Gossip went so far as to declare that every favour she bestowed had to be registered by the gift of a bit of Dresden china. Yet for fifty years she exercised an undisputed sway over the minds of some of the first gentlemen in Europe. It is useless to attempt to fathom the secret of her fascination. At least she has one claim upon posterity. Her story is said to have suggested to Thackeray the character of Beatrix in "*Esmond*" and of the Baroness Bernstein in "*The Virginians*."

ALBERT LOUIS COTTON.

ENGLISH AS SPOKEN IN THE WEST INDIES.

SOME time since I read an article in one of the magazines, by an American writer, wherein he stated that the English language, as spoken in the United States, had in many respects undergone less change in the past two centuries than it has done in England itself. I merely allude to this, as it suggested to me the idea that, if such be the case in America, it is undoubtedly even more so in the case of the negro inhabitants of the British West India islands. In the former country the influx of immigrants, and the progressive nature of the people, would tend to cause more alteration in the language than in the latter, where exactly opposite conditions prevail.

Many words used by the negroes in the West Indies, which strike a new-comer as peculiar, will be found on examination to be merely survivals, sometimes in a mutilated condition, of words that were in common use by our ancestors. Take, for example, the use of the word "Mistress" as the prefix to a married woman's name instead of the modern vulgarism of "Missis," instances of which must have frequently been noticed by visitors to the West Indies. I have often heard the peasantry in the South of England make use of the expression "a fine limber young fellow," the word "limber" in this case meaning active or supple, *i.e.* not stiff. In Jamaica your servant will come to you and complain that your shirts have come back from the wash with the fronts (only he calls them "bosoms") very "limber," meaning to convey precisely the same idea as the English peasant, that is to say that they are not stiff. In England we now use the adjective "meagre" as qualifying things only, and as equivalent to "scanty," and do not apply it to persons; but your West Indian groom who complains to you that the horse is looking very "meagre" is undoubtedly using the word in its Johnsonian sense of "wanting flesh," as derived through our Norman ancestors from the French *maigre*. The word "attorney," which with us is, I fancy, falling somewhat into disuse, and which, when used, is

generally applied to a member of the legal profession, is employed in the West Indies by the educated classes, as it is with us in legal documents, in its original meaning of "one undertaking to do any business for another," in short, an agent, who may, or may not, be a lawyer.

A man in charge of a mule and dray went into a house, leaving them standing outside, when the mule took advantage of his absence to run away. The man came out and gave chase, and, when he had succeeded in catching the mule, being in a towering rage at its presuming to show such unwonted spirit, abused it in the following terms, "Hi! you try to favour harse (horse), but you forget your pappa only proper jackass." This is not only an amusing episode, but serves to illustrate the use of the word "favour" in the sense of "resemble," a use which only lingers in our language in out-of-the-way districts, but is of everyday occurrence in the West Indies.

Take another word: a West Indian refers to any ludicrous spectacle as a "puppy-show." This sounds strange at first, but as soon as one realises that what he means is a "puppet-show" it is apparent that he is merely using a good old English expression. Yet another example is the invariable use of "lated" where we should say "late," which is of course a clipped form of "belated."

Many words of Spanish origin are also in use. These may possibly be survivals from the days when the red and yellow flag of Spain waved over most of the Antilles, or may be later importations derived from intercourse with Cuba. I incline to the former view. Two instances of these words at once occur to me. The little negro child in Jamaica begs from the passer-by in the words "Gib me a 'quattie,' sah," and I have heard the Spanish children in the Canary Islands make use of precisely the same word "quattie," which in both cases is a contraction of "cuartito," an obsolete Spanish coin. Amongst the favourite confections of West Indian cooks is one compounded of soused fish and rice, which they call by the name "skibeach." When visiting a Spanish restaurant some time ago I was recommended to try some of the purely Spanish dishes, and amongst others one named "escaveche" was specially mentioned. When it came to table I at once recognised under its original name my old friend "skibeach." Remembering the negro's fondness for clipping his words, and the interchangeability of the letters *v* and *b*, both in Spanish and in negro talk, this word has undergone but slight alteration. The story of the origin of the name of the well-known fruit-tree, the Akkee,

if not true is at any rate *ben trovato*. It is said that the first Spanish invaders were so struck with its bright red flowers that, pointing to it with an exclamation of surprise, they repeatedly asked the natives, "Ah ! que ?" (What is it ?) and that the Indians adopted this as the name of the tree, and handed it on to the present inhabitants.

Early in the last century there was current in many of the West India islands a colonial form of money which, although bearing the names of the sterling money, was of only half its value. Consequently to this day, although this colonial currency has long since disappeared from circulation, if you ask the price of an article in the market in some places, you will be told one shilling when only sixpence is meant, and a shilling only means a shilling when the word "sterling" is added to it. This custom often gives the stranger an exaggerated idea of the cost of things, and entraps the unwary purchaser into giving twice the price he need. I remember in the market at Nassau, in the Bahamas, being told that the price of some commodity was "a shilling, a bit, and a big coppah, sah !" This, one would have imagined, meant a shilling, a fourpenny bit, and a penny ; but on my putting the query, "Sterling or currency ?" I was answered, "Currency," thus reducing the price from 1s. 5d. to 9d., the silver coins being halved, while the "big coppah" retained its value of 1d., there never having been any colonial copper currency in the Bahamas. In Jamaica, however, a "bit," for some inscrutable reason, has the value of $4\frac{1}{2}$ d., and in country districts a shilling is a "macaroni" (why, I am unable to fathom), while a sixpence is called a "tenpence," and a threepenny bit a "fippence," the two latter probably being connected with the Spanish peseta and half-peseta, which are of the value of 10d. and 5d. respectively, and, being of about the size of the sixpenny and threepenny pieces, may have led to their being confounded. "A bit and tenpence" accordingly means $10\frac{1}{2}$ d., and "a bit and fippence" $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. I had great difficulty in finding a reason for $\frac{3}{4}$ d. being called a "gill," until I found that $1\frac{1}{2}$ d., although usually called a "quattie," is by old people in out-of-the-way places termed a "noggin," and I accordingly suggest that these coins must have got their names from the amount of liquid measure they were severally able to purchase. Many of these terms are falling into disuse with the spread of education, but they are still sufficiently common up in the mountain districts to be very puzzling to English people when marketing.

There are many little peculiarities of speech in use not only amongst the negroes but amongst the creoles, which strike one

ludicrously at first. Thus, what we know as a stable is invariably spoken of as the "horse-stable," or, more generally, "harse-stable." A West Indian never says, "I do not know," but "I can't rightly say"; and instead of "for certain," he always uses the expression "for true." Only this morning a man told me he had given another man some money "to put down for him," meaning "to keep for him." I have heard them combine "to go on foot" and "to walk" into a single verb "to walk-foot." An English gentleman who, in a country where nearly every white man rides or drives, was addicted to pedestrian exercise, was invariably known to the peasants as "Little buccra Walk-foot" (the little white man who goes on foot). In the West of England I have often heard the saying that in Devonshire everything is a "he" except a tom-cat, which is a "she," and the negro peasant is equally at sea as to his genders, and I have frequently known a man refer even to his wife by the pronouns "he" and "him." By the way, the gentler sex is seldom alluded to under the name of "woman," but under the equally correct but, to our ears, unusual, term of "female." On the other hand, the words "man" and "woman" are used to distinguish the sex of animals, and it is not unusual to hear even such an expression as a "man cow." My allusion to a tom-cat a few lines back reminds me that in Jamaica a cat is invariably a "puss" (with the *u* pronounced like the *oo* in poor), while the correct designation of grimalkin is a "ram-puss," which is a little startling until one gets accustomed to it. A curious word is "banjo." In Jamaica parlance this not only means the musical instrument, but is also used to signify a sale by auction. The origin of this word puzzled me for a long time, until I remembered that at Nassau there is a "Vendue House," where periodical sales by auction take place (there is also a better-known "Vendue House" at New Orleans), and I at once came to the conclusion that "banjo" and "vendue" were one and the same word, the usual exchange of the letters *v* and *b* having taken place.

Many English words become altered in pronunciation until they are almost unrecognisable. The letter *a* is given a long open sound, almost as in French: thus "ball" becomes "ba-all" and "ram" "ra-am." The negro finds, as a rule, the greatest difficulty in pronouncing the letter *s* when used in conjunction with another consonant at the beginning of a word, and he surmounts this difficulty either by leaving out the first of the two consonants, or by inserting a vowel between them, thus "stick" would be pronounced "tick," and "stone" becomes "tone," and the dusky lover "'queezes" his sweetheart's

hand, while the familiar patronymic of "Smith" invariably becomes in his mouth, "Simmit." It is a time-honoured Barbadian joke that, when at the beginning of the last century, owing to the French war and revolted American colonists, England was in a parlous way, the loyal inhabitants of the island despatched a message to King George the Third, bidding him not to be afraid, because "Barbados 'tand 'tiff" (stands stiff, *i.e.* was standing firm). Strangely enough, while given to thus clipping their words in some instances, in others, especially those beginning with a *k*, they insert an extra consonant, and a man will talk of so-and-so being his "next of skin" instead of "next of kin," while a corporal of my acquaintance of the name of Keene was always known to his comrades as Corporal "Skeene." One constantly, too, comes across instances of what might be termed negro slang; such a one is the expression "talking through his hat," signifying a person talking, as we should say, "a little bit above himself," which I submit is at least as expressive as the English phrase.

It will be seen that, while no other language but English is spoken in most of the British West India islands (I say *most*, as in St. Lucia a French *patois* is the speech of the people), yet even so it is by no means always easy for an Englishman to understand, and I will give an instance of this in a question I lately heard a prisoner before a court martial ask to be put to a witness in cross-examination. It ran, "In the presence of me and the absence of he, where was she?" This completely nonplussed the court, and the answer when given did not throw much light on it, for it was, "He, me, and she was a-all together." I subsequently took considerable pains to find out the exact meaning of this remarkable question, and incidentally discovered that the phrase had rather a curious history. The meaning of the question may be rendered as being: "As I was there, and he was not, how could he know where she was?" And the answer now also explains itself. This question was originally put to a witness many years ago in the police-court of Demerara, and whether it was by reason of its obscurity confusing the witness, or, as is more probable, from some other cause, that the prisoner was acquitted, I do not know, but at any rate it was ascribed by the man's credulous comrades to the former cause, and it thus became a sort of talisman with them, and up to the present time if a prisoner finds the case going against him, and if he can by any means introduce it, he will do so as a *dernier ressort*. I may add that in the case I mention the prisoner also eventually escaped condemnation, so it will be probably considered as having more virtue than ever.

I do not think I can do better than conclude this article by transcribing for the benefit of my readers the clever and amusing Jamaica alphabet, which, although well known in Jamaica, will be probably new to the majority of them, and which gives an excellent idea of many of the peculiarities of English as spoken in the West Indies.

A 'tan' (*stands*) for Jack Ass. Look him dar, whar him 'tan' (*see him there, where he stands*).

B is a Buccra (*white man*) ; him berry bad man.

C 'tan' for Ram-puss ; him neame (*name*) Maria.

D is a Duppy (*ghost*) ; him eyeball like fire.

E is an Eel ; you catch him at de ferry.

F is a Fiddler ; him play pretty, berry (*very*).

G 'tan' for Gub'nor (*Governor*) ; him live at King's House.

H is Old Harbour (*a decayed town*), poor as church mouse.

I is a Gentleman, berry well bred.

J is a Johnny Crow (*vulture*) ; look him peel head (*see his bald head*).

K 'tan' for Kullaloo (*a kind of wild spinach*) ; good when him bile (*good when it's boiled*).

L 'tan' for Lizard ; him tail quite pile (*spoilt*).

M is a Monkey ; just look at him feace (*face*).

N is a Nana-cap (*nurse's-cap*) ; plenty fine leace (*with plenty of fine lace*).

O is an Orange ; de piccins' (*children's*) delight.

P is a Puttoo (*owl*) ; him fly in de night.

Q is a Quattie (*a small coin*) ; beg you one, Mistis, please.

R is a Ra-at (*rat*) ; see him nyam (*eat*) up de cheese.

S 'tan' for Sneak (*snake*) ; him cra-al (*crawl*) in de grass.

T is dat Tunder-starm (*thunder-storm*) ; soon he be pass (*soon it will be past*).

U is de coloured Trash (*low coloured fellow*) ta-alking to me.

V 'tan' for Vervain (*a herb*) ; make berry good tea.

W is . . . Whoi ; . . . declare I forget.

Z is old Zebedee, mending him net.

Many of the words and expressions used in the above serve to illustrate what I have already written, but some deserve further notice.

"Buccra" is an African word from the banks of the Niger, meaning in the first instance a "demon," and then "a superior and powerful being." It may be considered complimentary or the reverse, as applied to the white man, according as its first or second meaning is taken. This is the generally accepted derivation of the word, but

there is another which makes it a contraction of "buccaneer," which in its turn comes from the French word *boucan*, signifying the smoke-dried meat, the preparation of which was the original occupation of the old buccaneers before they took to predatory habits. It is also very generally used in combination with the English word "kill," "kill-buccra," and is then applied to a little yellow flower, like a buttercup, which comes into bloom at the beginning of the sickly season. The appropriateness of the name is obvious.

"Duppy" is also, I consider, of African origin, and I am confirmed in this view by the fact that there is another word "jumbie" in use to describe a ghost (though there is a subtle distinction between a duppy and a jumbie) which has a decidedly African sound.

I think "Kullaloo" must be a corruption of the French *cail-loux* (sea-kale), and is probably an importation through Hayti.

"Piccin" is the common contraction of "piccaninny," which in its turn comes from the Spanish "pequeño niño" (a small child).

The most likely explanation I can offer for "Puttoo" is that it is an onomatopoeic word, and, with the last syllable long drawn out (thus, puttoo-oo-oo), represents the hoot of the owl. It may, however, be a corruption of "puttock," a word used by Shakespeare as a synonym for "kite." "Nyam" is another onomatopoeic word, and illustrates the sound made in eating.

The refuse from the sugar cane, after the juice is extracted, is termed "trash," which consequently comes to mean a low, worthless fellow. In this latter sense it is a very favourite form of abuse, and I have usually heard it employed in combination with the adjectives "white" or, as here, "coloured."

A. R. LOSCOMBE.

ARE PROOFS OF THE DESCENT OF MAN BEING STRENGTHENED?

WHEN reasoning about the evolution of the earth and its belongings, we must start by allowing that there was a time when this planet did not exist. The nebular theory, or thought based upon it, probably correctly explains the formation of the solar system.

This paper starts with "life." It is believed that when life first appeared the whole surface of the earth was covered by water surrounded by an atmosphere. Presently the combined effects of a due regulation of moisture, light, and heat produced a suitable soil for the appearance, growth, and evolution of the earliest organisms. This is hypothesis, but based upon reasoning that shows conclusively how the lowest organisms and fungi of to-day appear and multiply.

This brings us at once to "the primitive speck of slime"—"first flesh," as it has been called—or, in other words, to the first cell. From primitive "specks of slime" have we and all other creatures sprung. We may have evolved from such "specks" as were primarily impressed with the essence of each individual embodiment, or we may have evolved from "specks" which at later periods branched out laterally into individual embodiments. The most generally accepted idea (speaking broadly) is that "the primitive speck" advanced, as its environment improved, to be a fish, and, as morasses and land appeared, to be a reptile, and that the reptile evolved into a bird, and the bird into a mammal, and that the early mammal advanced by gradation to the ape and to man.

Similarly the primary vegetable specks are believed to have advanced, through mosses, ferns, and pines, to the existing species of the higher orders of plant life.

Now let us imagine the primordial protoplasmic "specks" gradually becoming surrounded by suitable conditions for their existence and advance—by moisture, heat, and a nutritive medium ; by sufficient light and sufficient space ; and certain portions of them

becoming specially affected, and capable of responding to their surroundings. The result would be the gradual formation of tiny "masses," the constituents of which would variously arrange themselves after the fashion of the constituent portions of the early embryo of an egg.

The stimuli affecting any "mass" travel along the lines of least resistance. It would be the cells along these lines that would become specialised into different tissues. The specialisation through the new generations would be increased by heredity.

One of the lowest known forms of animal life is called the "amœba." The lowest forms of animal and plant life still exist contemporaneously with the highest. We must carefully note this, because the "primitive specks" may have simply evolved into amoeboid organisms, and the amœbæ into other organisms a trifle superior to themselves, and these organisms into fishes or seaweeds, and so advance may have continued till the evolutionary process had gone on to man and trees. But there is the possibility that the "primitive specks" may from their start have had the "hall-mark" of species.

At first the surroundings and conditions of existence may have permitted only those primordial "masses" that possessed the "hall-mark" of the amœba or primitive seaweed to evolve to their possible limits. But presumably as the conditions improved, when something like lagoons, morasses, or land had appeared, then some other of the tiny "masses" may have slowly evolved into their highest existences, and the earlier fishes and reptiles may have appeared. The improved conditions continuing may have excited other tiny cellular masses into developments, these being impressed, say, with the special characteristics of some birds or of some mammals.

These same improved conditions of existence were fatal to some of the earlier huge reptiles and other creatures, and so, according to the law of "the survival of the fittest," they disappeared.

The idea of a "hall-marked," primitive, separate, individual development is opposed to the ideal theory of evolution. But there is argument for either view.

A short paper allows for nothing more than compressed facts and ideas, and therefore everything that follows is put as shortly as possible.

In examining the strata we notice that the layer of the earth's crust nearest the surface contains the remains of existing species; that layer nearest to the centre contains the lowest forms of animal and vegetable remains. We appear to ascend, through algæ, ferns,

pine forests, and leaf-bearing trees, to existing species, through moneræ, to fishes, reptiles, birds and mammals, to man. Here and there, however, are great gaps which are perhaps to be filled up by later discoveries. The occasional hopeless mixing of the contents of the strata is explained by past internal earth eruptions.

While searching for the contents of the strata, the strong point that has been already alluded to stands prominently out, viz. that many of the lower organisms and lower creatures found in the deepest strata are also found in the highest, and their composition of to-day apparently in no way differs from their composition in their earliest discoverable existence.

The new conditions that "created" and evolved the higher creatures have never varied the designs of the lower ones, because these lower organisms have never been capable of further response.

The earliest ordinary beings, like the earliest men, proved their existence in the remoter ages by their doings, rather than by leaving their remains as evidence.

Man, in the strata, shows proof of his existence contemporaneously with other creatures that really ought not to be there. This makes the ordinarily accepted chain of evolution a very puzzling one.

Man's skeleton, and like skeletons, would more easily succumb to the attacks of putrefaction and decay than would the skeletons of better-protected creatures, such for instance as those of ganoids (the earliest vertebrate fishes). Reptiles would be better protected against organic change than would be birds. The feathers of birds would be more protective than would the ordinary mammalian hairs, and plenty of other similar suggestions could be offered.

Remembering these possible causes, and remembering the certain fact that the species *Homo* existed and was evolving long before the earth history showed his remains, how can we say that he has not lived in primitive form from the first period of time that offered his evolution suitable surroundings?

When we think of what historic man was like, what an unpleasant line of thought is presented to us, if we try to imagine the mode of existence of our prehistoric ancestors! Ape-like and of bestial behaviour our prehistoric ancestors must have been, but that is a very different thing from saying that our ancestors were necessarily apes—that we really possess a simian ancestry.

If we take the whole creation, and in particular if we take those creatures having a backbone, we must admit that apes in their anatomy do more nearly resemble ourselves than do they any other living beings; but if we regard them seriously we have no difficulty

in recognising them as brutes, and as precisely the same brutes as we have ever known them, go back into the research of the ages as far as we can.

In many ways they resemble us, and in many ways they resemble other beings, and amongst the vast numbers of the species of the creation, some must more nearly resemble man than do the rest.

The ape and man analogies are, however, very pertinent, but the temptation to prove how close they are has not improbably led to exaggerated descriptions.

The somewhat like comparisons of the brains of both man and apes has led to much examination and description. The molar teeth (including the human bicuspid) are five in number in man and in apes—at all events when we are taking the apes of the Old World. The apes of the New World have usually either six or four molars. There are other similar teeth analogies lower down in the brute scale, and even in the case of some fishes we find the same number of teeth as in the case of man. It is, however, when we look at the canine teeth that the teeth analogies are weakened. With apes and monkeys they are clearly weapons of defence, and if any skeleton of ape had ever been discovered without these weapons of defence the evolutionists would hold it as a precious link.

The occasional long hairs growing out from the human eyebrow have been compared with the hairy eyebrow of some apes.

The prehensile (grasping) power of the hands and feet of infants has been lately discussed. It has been debated as to whether this is an excessive reflex phenomenon, the vestige of a power once useful to our simian ancestors, or whether it is merely a physical character.

It is believed that an occasional (very occasional) human tail is found after birth. This question of "human tails" is dealt with in the "Nova et Vetera" columns of the *British Medical Journal* for November 1901. As connecting links these so-called tails do not appear to strengthen our genetic connection with the apes or with the lower brutes. There are adult mammals with fewer coccygeal vertebræ (with fewer tail backbones) than has man—for instance, some bats and some monkeys.

Professor Garner, in his laborious attempts to prove that chimpanzees and gorillas have speech with one another, scarcely seems to have brought out any more striking facts than that they can by various sounds communicate some of their wishes and ideas to each other.

Crows set sentinels, and they quickly communicate a note of

alarm to their fellows. This is as quickly understood. A lamb scuttles straight off to its own mother when the mother calls to it; one lamb amongst a hundred will answer to the bleat of its own dam, the rest pay no regard to it. The talking powers of parrots are most remarkable, and the imitative and talking powers of the magpie and jackdaw are equally so. Our co-ordinating speech efforts are nevertheless very superior to those of the lower creatures. Neither apes nor any other mammals, nor birds, can compete but to a small degree with us in these efforts. We have not at present learned much more than this about so important a question.

Dr. Dubois's "missing link" has of late years caused a great deal of discussion. These remains were discovered in Java, and the *Pithecanthropus erectus* has brought about a great deal of new scientific argument. Some of the most learned anatomists thought that the remains might have belonged to a man, but were just as probably those of an ape. The late Professor Virchow thought that they did not at all prove the existence of an antediluvian man, even if it were certain, which it was not, that all the bones belonged to one body.

Still more recently Professor Ernst Haeckel has been hunting, unsuccessfully, in Java for any fresh representative of this "missing link." He also spent a long time watching the habits of a species of gibbon (*Lilobates leuciscus*). He called it a "human monkey," but it does not appear to have shown any more signs of intelligence than we can find any day amongst various animals that we can easily watch and come into contact with. Its power of communicating its wishes by "speech" hardly bears comparison with those of several other creatures lower in the scale of evolution. Does anything that he says of this gibbon put it so high in the scale of intelligence as upon which we could place many dogs?

Dr. Romanes, in his book on "Animal Intelligence," clearly points out that most animals have a degree of intelligence, and that many of them are able to convey their wishes, both to men and to their own kind, by means of more or less articulate sounds. Apes, including the anthropoid apes, are able to talk just about as well, or as badly, as many other animals. Several recent writers have expressed themselves on this point.

No ape, monkey, or any other animal has been known to light a fire to make itself warm.

The sexual unions and ceremonies of mankind make up a wide gap between humanity and monkeyland. Human ceremonies and obligations exist even where polyandry or polygamy abounds. The

customs of the races of Tibet are very interesting in these respects. For true sexual union in the animal world we have to seek much lower in the scale than in the case of either apes or of any other mammals. Take for instance the pairing of some birds, where it is even sometimes continued throughout the breeding season. But we may descend still lower, for the cold-blooded fish will fight for the possession of his mate—*e.g.* the salmon.

Another unfavourable ape comparison is that of age. Owen has said that ten years is about the average time of a monkey's life. "George," the orang-outang of the Zoo, was considered at ten to have reached ripe years.

Apes and monkeys are said to suffer from diseases similar to our own, for instance, influenza and tubercular disease. But the horse suffers from influenza, and the ox from tubercle. Some animals are immune to the ordinary human toxins, others suffer equally with man.

The very lowest types of living men (bushmen and pygmies, let us say) show still all the physical attributes of man, all the attributes that even historic remains have also shown. The gap between them and the anthropoid apes is immense, but the gap between the anthropoid apes and the rest of monkeyland practically does not exist. The anthropoid apes show up as varieties of a species, just in the same way as the negroes and the pygmies prove themselves to be simply races of men.

Even the bushmen draw figures, and their lines and figures are intelligible to their fellow men.

From the time of our knowledge of the fact that man could intelligibly draw, or chip flints, he was marked out as an animal distinct from all the rest of the creation. His remains at those times will stand exact comparison with what we know of his skeleton to-day, and the remains of his then contemporaries in the animal world compare easily with the remains of the same creatures that are still in existence.

We know that pollen, from prehistoric times until now, has been scattered broadcast over the pistillate organs of the whole plant world. The evidence of the past and the evidence of to-day show clearly that it has been only when the seed has come into contact with "like pistillate organs" that true reproduction has occurred. Hence all the charming "varieties of species" that cultivation and hybridisation have brought about. Hence the want of chaos in the tree and plant life of this beautiful world. Even the tangles of plant life that make this planet so grand in its varied displays of nature, never show

disarrangement of the details of sexual plan. As the ages advanced, the conditions of environment certainly removed many plant forms that were unfitted to survive, and many others will doubtless disappear in the ages to come. Everything that has just been said applies alike to the animal and to the vegetable world.

Is there really any "missing link" in this great chain of evolutionary evidence? Are we not, nevertheless, and rightly, for strengthening purposes, quite wise in searching for what appears not to exist? There may yet be "missing links," but until now the discoverers have found very few of them, and these few have obtained for themselves so doubtful a reception that it looks very much as though they were all either anomalies or hybrid monstrosities.

Many of the "extinct monsters" that flourished millions of years ago are preserved in skeletal form in the South Kensington Museum and elsewhere. They are to some extent still represented by living forms, for instance, the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, crocodile, or bat. The huge tree ferns and mosses of the older ages are also represented even to this day.

It is rather difficult to say how many of the "dragons" of old, such as the Ichthyosaurus, the Plesiosaurus, or the Dinosaur, have disappeared, and how many have evolved further, and are still represented to-day.

As we grew out of childhood we began to smile at our beloved fairy tales; as we grow older still new fairy tales open out to us, and there was not much wrong, we find, about the old stories; the man in the long run slew the "dragons" when we were babies, and he slays them still, because, as we now learn, the present environment of man and of many other beings is better suited for him and for them than for "dragons."

Thinking of the story of evolution upon some such lines as have been here suggested, we must almost of necessity allow that the earlier and more helpless "primitive men" started evolving amidst surroundings most suitable for themselves, and most fatal to the terrible creatures that were doubtless here and there their contemporaries. As they (the early men) evolved they migrated, advancing at one point, receding at another. The planet, as a whole, as it evolved became less fitted for "dragons and monsters," more fitted for the newer evolutions, and so it may go on until man himself may be no longer fitted to remain; and probably by that time but little else that we speak of as organic matter will be able to exist.

Such points as the arrangement and comparison of certain muscles—Darwin's "point"—of the human ear, or the special com-

parison of the lemurs, if they were discussed here, would make this an interminable paper. The matter of "living fossils," such as the duck-billed platypus, or of dead "fossil links," like the archæopteryx, would take a large space for due investigation. It need only be said that the platypus is now the same creature that we have always known—and so, for the matter of that, is the whale—and the archæopteryx reads more like a "hybrid monstrosity" than a "link." A solitary and feeble link weakens rather than strengthens a chain.

I have started in this paper with surmises about the cellular origin of men and of brutes. I have tried to base the surmises upon analogies; then, plunging at once into anthropoid ape-land, have hardly left it again. It appears as though the more recent researches were not improving the chances of our much-cherished kinship—of our simian ancestry. They have helped to fix "species," they point plainly to varieties of species, and to the possibility that we and all living things have evolved from our primitive selves, at various periods of the evolution of the planet itself, and that something like a general ground-plan exists throughout life—vegetable life or animal life. They seem to say that the lines of evolution have never changed, and that the fish-reptile-bird-mammal and human ascent or descent is possibly a mythical solution of our earnest attempts to unravel a story which perhaps after all is only difficult because of its real simplicity. Every mastered discovery of science has been at first so difficult to conjecture, but presently has become more simple, as the triumphs of fresh investigations have here displaced errors and there added new light.

It has been said that the progress of truth, ever upward, is in a spiral curve, and that a step backward may be of great value.

W. T. FREEMAN.

ABDUCTED BY ALBATROSSES.

I WAS struck, when in Kerguelen's Land, by the size of the albatrosses, of which there is a breed there truly Titanic. I thought of bringing home a few of the largest of these cyclopean feathered ichthyophagista, and presenting them to the Zoological Gardens of New York.

In the usual manner, with line and bait, I caught twelve magnificent specimens—exceptionally fine birds, not one measuring less than twenty feet over the expanded wings.

Fearing they would pine in confinement, instead of caging them, I fitted each with a set of harness, to which was attached a very long cord. The other end of the cord I fastened to the ring of an iron peg driven into the ground. This mode of tedder I thought more humane than fastening the cord to the leg: the harness distributed the pull over the whole body and prevented strain. Thus there were twelve of these gigantic birds fastened to the ring by cords, and as each cord was fifty feet long, they were able to soar and exercise their pinions. For the sake of cleanliness, every day I moved the iron peg to new ground. One morning I was moving the peg, when the birds, all soaring together, nearly pulled me off my legs. My crew, who were standing in a group round, laughed. For sailors are light-hearted fellows, ever on the watch for an excuse to be merry, and will often make a jest of what is not in itself inherently ludicrous. What was a comedy to them was the beginning of a tragedy for me. They leered, nudged each other, sly jokes went round as I made frantic efforts to hold the winged Titans.

No one likes to be laughed at. I lost my temper. I vented my anger on the birds; I shook the ropes, and shouted at the contumacious aërophyles. My voice and actions frightened the birds, stimulating them to further exertions. They began to vibrate their wings with irresistible force.

To my horror, I felt myself being carried up into the air. I called upon my men for assistance, but it was too late; I was elevated beyond their reach. They were serious enough now. They implored me to drop into their arms, and let the darned birds go.

But I was afraid. The distance was now considerable. If they failed to catch me, bones would be broken.

In a few minutes I was up hundreds of feet in the air, and sailing over the sea. The hard, solid ground and pointed rocks had been left behind. My sailors (I could still hear their voices) advised me to drop into the water. They knew me to be an expert swimmer—or at least good enough to keep afloat until they picked me up with a boat which they ran to launch.

Alas! the high dive always alarmed me. I used to be a long time making up my mind to take a header from the high-dive board at the swimming baths, and this was elevated only twelve feet from the water. South Sea Islanders think nothing of such feats, but I am not a savage. Civilised life, maybe, has somewhat deteriorated my nerves and softened my muscles. The idea of a fall of magnitude appalled me. Merely measuring the distance with my eyes made me sick and dizzy. I shut my eyes and clung convulsively to the iron peg.

Still, I felt it must be done, I was going rapidly out to sea. Already the land was lost in the fog. Every yard I travelled decreased my chance of eventual escape.

I said to myself, "I will count one—two—three, and then let go"—counting thus is a common device when courage is slack. I counted several times, but balked every time. I could not let go. My hands were hypnotised by the peril, and had got beyond my control. They clung convulsively to the peg.

Instead of releasing myself, I climbed up, hand over hand, and frantically clung to the cords with my legs.

I gave myself up for lost. It was too late to dive down now, for I was already twenty miles from land, at the lowest calculation. I am a fair swimmer. I am good for a mile. But twenty miles?—no. The late Captain Webb, who perished at Niagara, would think nothing of twenty miles. But I am not formed like that celebrated natatorial hero: I have not his voluminous muscles and prodigious aquatic staying powers.

The birds, flying in an inclined plane, making an angle of three degrees with the aqueous fluid beneath, had been gradually getting higher. My eyes were fast shut, but I knew the altitude was increasing by the ever-decreasing sound of the wash of the waves. I was sick unto death with that long agony. The sound of the twelve pairs of vibrating wings merged in one dreary, indeterminate swish-swish.

I opened my eyes and gazed at the birds. I saw them, but

with a terrible exaggeration, for my senses were no longer correct registers of facts. The albatrosses seemed to have expanded to a hypernatural size, and to have something diabolical in their air and manner, as if they rejoiced at human torture, and were congratulating each other on their successful act of retribution. I knew the thought was grotesque—I was becoming delirious.

I fancied I saw them fashion the syllables of my name: and I shuddered because no sound came. I implored them to be merciful. Then their forms changed to spectres, with heads of flame, which mocked my prayer.

I knew that I was going mad—that I was mad. By a mighty effort I subdued the fever of my fancy, and recovered my reason. How happy was I to feel my thoughts lose their nightmare incoherence and regain a just appreciation of circumstance!

Then followed a fear that my judgment might again succumb, and Fantasy resume her dominion.

Still the titanic figures lifted and bore me upwards. A hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent if I should fall.

So far I had only once or twice opened my eyes, and then only for a few moments. I longed to, yet dared not, employ my vision: if I looked up I feared to look upon things horrible; down, I was aghast at the idea there might be nothing to see—nothing substantial—nothing but floating mist.

Next I became conscious that I was descending. I knew it by reason of the waves far off, the tumbling water beneath, becoming every moment louder and nearer. The plane of flight had been altered. It had pointed upward, now it trended downward. What the precise angle was I dared not inquire. There came into my mind the horrible thought that these diabolical birds now designed to drown me. The cords were fifty feet long. As soon as I fell to an elevation less than this, I would be plunged in the water.

I began to reflect what a dreadful death drowning is. I once drowned a mouse. I recalled the scene. The poor little thing struggled wildly for minutes ere the end came. I shed tears as I watched it, until the bubbles came which told me the water had entered the lungs and all was over. Now I wept over my own coming fate. No eyes would shed tears for me when the fatal bubbles appeared; the demon birds would rejoice.

At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst fears were confirmed; the plane of flight led rapidly downwards. I fancied I read in the countenances of the

fiendish birds murderous intent, malicious satisfaction, and immovable resolution.

No dog in hydrophobia dreaded the water more than I did now. A fearful idea drove the blood in torrents to my heart : when I was in the water, perhaps a shark might come by and pick me up. This would be worse than drowning. I would then become part of the body of a voracious fish ; my flesh would be transformed into the tissue of an anthropophagist. I trembled convulsively in every fibre. Perspiration broke from every pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead.

I sank into a state I cannot define. Shadows of memory told me of tall figures of birds that were bearing me down, down, to perdition I snapped at and bit the rope. I kept muttering "Down, down down" ; but the words were mechanically repeated, and ceased to bear a meaning to me.

Another mighty effort, the last spurt of expiring intellect, was followed by the return of sanity, and capability of exercising the reasoning powers.

I attempted to deduce my real position. Was hope altogether excluded? I inquired. The boat was out. If it fell in with me, I could cut myself free from the albatrosses.

The birds having fallen to a distance of about a hundred feet from the water, the plane of flight became parallel to that mobile but inelastic fluid. The fear of immediate death was removed. The moral torture lessened, the physical pain became more acute. The agony of the strain on my legs and arms grew intolerable. I was beginning to feel cramp. My muscles spasmodically gathered into hard, knotted cords. I passed the iron pin through my belt and set my arms and legs free. The relief was great. My confusion of mind was such that I had not before thought of this simple expedient.

Now that my frame was more at ease, my mind became more uneasy. My eyes, starting from their sockets, sought for a rescue boat. The field of vision was small, owing to the thick mist. No ark was in sight, nor could my ears catch the sound of oars. I despaired.

I estimated the rate of flight of the birds, and calculated I must be at least thirty miles from land. Would the boat come so far? Was there any rational expectation of their finding me in the fog? Alas ! but little. Was there any?—none at all. I looked at the compass I wore as a charm on my watch-chain—a pretty little silver trifle presented to me as a parting gift by one I loved well—I looked

at the magnetic indicator as it vibrated on the dial, and found that the birds were bearing me straight for the South Pole. In two days, at my present rate of travelling, I must reach the goal, the centre of the earth's gyration, which so many brave men have endeavoured to arrive at, but failed. But geography would be no wiser for it, for I could never return to give an account of my discoveries.

It seemed to me I had but a choice of deaths ; to let go and drown, or slowly die from starvation and exposure.

The strain on my muscles was removed, being transferred to my belt. I was relieved from the physical agony of cramped tissue protesting against excessive calls. But what is physical agony to moral torture? I prayed for courage to end my life at once by a plunge in the ocean. I argued it would not be suicide ; it would be merely anticipating my certain doom by a few hours. But I was now the veriest coward. I had given way to a timid mood : and now mood mastered the man. I had lost all control over myself. At times, in moments of emergency, I have proved myself a brave man. But no man is always brave. If he is taken by surprise, the hero of former acts may sometimes betray ridiculous pusillanimity. History, ancient and modern, shows many such cases.

I now observed that the team, which had been flying due south, turned sharp to the west. They seemed fluttered. They lost much of the dignified demeanour with which they had hitherto been soaring. The velocity of their flight became terrific. This occasioned me a world of troublesome speculation. What was the cause of their altered demeanour and course ?

The distressing thought occurred to me that perhaps, from their elevated position and greater powers of vision, the birds saw a boat invisible to me, and, struck with panic, were bearing me away from help.

Or, maybe—— I lost myself in endless speculations.

The truth at last came to me. I saw flashes of silver at some distance. Fish!—about the size of herrings, toothsome morsels for voracious ichthyophagists. The birds were hungry and were going for their dinner.

The albatrosses, with outstretched necks, eagerly hovering over their prey, seemed to me, in aspect, weird and monstrous. In the contemplation of these feathered fiends my sight became faded and blurred. In a few minutes we reached a position perpendicular to the fish. Ignorant of the destruction awaiting them, the pretty little creatures were gambolling and chasing each other, and playing hide-and-seek in and out of the water.

For a moment the birds remained poised, perfectly stationary,

and then swooped down with the swiftness of an eagle's flight. The pace was more rapid than gravitating. Had I simply fallen I would have gone slower. I shot downwards with the velocity of a missile discharged from the barrel of a gun charged with a high explosive. The momentum carried me down fifty feet under water. The aqueous pressure at this profound depth was great ; I almost collapsed under it. I am an expert long diver, and skilled in holding my breath ; but, though I struck out at once, it seemed to me as if I would never again see the surface. In my panic, all my stiffness and feebleness vanished, and I never spurted as I did then. Just as I had given up hope, the cords tightened and I was whisked to the top with amazing velocity.

The birds were now about forty feet up in the air, but the cords being fifty feet long, I was still in the water, towed along the surface at the rate of about twenty knots an hour. At this rate, I must have travelled a league. The cunning albatrosses, finding they could not get rid of me, but that my body was lighter in the water than out, to lessen their labour, now confined their flight within the fifty-feet limit. At least, I thought this was the reason they flew so low ; but, maybe, in this I gave them credit for more intelligence than they possessed. Though immersed, I had not to swim ; the tow-line kept me on the surface.

The birds, exhilarated by their dinner, began to frisk and gambol, and chase each other, with the result that sometimes the tow-rope slackened, and I had to swim for my life. Next, the cords became taut, and I skimmed the waves with a velocity that took away my breath. Anon I was one hundred feet up in the air, anon falling with a thud in the sea. One minute whisked up, another down ; now in the air, now in the water, now under the water. I became hysterical. I laughed and howled by turns.

At this, the most unhappy moment of my existence, in the desert of my despair there came an oasis of hope. Suddenly there shot into my mind a scheme of escape. There was no possibility of the boat finding me now ; I was too far out, and it was too foggy. But suppose——?

Suppose——? I dared not go further ; I paused over the hypothesis. I forced myself to doubt. I asked myself if hope was not the frivolity of an oversanguine mind, a species of hyperoptimism not to be encouraged by a rational creature ?

Still, the notion raised my soul from its depths of despondence, and helped to dispel its hypochondriac fancies and nightmare dreams.

With shaking hand, I was about to execute my plan, when the playful birds suddenly whisked me up, up into the clouds. Again I became hysterical ; again I alternately laughed and howled.

Next, down came these gay demons—down, down, down, with the velocity of an express train. The water forced itself through my nose, and when I came to the surface I spouted like a whale.

My whole thought was now of executing the plan of delivery to which I have obscurely, maybe, alluded. The scheme was complete, definite, entire, mature ; but was I too feeble to carry it out ? It was daring in the extreme, but my only chance for life. It must be executed ere the birds could rush me up again. I drew my knife from its sheath. The first stroke of the blade on one of the cords—if delivered with sufficient force—would liberate an albatross, and reduce the number of my persecutors by one. But my hands were cold, they refused the office ; the stroke was so feeble that not a strand was severed, and before I could repeat the cut I was in the clouds.

I chafed my hands and waited for another descent. With a more than human patience I waited. I had not erred in my calculations : the demon birds were having a game with me, and down I came into the water again with a thud. I cut away one of the Cyclopeans, and he flew off, looking round as he did so, I thought, with a triumphant leer. His companions tried to follow him, but they were handicapped, and he was soon out of sight.

I was now towed along at a prodigious rate by the eleven. I managed to cut away another, and another, and another. Each one cut away diminished the power of the remainder. I found the team slowing down. They felt my weight. Few cannot do what many can.

At last they were all gone but one. He ceased to tow me. He remained looking at me with surprise and interrogation, I fancied, as if he were saying : “Why do you not cut me away too, and let me join my companions ? What is your game now ?”

But it was no part of my scheme to release him. He had helped to take me away from land ; he should help to take me back again. I pulled him in, inch by inch, foot by foot, hand over hand. He was strong, but I was stronger. In panic, he rose into the air. He tried to carry me into the fluid in which he felt that he was my superior. But he was not able ; I was too heavy. Flutter as he would with his Titanic, twenty-foot wings, he could not lift me. At last I pulled him down to the water and mounted on his back.

Then came the tug-of-war. He objected ; he was contumacious.

He kicked, plunged, buck-jumped, reared ; but I stuck on with the tenacity of a steeple-chase jockey. Finding he could not throw me, he sulked, he would not move. I drove my heels into his sides ; how I wished I had spurs ! He understood the hint, and commenced swimming strongly, and at the rate of about five miles an hour, but persistently in the wrong direction.

Then I hit on the expedient of using his head as a rudder. I twisted his head in the direction of land, and he was obliged to follow his beak.

After he had gone about a mile, he showed temper again and jibbed. There was another struggle, but with prods of my knife I got him going again. That albatross had a decided stop in him, but by judicious severity I always succeeded in persuading him to begin swimming again.

It was a dreadful voyage. Times and times, the Titan turned round and pecked my leg, leaving marks which remain to this day. His weird eyes, with a wild and ghastly vivacity, gleamed upon me ; gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to believe was merely ornithological and not uncanny. But he had found his master at last, and in six hours landed me safely in Royal Harbour.

ECHLIN MOLYNEUX

HOW TO TEST DRINKING WATER.

I AM tempted to write a short treatise on this important subject by the desire, which I constantly hear expressed by many people, for a means of deciding for themselves whether a water is fit to drink or not. Properly speaking, a regular and carefully conducted chemical analysis is the only way of deciding this often vital question, and there is absolutely no adequate substitute for it. But this requires a good deal of experience, manipulative skill, and three days' close attention at least, if not four or five, so that it is a somewhat formidable task and beyond our present consideration. The quantities to be discovered are often exceedingly small, and consequently the methods very delicate, and the care required all through very great ; for example, it is an ordinary occurrence to test for and to find such a small quantity as the one-hundredth part of a grain of ammonia gas in a gallon of water, and twenty grains of mineral matter dissolved in a gallon would be considered a fairly large amount, and quite easily found and weighed by any ordinary chemistry pupil of three months' training. However, some of my inquiring friends still think, even after the above explanation, that there ought to be some means by which they can, at least, satisfy themselves on an emergency, whether their water supply is fairly satisfactory, especially if they are willing to accept a little risk and to acquire a little knowledge. This little knowledge I now offer, and my readers should examine three or four different samples of water in order to gain a little experience before attempting to form an opinion as to the goodness, or otherwise, of any particular water which may interest them, and they should write down careful notes of their observations as the experiments proceed for future reference. It may generally be considered that a public supply in a good town is fairly good, but then, of course, it must not have been stored in a dirty cistern, although I once analysed a sample drawn from some town mains and found it far from good. This was some years ago, and improvements were then in progress, so that a subsequent sample from the same mains gave good results. The

water supplied to London by the New River Co., and by the Kent Co., is excellent, and so is the supply of the Stroud Water Co., and the Bristol Water Co. These may be taken as samples of really good wholesome water. As a contrast to these a sample may be taken from almost any shallow well, especially in a town, and, lastly, as a sample of something perfectly unwholesome and most dangerous, a little of the so-called water from a farm pond or stagnant ditch might be examined. The first experiment I propose to make is very simple and interesting, and in the case of many waters will give valuable information. Obviously, if anything is dissolved in the water and we can drive the water away, so as not to injure the substance dissolved, we shall be able to see it when the water is gone, at all events, unless it is an invisible gas. The best way to do this is by evaporation, but, of course, great care must be taken that no dirt or dust is allowed to get into the water before or during the experiment. White porcelain crucibles are made on purpose for this experiment, and may be bought at the operative chemist's. They are of uniform thickness and will withstand the application of heat. One holding about four fluid ounces should be chosen and the water may be safely boiled in it and evaporated completely. It costs about fifteen pence. It must be supported over the gas or methylated spirit flame by some means—the best thing is a small iron retort stand, which may be bought with the crucible for about a shilling. If gas is not available a small spirit lamp, also costing about a shilling, should be used. These three articles will make a very efficient arrangement, and with very little care and ordinary intelligence no difficulty need be feared. Before beginning, it is advisable to see that the crucible is thoroughly clean inside and out, and that the retort stand is free from dust or any scale which might fall off, and that the rings will slide easily up and down the perpendicular rod. All being right, put the crucible in one of the rings and adjust it so that the bottom of it shall be about one inch above the top of a small flame from the lamp, but do not light the lamp until the sample of water is in the crucible. Enough water should be taken to nearly fill the crucible, and a convenient quantity is about three and a half to four ounces. More than this would be tedious and less might not always give sufficient residue. Now light the small lamp and wait patiently until steam rises rapidly from the surface of the water, which may almost boil, but not quite, because boiling would cause loss of the solid residue by throwing it out of the crucible. In order to avoid actual boiling, either the flame must be reduced or else the crucible must be raised little by

little, so that the amount of heat may be kept in proportion to the amount of water to be evaporated. The water must also be carefully watched to see how it changes. For this the retort stand should be placed on an ordinary table or wash-stand in a room free from dust, so that the operator may easily look down into the crucible without putting his head directly over it. Good daylight is the best. Most waters will form a thin white scum on the top during this experiment, but no clean water can form a dirty scum. After about four hours, the water will have disappeared entirely, and we shall have what we have been working for, viz. the residue. If the water is good and wholesome, there will scarcely be anything to see, the amount of the residue will be quite small and white, and it will adhere closely to the sides and bottom of the crucible, except only in the case of a chalybeate water, when the residue would be coloured brown by the iron present. A careful note should now be made upon the colour and amount of this residue, which so far has not been very strongly heated, and therefore we do not yet know as much about it as we shall do soon. The next step is to greatly increase the size of the flame and to take the lamp in the hand and then pass it slowly about under the crucible, so as to warm it slowly and gently everywhere, while at the same time keeping very careful watch over the residue inside it. As the heat of the residue increases, any organic matter in it will begin to char and turn black, and as a dull red heat is approached it will be burnt completely away, and then a white residue only will be left in the crucible. The chief object in moving the flame about all over the outside of the crucible is to warm it evenly all over, and so avoid cracking it. The flame should not be allowed to go inside, as it might deposit blacks there and so mislead the operator. A dull red heat should always be reached at all events at the bottom of the crucible before this part of the experiment is finished, so that all the organic matter may be known to have been burnt with certainty. Of course a little time is required to complete the combustion—five minutes should be enough. If this process were not very carefully watched the charring might be finished without the operator observing it, and so he might conclude that he had a good clean residue, whereas he really had a bad and dirty one. All that burns in this way is deleterious organic matter, and if the charring is very marked it is a serious consideration against the water. It must now be mentioned that a chalybeate water is generally known by its flat taste, somewhat resembling dilute ink. This taste is due to the iron in solution, and, of course, the iron is part of the total solids or mineral residue left

after evaporation. The colour of the iron is generally brown, but sometimes black, and as the iron is not burnt away by the above-mentioned heating the brown colour of the residue is permanent, and so the chalybeate character of the water is shown in contradistinction to the clear water, and the water polluted with organic matter such as sewage. The only complication likely to arise is in the case of a polluted chalybeate water, when it is just possible that the iron oxide, which gives the colour to the residue, might be acted upon by the organic matter of the pollution in such a way that it would lose part, or perhaps all, of its colour. If this should be suspected the crucible should be allowed to cool thoroughly, and then the residue should be just moistened with a drop or two (not more) of clean cold water and left damp exposed to the air. This will oxidise the iron in a few hours, and the colour will then be visible again as a more or less deep brown.

The lesson to be learnt from this experiment is that a small amount of clean white residue indicates a clean wholesome water, and a dirty residue shows a dirty dangerous water, the contamination being roughly in proportion to the amount of charring. No charring occurs with a clean water, whether chalybeate or not. If the flame is taken right away from the crucible during the charring, often a distinct odour of burning is quite easily noticeable. If a very unpleasant odour such as that of burning hair, hoofs, &c. is observed, the contamination must be of animal origin, and the water is certainly not fit to drink under any circumstances.

This experiment being now finished, the crucible should be washed in clean cold water, and the adherent residue rubbed off with the fingers, but not scraped with a knife, and the crucible put away clean ready for the next occasion when it may be wanted. If any difficulty is experienced in removing the residue, fill the crucible with vinegar and let it remain for a few hours; then wash it out with clean cold water and it will be easily cleaned. The vinegar, being acid, dissolves most water residues, if not all; and it will generally remove so much of a refractory one that what it leaves may quite easily be rubbed off by the thumb or finger.

The next experiment should be to obtain information as to any odour the water may have. This is often so slight that it is not perceptible in an open drinking-glass, and therefore we must take some step to make it more pronounced. Some samples will give a decided odour without any preparation, but with others it is not so. Therefore, if a water gives no odour we must not assume that it has none until we have put it into a clean glass-stoppered bottle of about

one pint capacity and warmed it to about 100° F., or even 110° F. The bottle should be about three-quarters full, and should be gently warmed with its glass stopper lightly laid in its mouth. The best way to warm it is to plunge it in hot water to about half its height. When warm it should be removed from its hot bath and gently shaken whilst the stopper is tightly held in its place by the hand. The mouth of the bottle should now be put close to the operator's nose, the stopper removed, and the sample smelt immediately. Any odour which may be in the water will now be perceived quite distinctly, and an effort must be made to recognise it. Sewage or dangerous contaminating matter of that description generally gives a faint, sickly, unpleasant odour, and water with that is not fit to drink. A good clean water should have no odour at all. Therefore it is best to reject any water with one. It is rather remarkable how this simple plan will bring out any odour which may be there, especially such things as petroleum, or vegetable oils, or grease &c. from kitchen refuse. A water would have to be quite dangerous to smell of ammonia, and I can hardly imagine a sample of anything like drinking water which would yield this odour, *i.e.* that of "smelling salts" or sal volatile, to even the most sensitive nose; but it is just possible, especially if the water had been exposed to birds. Rain water often smells most offensive, and that is never fit to drink. It is always collected in dirty vessels after it has washed dirty roofs &c. where road filth has been blown by the wind in the form of dust. However, I must mention one peculiar circumstance in connection with this test, though it is not one likely to occur very often in most people's experience. Water coming from a peaty soil, and also from some kinds of clay, will sometimes have a peculiar but very unpleasant odour. This water may not be altogether bad, and the odour will gradually pass off on exposure to the open air, wind, and sunshine, but it would not be wise to use such water unless it could pass a thorough chemical analysis. Under no circumstances could it be considered a high-class water, and it is generally somewhat milky in appearance.

It will often happen that the odour discovered will give a clue to the source of contamination. For example, suppose a country house with a well, and the water gives an odour of sour milk, onions, or other kitchen refuse, we might expect to find that somehow or other such refuse found its way into the well perhaps from carelessness, or perhaps because the kitchen sink-pipe leaked. Either of these could be easily stopped. Or perhaps a faulty roof might let rain-water drop into the tank. It is well to make written notes also

in this experiment for reference at some future time, as they are so very helpful and interesting when difficulties present themselves.

This test being completed we will proceed to another, which shall appeal to another sense. Last time we cultivated an invisible odour and smelt it ; now we will cultivate a fungoid body too small to be seen without a microscope, and often unrecognisable with one, at all events, before cultivation. This test is often referred to as the "sugar test," and the object of it is to discover the dreaded sewage fungus which, of course, if present, is proof of sewage contamination in the water under examination. We shall want our glass-stoppered bottle which we used with the last experiment, and this time we must be more particular than ever that the bottle with its stopper is perfectly clean, for, obviously, if I am going to search with a microscope for a very minute object I must be very careful that I do not unknowingly or carelessly introduce the very thing I am going to look for. In fact I must be very careful that if the fungus sought is found in the bottle it can only have been put there in and with the sample of water I am testing. A little consideration will show us that a spore of sewage, or almost any other fungus, might easily be in any dust or dirt ; therefore dirt and dust must be carefully kept away from the bottle, or, at all events, if this is impossible, I must make sure that no fungoid spore can possibly grow in the bottle unless it has been put in there with the sample of water I wish to test. The only practical way to accomplish this is to boil everything except the sample of water. Therefore I first take a lump of best white crystallised sugar from the sugar basin at breakfast time and put it into the white porcelain crucible used at the first experiment, and I pour enough water into it to dissolve the sugar, and then I boil it for some few minutes, then put the lid on and allow it to cool. This boiling has killed everything that may have been growing, either in the sugar or in the water ; but it probably did not kill any spores, and these would very likely grow as the water cooled. Consequently I leave them to grow for an hour or two if they can ; but as the lid is on, no dust can settle on the water, and so I know that it cannot get any further contamination, and a second boiling will make it fit to use, that is what microscopists generally call sterile, or we may say, perhaps more plainly that it is free from germs. During this boiling and cooling &c. the bottle should be carefully cleaned and also its glass stopper. There are several good ways to do this, but for our present purpose none to beat this one, viz. take a few tea-leaves from the pot after making tea in the usual way, and put them into the bottle by

means of the fingers. About half a tea-cupful of the spent leaves will do nicely. Now put about enough of the tea or some clean cold water if possible into the bottle to about one quarter fill it, then insert the stopper and swash the tea-leaves and water carefully and vigorously all round the inside of the bottle. This will remove anything adhering to the inner surface of the glass, and all that is now necessary to get the bottle into a fit state for our purpose is to rinse it well and carefully with the water we wish to test until all signs of the tea-leaves have disappeared. The stopper must also be rinsed in the same way, and on no account wiped with a cloth or touched with anything except the neck of the bottle; it must not be laid down anywhere after it is rinsed, so that this stopper-rinsing must be quite the last thing after all is put into the bottle. All now being ready, we proceed to apply the sugar test by taking the crucible and pouring the solution of sugar, which is now cold, into the bottle; then we take the sample of water we wish to test and pour that into the bottle until it is about half or three quarters full, then we rinse the stopper and put that in its place. No towel or duster must ever be trusted to give a final wipe to this stopper. The rinsing must always be the last step, and no cork, even if boiled, should be relied upon to take the place of the glass stopper. The contents of the bottle being quite safe, the outside must be wiped clean and bright, so that we can easily see through it, and then it should be placed in a good daylight, but not in the direct rays of the sun, and it should be kept at about 80° F. for two or three hours.

Mr. Sutton, in his valuable book so well known to chemists, thus describes the "sewage fungus:" "The fungus first appears as floating white specks, which are usually easily visible to the unassisted eye in a good side light when the bottle is looked at against a black background. A pocket magnifying lens may sometimes be used with advantage. If any suspected speck is seen it must be caught by a pipette and transferred to a slide, covered, and examined with a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch objective. When first seen these specks are found (*i.e.* by the microscope) to consist of small isolated cells with a bright nucleus. In the second stage the form resembles a bunch of grapes, and the bright nucleus is still seen. This second stage generally takes not more than four to six hours for development. A few hours after the second stage has become clear the cells assume the shape of moniliform threads. After this they assume the form of ordinary mycelium. A few experiments on mixtures of small proportions of sewage matter with water will enable this peculiar fungus to be

readily recognised." Ordinary mycelium is common mould which has a very pretty branching appearance under the microscope, and moniliform means looking like a string of beads. A fairly good microscope is required for this purpose, and also for the next experiment, which is more interesting than that above and will often give much more information, for I have often found this "sugar test" fail completely when I have put a little sewage into a glass of water on purpose and treated it side by side exactly the same as the sample of water being examined—*i.e.* a control experiment. However, this test has one advantage in that persons who have not a microscope may use it, because if present the fungus grows so rapidly that it may be seen without the aid of a magnifying glass after about one day's growth, and so a little patience may be said to be as good as a microscope. It would appear that all sewage does not contain this particular fungus, and of course if not present in the sample we cannot expect to see it grow. Therefore, inability to discover it must not be considered a proof of the absence of sewage contamination in the sample of water. If it should be present it will almost certainly grow under the treatment recommended above, and its growth is very rapid and interesting. It will generally collect on the bottom of the bottle more than anywhere else, and often pieces of it will adhere to the sides. It first appears as a grey film, and is quite easily seen by the unassisted eye. If now allowed to stand a few days longer in a good diffuse daylight it will grow thicker and even lumpy and fluffy in the ordinary temperature of an inhabited room. It must, however, be mentioned that these fungoid growths may be either expedited or hindered by trifling circumstances, such, for instance, as the violent fluctuation of temperature from one extreme to the other or the mineral and other contents of the water suiting them or being unsuitable for them, and the presence of antiseptics would be very likely to stop them altogether, especially if present in any quantity. These considerations make it quite impossible to place much confidence in this test; but it is so extremely easy, and if the fungus should be present and grow it is so interesting to see and watch it, that I have mentioned it in detail. I would, however, observe that it is not relied upon in making a proper chemical analysis of water, and Mr. Wanklyn does not even allude to it in his valuable book on water analysis. A test, to be good, must never fail when properly applied.

I would just mention, too, before leaving this subject that I have known water quite good enough to drink and able to give a good account of itself to a chemical analysis grow a green mould in

standing in a good daylight for three or four weeks. This grows at the bottom of the bottle only, and its green colour is a matter of importance as showing its vegetable nature rather than mere fungus. But a really good wholesome water should be quite free from all these growths.

We now come to what will be the most interesting experiment of all to most people, especially those who possess a good microscope capable of magnifying up to about 600 diameters. In many cases a less pretentious one than this would be interesting also. The microscopic examination is one I never omit when making an analysis of water, as it often gives some valuable information as to its recent history and the company the water has associated with.

I always allow the water to stand a few hours or all night, so that it may settle in a glass-stoppered bottle. If anything insoluble is in the water it will either be found as a deposit at the bottom of the bottle or else as floating at the surface. A deposit is much the most frequent. This is easily gathered by means of a small glass tube of suitable length and about the eighth of an inch internal diameter. It should be about twice as long as the bottle is deep, and the two ends should be nicely smoothed. The easiest plan is to hold the tube between the thumb and second finger of the right hand and place the first finger lightly over the top end. Now plunge the free end of the tube steadily through the water to the bottom of the bottle, and if any deposit is seen anywhere put the end of the tube right on it and immediately remove the fore-finger from the top of the tube. The water will rush up the tube and will carry some of the deposit with it. The finger must now be tightly replaced and the tube quickly but gently withdrawn from the bottle. A little practice upon some small but easily visible object will make the experimenter adept at this mode of collecting small and delicate bodies for microscopic examination. If the fore-finger does not fit tight enough over the top end of the tube to prevent the water from rising in the tube whilst the finger is in position and before the experimenter is ready, the tip of the finger should be moistened by the tongue and no further difficulty will be found. Of course the lower end of the tube must not be touched. In looking through the column of water in the tube it is not unusual to see various more or less solid shapes falling gently through it. The tube must therefore be held vertically over a slip of glass until these bodies have descended into the drop of water at the bottom, when the drop may be allowed to touch the slip of glass, and so the drop and its contents can be secured under a cover glass, and examined under the

microscope with magnifying power suitable to their size as in the usual way. An oblique transmitted light will generally be found the best and a magnification of about 500 to 600 diameters the most serviceable power to start with. In the deposit from a bad water we may expect to find bacteria of various kinds—spirilla, dirty-looking shapeless lumps of coloured stuff, and a more or less three-cornered mass of granules somewhat resembling a bunch of grapes. Its colour is, as a rule, yellow, and often its outside edges are tinged with green. A few days' standing will often increase the amount of deposit in such a water very considerably, and mould will appear. Water giving a deposit answering this description is quite unfit to drink under all circumstances. Most microscopists have a good text-book on the use of the microscope. Those who have not should get one at once, such as Hogg's or Carpenter's. Another good book more especially for water examination is Macdonald's "*Guide to the Microscopical Examination of Drinking Water.*" In these books may be found illustrations of the various animalculæ, vegetable spores, &c., likely to be present in water. Any grains of sand or mineral matter may be disregarded, as they will settle harmlessly to the bottom, and, being insoluble, they can be easily avoided. It would not be advisable to drink them.

A good, wholesome, clean water would be free from all deposit, and should show nothing when under the microscope with a magnifying power of 500 diameters.

Any water containing moving animalculæ, bacteria active or dormant, small worms, vegetable matter, mould or any other fungoid growth, shapeless lumps coloured or not but of gelatinous or fleshy appearance, or the small bunch of grape-like conglomeration, known by the name of Botrytis, cannot be considered wholesome or fit to drink. Those who wish to pursue this interesting subject further will do well to consult their microscope text-books on Botrytis, Sphæria, Crenothrix, Sphæriacei, Mucor mucedo, Penicillium, &c., all of which are evidence of something unwholesome in the water to say the very least possible. In fact, it would be by far the safest plan to consider each of them evidence of very serious contamination and a plain indication that the water is quite unfit to drink.

It would hardly be too much to say that most, if not all, of these microscopic organisms would be evidence of sewage contamination, for sewage is a very comprehensive word, including in its application a great variety of offensive matter in process of putrefaction, all of which is most injurious to health. Certainly a good many microscopic organisms, such as Spirilla, Botrytis, &c., are evidence of

organic putrefaction, since they show that vegetable matter loaded with spores has got into the water and that the conditions are favourable to growth, and we know that putrefaction, if not actually present, as it most likely is, will not be long delayed.

All my readers will do wisely to consider any such water as that we are now speaking of unfit to drink and to avoid all risk, no matter how slight it may seem. A contaminated water has often been the cause of long, dangerous, painful illness, grave anxiety and even death to individuals and to large communities. How many cases of typhoid fever, cholera, diphtheria, and other dreadful diseases have been traced to water contamination? And how many more cases have been due to it before science was sufficiently advanced to enable us to trace their origin? Many a fatal epidemic, with its long train of sorrow and misery!

Now for a few practical conclusions before we leave the subject. First, never drink water from ponds, ditches, &c., or any other stagnant water, and as far as possible avoid shallow wells, which are generally filled with surface drainage. Do not rely upon a little whiskey to make the water safe, as it is of very doubtful efficacy or altogether futile. Boiling is much more potent. Keep all cisterns clean and do not sink wells near burial-grounds, or dung-heaps, or farm-yards, or even dwellings. Keep flies and other filthy insects out of water cisterns, jugs, bottles, &c. It is best to rinse all bottles, jugs, &c., after wiping them, as towels and cloths cannot be relied upon for cleanliness. Worms, vermin, and even birds occasionally get into cisterns, so that they should be carefully looked into quite frequently, and any sign of turbidity should be taken as a warning of mischief and its cause ascertained and stopped. Turbidity in a water is likely to increase, and it might easily be caused by a dead mouse or rat in the cistern or even by flies, for hardly anything is more filthy than flies, especially "blue bottles."

It is a very common thing to find clean water put into dirty vessels and so made unwholesome, for water has a wonderful power of absorbing dirt and the deleterious substances it contains. It is also unfortunate that water may appear bright and nice and may even have a pleasant taste, and yet be dangerous to health.

Secondly, we will consider a few remedies, although prevention where possible is better than cure. If a water suffers from excess of mineral matter, we may frequently reduce this by adding a very small quantity of freshly burned quicklime. The best plan is to take a very small lump of the quicklime and put it in a clean saucer, then pour a little water on it. If the quicklime is fresh, well burned, and

good, the water will be soaked in with great avidity. As soon as the lump appears dry again it will get very hot and give off a lot of steam and fall to a white powder, the chemical name of which is hydrate of lime. This powder is soluble to a small extent in cold water, so it may be put into a tumbler-ful of cold water and allowed to settle. We now have about half a pint of lime-water and some sediment in the tumbler. Pour the clear liquid into about a gallon of the water which requires purifying, and stir it all up thoroughly. Of course the sediment still remains in the tumbler, and is put on one side in case it should be wanted later on. In the gallon vessel the admixture of the lime-water has made the whole lot turbid, because the hydrate of lime has united with some or all of the carbonic acid present to form solid carbonate of lime, and this, being heavy, will soon fall to the bottom as a sediment, and will take with it a good deal of organic impurity. If too much lime-water has not been added the total mineral matter in the clear water above the sediment will be considerably reduced. If too much lime-water has been added a white very thin scum of carbonate of lime will form on the surface of the water in the course of two or three hours. An excess must of course be avoided.

If the water should suffer from the presence of organic matter, we have a method of burning it away without even warming the water. If we add permanganate of potash, which contains a large percentage of oxygen, the combustible organic matter is attacked by the oxygen, and is virtually, or in fact practically, burnt. The unfortunate part of this process is that the products of the combustion, together with the potash and manganese, are left in the water, but, fortunately, these may easily be reduced to a minimum. The best way to proceed is to get a clean bottle holding two or three ounces, and furnished with a glass stopper. Put a few grains of the permanganate of potash into it and fill it up with clean cold water. Shake the bottle gently for a few minutes until the permanganate is dissolved. The colour of this solution is very beautiful, and must be observed carefully because it is a useful guide to the cleansing process. Let us suppose that we have a water-bottle holding about a quart of the water we wish to purify. We now drop about four or five distinct drops of the coloured solution into it from the glass-stoppered bottle and stir it up well. The quart will now appear very faintly pink if we stand the bottle upon a white sheet of paper or a white dinner-plate and look down upon and through it, but this pink colour will disappear more or less rapidly in proportion to the greater or less amount of organic contamination in the water. Therefore, if the

colour vanishes very rapidly, a few more drops of the permanganate solution should be put into the quart and a little more time allowed. The last faint trace of colour will often linger a good while. After standing a few hours a slight sediment will appear and the water will be more wholesome than it was at first, but it will contain a little potash. Permanganate of potash has been used medicinally in small quantities, and it may be considered harmless under these circumstances, although it would not be advisable to drink water with more than a faint tinge of colour in it.

If time is given for the sediment to fall, permanganate of lime would give rather better results than the permanganate of potash. Its extra cost would be altogether negligible on the small quantity used.

Filtration is very good if the filter is kept perfectly clean and is well and properly treated, but otherwise obviously it is worse than useless, because clean water passed through a dirty neglected filter would come out worse than it went in. A filter to be any good at all must be kept clean, and the water must be allowed to go through it in fixed quantities, so that the filtering medium may have a rest. The great object of this is that fresh pure air may find its way into the filtering medium as the water drains out of it. This air purifies the filter to a considerable extent. Vegetable charcoal is about the best medium for filtering water, but animal charcoal is not good and should be avoided. The charcoal should be taken out of the filter, thoroughly washed and dried, and then well baked occasionally in a very hot oven. Water passed gently through a good charcoal filter well kept is greatly improved.

Boiling for about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, if thoroughly well and continuously carried out, is a good method, but the boiling must be thorough to kill germs and to precipitate lime and magnesia salts, &c. The worst of this method is that it deprives the water of its dissolved air and makes it taste flat; but on a large scale this may be completely overcome by using one of the distilling apparatus commonly employed on board ship, by which air is re-introduced into the water after distillation, when it is thoroughly pure and good in every way. It should, however, be mentioned that it would hardly be advisable for all people to drink distilled water always, especially children, who require lime for the growth of their bones.

Some filters are made of unglazed earthenware, infusorial earth, &c., and some, especially large ones, are dependent upon very fine sand for their powers. These act rather as strainers than as filters,

but they undoubtedly have a good influence upon the water if and as long as they are kept clean. All filters are liable to get clogged, and then of course water can only percolate through them slowly. This retardation should be taken as a warning that the filter requires cleaning. These filters could not be expected to eliminate a foul gas or any other noxious matter dissolved in the water as a carbon filter would, because they have no power of absorbing oxygen gas from the atmosphere as carbon has, but they can stop the larger germs if not the very smallest, and they also have a decomposing action upon the bicarbonate of lime and magnesia. All filters, if properly put together and properly designed, may be cleaned with about equal facility; but the well-made, clean, and well-kept carbon filter may fairly lay claim to being the best filter in existence, because its straining power is equal to anything, and its power of storing up oxygen, by which it destroys noxious matter actually dissolved in the water, is beyond all rivals. I should therefore recommend a carbon filter in preference to all others, and, provided it is well kept as explained above in a healthy atmosphere, I should place a lot of confidence in it. It is therefore a very wise precaution to filter all water before drinking it, especially through charcoal or carbon.

We are sometimes told that there are good microbes as well as bad; but whether this is true or not in some cases does not matter to filters, as it is quite certain that all microbes are much best absent from them, especially domestic filters, and that is the only description we have to consider here. It is also quite certain that the more carbon is baked the better, and that it does not depend upon any microbes to assist it in occluding oxygen. This property depends upon its porosity, which is not injured by the heat of the hottest oven, although this heat would destroy any microbe. The carbon should not be made red-hot, as that would burn it and spoil it, and after baking it should be put in a good wholesome fresh atmosphere to cool. As soon as it is thoroughly cold it may be put back in the filter, and it will be ready for use again.

F. GRAHAM ANSELL.

HAULING LOBSTER CREELS.

IT was a gusty evening late in spring when, shivering a little, I lounged in the stern of an open lugsail boat sliding through clear green water past the weedy boulders beneath a pine-fringed promontory on the southern coast of Scotland. According to the almanac, summer was close at hand, but, except for the flush of tender greenery clothing the steep side of a hill that shut in the shallow bay, there was little sign of it. The sun hung low down, an angry disc of crimson fire, in the north-west, and the lurid glare which flooded the long bare ridges of Wigtownshire betokened further wild weather, while the wet sands behind us shimmered blood-red, and a bitter wind whirled ragged clouds overhead. Still, the man who earns his bread hardly upon the waters cannot wait for fine weather, and my companion sat contentedly, wind-bronzed, wiry, and somewhat ragged, at the tiller, his eyes fixed upon each darker streak or rush of white ripples where gusts sweeping down the hill-side whipped the sea ahead.

There were, however, compensations, for, bound fast over-long by nipping frost and smitten by withering wind, the patient earth was awakening to her summer effort, and already pale primroses and bright emerald turf crept down between black ridges of basalt to high-water's edge. Dipping her lee gunwale at times in hissing brine to lift it again streaming when I let the sheet of the reefed red lugsail run, the boat kept the weather shore close abeam, and beyond the primrose slopes one could see a blue sheen of hyacinths among the beeches, and the last of the sloe blossom strewn like snow drifts in lee of the thickets.

South and east, smitten white in the middle distance where the off-shore breeze blew strong, heaving levels of water stretched back into the dimness over the Solway shore, and with webbed feet trailing horizontally behind them and long neck folded in, two herons loomed large above them as they worked their homeward way to windward low down over the sea. As we slid round a point of basalt another stood perched, as though on stilts, among weed that

lifted to each swirl of brine, motionless as the rock behind it, but betrayed by a snowy neck outlined against the dusky stone. There would be short shrift for any hapless cod or eel when that long neck, straightening like a steel spring, drove the great spiked bill a heron can transfix a man's hand with into its quarry. Up on the hillside above us, placed high among beech branches which would bear no climber's weight, there were six huge twig nests, and the herons must fish late and early to feed their clamorous progeny.

It is, however, seldom wise to divide one's attention when sailing an open boat in a fresh breeze, and I was abruptly roused to my duties by feeling the weather gunwale heave beneath me. There was a splash of inflowing water over the depressed lee side, and then a thrashing of canvas, for Jamie had jammed his helm down when I should have eased the sheet of the sail, and the boat lurched upright, shaking off the brine. He pointed to the fan-shaped white track sweeping out to sea and the sloe petals whirling down a hollow ashore as he said, "Birds may be interesting, and we have a wheen o' them hereaway, but if ye're no minding the sheet more carefully, it's better acquainted with the fishes we will be."

We had left the firs and beeches astern, and were passing a stretch of poor bleak meadows walled in seawards by a plutonic desolation of basalt across which the gusts raced down. From this point one could also notice that the trees were all of fine straight growth, though their branches overhung high-water mark. They had an eastern exposure, and it is on the western coast that plantations taper from four feet on their seaward edge to forty inland. The meadows gave place in turn to lofty crags, the turf in the ravines between them gemmed with primroses, and the luminous green of larches emphasising the sombreness of the stately firs which crowned their summits. Here there was shelter, and as the tall red sail swelled lightly or slatted against the mast one had leisure to observe the birds again. There were porpoises in the offing, breaking clear of the sea in summersaults marked by puffs of spray, and a lordly gannet hung poised high on widespread wings, doubtless also following with wondrous powers of vision the shoal they were pursuing.

Suddenly the broad pinions were folded, and a glistening white streak came down like bolt from the heavens, struck the white-flecked heave, and vanished into a little burst of spray with an impetus which would carry it far down into the green depths. Pied oyster-catchers, black and white, orange red of beak, fluttered with their quaint cry from rock to rock ; curlew wailed from each strip of

weedy beach ; and little black-headed tern hovered above the steep undulations into which at intervals they dipped themselves with a splash. None of them greatly troubled themselves at our approach, for the wildfowl seldom show much fear for a boat ; but if a man appears on the beaches or climbs across a reef there are shrill warning whistles and a hurried clatter of wings.

We had, however, not come out to admire either the birds or the scenery, and when presently a series of bobbing corks showed up on the breast of a long slope of brine ahead and then vanished behind it Jamie said : " Ye'll lower the jib, an' stan' by to pick up the first buoy while I drop the lug."

The red jib was promptly lowered and lashed to the bowsprit, and I leaned over the bows with a rush of froth boiling close beneath me when the breeze was stronger and dim oily transparency sliding past in the calms. Daylight was fading, but still one could see the long weed streamers wave and sway, and between them catch brief visions of the fairy garden of the sea. The weed that flies dragged and shapeless round the boulders on the ebb puts on life and form and beauty when the crystal waters cover it, while it is close upon and below the dry ebb tide's limit that one finds the most delicate grace of fabric and harmony of colouring. Then a black gulf opened beneath the keel with steep, barnacle-whitened ledges rising from it, and I grasped the cork disc whose white hemp streamer led the eye down slantwise into the shadowy depths.

With a rattle of tackle the lugsail sank down, and when Jamie and I together hauled the first creel to the surface his eyes glistened at the sight of it. Lobsters bring good prices, and there were apparently several of them in the trap. The appliance was very simple but effective : a flat board for a bottom with a heavy stone lashed to it, three low wooden arches supporting a net fabric on much the same principle as that applied in the covering of a gipsy's tent. On top a narrow funnel netted round a ring served as entrance to the interior, in which there had been portions of flukes ; but when once the crustacean dropped from the contracted mouth it could not by any means climb out again. Wicker is used in some localities, but the net exhibits the lure more clearly to the hungry crab or lobster.

When the creel was laid upon a thwart Jamie, grinning at me, suggested I should take the first fish out, but having already attempted the feat with disastrous consequences I promptly declined. The extraction of the lobsters would also have provided a difficult problem to a novice, for the purple and black-green crustaceans are powerful and vindictive, and made ready for battle with horrible

mandibles extended. There is a hair along what may be termed the claw's cutting edge, and when the latter makes its incision the hair, so the fishers say, lays venom in the victim's flesh. Jamie, however, unlacing one corner of the net, fearlessly thrust in his hard fingers, and seized one captive behind the lifted claws, whipped it out, and jamming the creature between his knees deftly lashed them fast with strips of tarred twine. It was then tossed into the boat's bottom powerless of offence. There is no doubt that a big lobster can bite very hard, for creel-layers' fingers generally bear an abundance of their marks, and those who rake them out from under boulders at a spring tide's lowest ebb tell gruesome stories of men held fast to drown by crustaceans which had secured themselves in the crannies by the bending of their tail. They can, in any case, hold on securely, for I have failed to extract them with a stout iron gaff from a fairly wide-mouthed hole.

We took three from that creel, and one from each of several more in succession, then a whole series came up empty, and Jamie explained that congers or other eels had been robbing him again. The eel, though bold to take a bait, is a wily creature and can strip many hooks on a long line without getting caught itself, while gathering its comrades where the creels are laid it will wriggle into and out of the net trap safely after looting all the bait. The fisher, however, has his vengeance on moonlight nights.

Then Jamie sculled the boat to the next row, and indulged in expletives when he found his good flounders had been consumed by crabs. It is true the crabs remained, no doubt unwillingly, to sleep where they had fed, and some were as large as plates, but folks do not eat them in rural Scotland, and carriage to the English towns was excessive. So they went back to their native element judiciously cracked with an anchor-stock to prevent further theft, and I stood up to admire the prospect while my companion took several lobsters from the next few creels. Westwards, following the sweep of the bay, the woods on each hill crest—and they are generally perched there in southern Scotland—stood out black as ebony against paling flame. North-eastwards the bare hills of Kirkcudbright stretched back height on height, and vapour rose above their lower slopes from the mosses between them.

It was all romantic ground, for the Forest of Buchan, whose steep edge had just faded, was long the home of outlaw and cattle-thief, while Covenanter and King's dragoon stalked each other among the peat hags in the hollows of those darkening hills. Then came the armed smugglers' pack-horse trains, when brandy was run

duty free from Ramsey Bay, and two leagues across the now dusky breadth of sea a rampart of grim crags was faintly discernible, under which one may find Dirk Hatterick's cave. Sir Walter's Ellangowan stands, according to popular tradition, on the hillside behind them. South and west, on our own side, the arch of a ruined stronghold, which once Wallace sacked, looks down from a beetling cliff, and its former owners were translated on their deathbeds by the fiery ship which, so the folk-tales run, sailed up with the flood for the soul of the persecutor Grier of Lag, further east down the shores of Solway across the wide-mouthed bay.

Jamie, the practical, who was chiefly interested in the question how to provide his children with their daily bread, disturbed my reflections with a summons to help him at the lug halliard, and the reefed sail swelled to a lightening breeze as we slid on towards the next headland, for he said, "The gloaming will not last for ever, and I have over a dozen o' they weariful creels yet."

We stripped half of them before the lingering northern twilight left us, and it was too dark to grope among fighting lobsters in any creel ; but by that time there were nearly a score securely tied in the bottom of the boat, and Jamie lamented this was not the festive season when he could sell them for as much as a shilling a pound. This, he added, as though an explanation were needed, was of course in England. The wind had fallen still lighter, though a north-wester which drops at sundown often freshens with the dark ; a half-moon sailed up above the highlands of Kirkcudbright, and my companion suggested that there was still time, while circumstances were propitious, for catching one or two of the congers which had plundered him.

As we slid towards it the succeeding head rose high and black and solemn against a strip of silver shining sea, the ground swell lapping white about its feet. There were tall firs on its summit, and their topmost sprays formed a fairy-like fretwork athwart the shimmer of the sky, which was flushed with the pearly luminescence to be seen when, though the moon has risen, the lingering summer twilight has not quite died out. Once round it, however, the boat slid into black shadow under fantastic crags, and when Jamie sculled her slowly up a dark inlet one seemed to have been translated suddenly into a scene of primeval desolation. Fangs of inky fire-rent basalt broken into pinnacles towered on either hand. Long weed hung about them, though some were bare and whitened by myriad barnacles, and spires that rose from the bottom lifted their ugly heads above the lap of oily swell. We were shut off alike from land

and sea, and the boat rose and sank as it were at the bottom of a gloomy pit where no breath of air stirred and there was cold oppressive darkness among reefs and ledges never uncovered save at a spring tide's lowest ebb. One shaft of moonlight, however, glanced athwart it, and in the centre of this we lowered a heavy stone into the depths and made fast the line attached, for when stones could be had for nothing no poor man would drop an anchor which costs money in such places.

Next two lines were baited with pieces of herring, and we waited for the conger, which most usually wriggles out from its lair in the crannies to feed by the light of the moon. Far overhead the pines sighed mournfully, and the weird whistle of curlew and splash of a tiny streamlet reached us as falling from a height. Somewhere beyond the rock wall the ground swell pulsed into the caverns with a hollow boom and the hoarse cough of divers broke through it; but all this only served to emphasise the silence of the deep black rift. It was therefore a relief to feel a tug at the line, and raising it with my right hand I struck it smartly with the left to drive the hook home in case a wandering cod had chanced that way, for an eel of any kind swallows the hook, and probably a foot of line in addition, and needs no striking.

Then the wet hemp ran through my stiffened fingers, and it was necessary to take a turn about a thole-pin, round which it surged rasping until Jamie, who was staring down into the black water, cried, "Stop him hard, or we'll lose the good line when he backs into his hiding hole and jams himself with his tail. Cod? No; it's a conger, an' no a small one at that."

Two turns round the wooden peg checked the creature's rush, then both of us seized the line, hauled it fathom by fathom over the gunwale, and made it fast when, because the sea was faintly phosphorescent, a huge dim shape that showed gleams of silver at times, surged, wrapped about with a pale green sparkling half-way round the boat. When the green fire grew brighter, showing the big head and luminous eyes, the novice's first impulse would have been to cut the line; but to my companion the creature represented a considerable weight convertible into currency at so much the pound, and we held fast to it. The rusty gaff-point would have been useless upon its slippery sides, and Jamie, leaning outboard, caught a short grip of the line, swang himself backwards, and fell over into the boat with the huge eel, after which an eventful struggle commenced.

The conger appeared as long as the boat, and was perhaps five feet. It had swallowed the hook and whipped several turns of its

thick body about the line, while when Jamie had at last partly straightened it he ordered me to stand upon the captive with both feet while he cut the hook out. The muscular flesh swelled beneath my insteps, lifting them away ; and when in consequence I sat down with violence upon a lobster the eel writhed and wriggled, now backwards, now head foremost, all over the floorings, while Jamie floundered after it gripping the line. He pressed its head down in a corner with a heavy boot upon its neck, and the tail made half-circles in the air while he operated with his knife, after which, still holding the quarry fast with both feet, he bade me take the big oak tiller and belabour its tail, which according to the professional fisher is the centre of the conger's vitality. I thumped hard for several minutes, and probably hit the tail at times, though we afterwards found several fine lobsters with their backs badly broken, and eventually Jamie proceeded to clear his fouled line saying, "I'm thinking we have settled him at last."

He was wrong ; for the moment the weight was lifted from it the eel recovered full possession of its faculties, and slid to and fro up and down the boat, while I stood up out of harm's way upon a thwart and Jamie aimed heavy blows at it with an oar butt until our captive became tolerably quiescent. An eel of any kind is possessed of tremendous vitality, and nearly all the species, which are supposed to be born in salt water, may be caught in the sea, though how those which inhabit inland ponds get there must remain a mystery. They certainly do not evolve from horse hairs or dewdrops, as some rustics believe.

"They're gey stubborn beasts," said Jamie, as, not being particular in such matters, he rubbed his defiled hands clean upon his jacket. "Oh, ay ! an' some will sit up an' bite ye. I mind there was one which gnawed a sea-boot heel right off a man."

"That's a very old story, Jamie," I said ; "I've heard it all the way from Fair Head to Land's End. Why wasn't it the boot toe sometimes, where there's thinner leather?"

"Weel !" answered my companion, unabashed, "it's maist commonly believed, an' I'm no saying I saw the thing happen myself. But if ye are inquisitive put yere fingers intil the next conger's mouth to take the hook out, an' try for yourself."

We got another conger in a few more minutes, apparently a bigger one, and the company of the pair became distinctly unpleasant as we waited for more, for at irregular intervals a cold sinuous body would wriggle past one's leg, or one's foot be held fast by the convulsive closing of a serpentine fold. Still, these were tamer than

some I had seen, which, for a time at least, made themselves practically masters of the boat until the captors were glad to let them find their own way over the side. I was accordingly gratified when Jamie hove the stone from the bottom and the rattle of blocks broke the ghostly silence as we hoisted the whole lug; while when he had sculled out clear of the head it was a relief to leave the chilly darkness of that cove behind us and stretch away across the sparkling moonlit heave. A long streamer of brightness whirled up athwart it from the Ross of Kirkcudbright, and nearer at hand a dull ruby twinkle with a yellow gleam swaying above it betokened a screw coaster creeping up the bay. The wind had fallen to a gentle breeze, and we could hear her engines thumping across several miles of water.

I lay along the stern sheets holding the tiller in one half-numbed hand, while with dusky canvas slanting to leeward and rising again and water filled with sea-fire tinkling merrily at her bows the boat resumed her homeward journey. Jamie discoursed of lobsters meantime, and, overlooking the law of supply and demand, complained that while during the winter, when at times one could only haul the creels in peril of his life, the crustaceans realised several shillings each, at summer prices he could only make a bare living. He would during the latter season occasionally take several dozen fine ones during a single tide. Railway and salesmen's charges were, however, exorbitant, he said, so much so that while there were plenty large oysters in the bay it hardly paid to dredge them, while now the steam trawlers had stripped the banks outside the long-shore fisher's calling was a very poor one. Neither he nor his neighbours, who disdained all shell-fish and other appetising food obtainable gratis thereabouts, would eat a conger, but he was glad that folks in manufacturing districts were singularly lacking in delicacy.

"So we just pack them off to England, where they will eat anything from shrimps to a pikie dog," he concluded. "I mind we sent the salesman one we caught off the Burrow Head."

The pikie dog is the dog-fish, which resembles a small shark, and no doubt true sharks of inferior size not uncommon on our coast are so called at times. Along the Scottish shores they will rend the herring and mackerel meshes to seize their contents, and further south occasionally almost ruin the Cornish pilchard fisheries by tearing to pieces the drift nets they follow almost into the boats.

It was now a cold though glorious night, for the bitter wind was resting to wait the flowing of the tide, and as we slid with measured lift and swing over the slow heave the fragrance of wet leaves, damp

earth, and hyacinths came off from the dusky woods ashore, mingled with the invigorating saline odours of the fine sea grass. Small waders were whistling wherever there was a strip of level beach ; twice, with a creak of beating pinions and a hoarse calling, a duck passed overhead ; gulls were honking in the shallows, and a clumsy cormorant lumbered across our bows on shadowy wings, its trailing feet splashing in the surface of the swell. The birds of moss and shore feed equally by night and day, and care little apparently for either rest or sleep, though one may see at times when the sun is hot several gulls huddled drowsily on the top of a reeling buoy.

Presently the boat, listing a little more, stretched across sandy shallows where at the time of the harvest-moon the big flounders lie, and at last her sail sank down in the shadow of a tall stone pier up steps in which we made several journeys with our loads. Jamie was contented, with some reason, for he had earned sufficient to supply a week's simple necessities during that tide, and so was I, remembering what I had seen and heard. The love of the sea is born in most islanders, and clings fast even to those who have earned their bread upon it somewhat hardly. One and all abuse it, and then often, if it happens that they need of necessity sail no more, hear the call of wind and groundswell in their leisure, and in spite of a forecastle proverb return to take their pleasure upon the waters. Still, the sea is a fickle mistress, and it was well we hauled the creels that night, for next morning the breeze had changed and freshened, and a white rush of shattered breakers hurled themselves upon battered reef and towering basalt spire.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

SAID BEFORE.

MUCH desultory reading has convinced me that nothing can well be truer than Terence's "Nullum est jam dictum quod non dictum sit prius" (see Prologue to the "Eunuchus," l. 41), which, by-the-by, the author of *The Preacher* virtually forestalled when he said "There is no new thing under the sun." What provokes me to this wilful attack upon the gentle reader's patience? The sudden discovery, new to me, of the source of Dr. Johnson's celebrated reason for condemning a book without having read it through: "When I take up the end of a web and find it packthread, I do not expect, by looking further, to find embroidery." (See Boswell's "Johnson," ch. 17.) Does not this look like a singularly happy adaptation of Quintilian's "Non possum togam praetextam sperare quum exordium pullum videam?" (See his "Perfect Orator," Book 5, ch. 10.) We seem now fairly afloat, and I will humbly beg the gentle reader to take a little cruise with me, in the best of all good company, on this inviting sea, radiant with innumerable smiles. In Goethe's "Dauer im Wechsel" stands the well-known quatrain:

Gleich mit jedem Regengusse
Aendert sich dein holdes Thal;
Ach, und in demselben Flusse
Schwimmt du nicht zum zweiten Mahl.

What is this but a lawful loan from the following passage in Plato's "Cratylus"?—λέγει πον Ἡράκλειτος ὅτι πάντα ρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει· καὶ ποταμοῦ ῥῶγῃ ἀπεικάζων τὰ ὄντα, λέγει ὡς δις εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ποταμὸν οὐκ ἂν ἐμβαίης.

I grieve that, writing in the depths of the country, far from all libraries but my own poor "scratch" one, I cannot verify this last quotation, taken second hand from Schopenhauer's MS. "Remains," vol. ii. p. 58, of Griesbach's edition. As Balzac says: "One triumphs as one can. 'Tis only the impotent who never triumph."

An interesting passage in Sir Gilbert Blane's "Medical Logic"

(p. 303, ed. of 1825) runs : "The convictions of their own sanguine minds are indeed so irresistible as to betray them into errors against the plainest evidence of their senses. Demosthenes says ὁ βούλεται, τοῦτο δ' ἕκαστος ὁρᾷται—I quote from memory. Or, according to the Scotch proverb, 'As the fool thinks, the bell clinks.'" For that pithy proverb's sake, we may readily forgive Sir Gilbert for quoting from memory—with the usual result. Demosthenes' words, as cited by the blameless Francis Goeller, in the notes to his world-renowned edition of Thucydides, are : ὁ γὰρ βούλεται τοῦθ' ἕκαστος καὶ οἶεται ("Olynthiacs," 3, par. 33). Now, I humbly submit to the reader's judgment, may not this be the germ of King Henry IV.'s "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought" (*Henry IV.* Act iv. last scene)? If it be urged, in answer to this seemingly high-treasonable suggestion, that Shakespeare knew no Greek, I should need to reply with a treatise in the style and shape of Dr. Farmer's celebrated "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare;" and that would—need I say?—demand a world more time and space and knowledge and ability than are at my command. But I may say, in passing, that the foregoing *thought* of Demosthenes appears to have been appropriated and paraphrased not only by Heliodorus, but by Chariton, whose romance, "The Loves of Chæreas and Callirhoë," gained a worldwide popularity; and there are such things as translations. *Sat verbum sapienti.* As I yield to no one but—as is meet—my elders and my betters in profound admiration of Shakespeare's peerless genius, I say this fearlessly, knowing that nothing can be further from my wish than to detract from his due praise, or any man's. Surely one may note these coincidences of thought without malignity—nay, even as a labour of love, showing that one has anyhow studied the works of those whom one thus sets side by side. But let us on, if on the kind reader will a little further in this, to me at least, alluring quest.

That alike Ben Jonson and John Milton should have wrought, so to speak, jewels of their own from the gold lying in the self-same sentence of Sallust may seem strange, but 'tis true. Let the reader judge. In the Rev. Mr. Collette's "Relics of Literature," p. 369, I find this couplet ascribed to Ben Jonson :

Although to write be lesser than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one, too.

Then, in Milton's sonnet to Cromwell :

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war.

I turn to Sallust's "Catiline," the beginning of chapter 3, and read : "Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ : etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est. Vel pace, vel bello, clarum fieri licet : et qui fecere, et qui facta aliorum scripsere multi laudantur." Is not this the mine whence, in this case, Jonson and his great contemporary drew their ore?

A paper of this kind must needs be discursive and incoherent. In it one flits like a bee from flower to flower. Isaac Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" contains an Englished citation from Villegas' poems : "Thou (river) that runnest over sands of gold with feet of silver." So in Shelley's "Rosalind and Helen" one reads these lines :

He dwelt beside me, near the sea ;
And oft at evening we did meet,
When the waves beneath the starlight flee
O'er the yellow sands, with silver feet.

So Tennyson may seem to owe his "fairy tale of Science" to the same busy, though careless compiler—to wit, I. D., who, in his "Dreams at the Dawn of Philosophy," in the third volume of the "Curiosities," writes : "They are the fairy tales, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, of Science." I append the well-known couplet from the *first* Part of "Locksley Hall :

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of Science and the long result of Time.

It seems to me that we may find in a couplet of Dryden's the leading thought of a certain striking passage in Macaulay's "Essay on Mme. d'Arblay's Diary and Letters." The passage runs : "It is evident that a portrait-painter able only to represent faces and figures such as those we pay money to see at fairs would not, however spirited his execution, take rank among the highest artists. He must always be placed below those who have skill to seize peculiarities that do not amount to deformity. A third-rate artist might give us the squint of Wilkes and the depressed nose and protuberant cheeks of Gibbon. It would need a far higher degree of skill to paint two such men as Mr. Canning and Sir Thomas Lawrence so that nobody who had ever seen them could for a moment hesitate to assign each picture to its original. Here the mere caricaturist would be quite at fault. He would find in neither face anything on which he could lay hold for the purpose of making a distinction. Two ample bald foreheads, two regular profiles, two full faces of the

same oval form, would balk his art ; and he would be forced to the miserable shift of writing their names at the foot of his picture." All this seems to me an admirable amplification of the truth expressed in the two closing lines of Dryden's address to Nat Lee on his "Alexander :

Hard features every bungler can command ;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

Thus Macaulay usefully expands what "glorious John" put into a nutshell. Each method has its use.

Since variety is charming, and I stand bound to no order, but rather to disorder, let me seek variety by calling the reader's attention to something that to my benighted mind looks like what one might term a "dead-heat" between Samuel Butler—the bard, not his namesake the bishop—and Lafontaine. This Butler, born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, 1612, and dying in London, 1680, put forth in 1678 the third part of his still much-talked-of "*Hudibras*," a poem inspired—as all the world knows in this all-knowing age—by "*Don Quixote*." Now, that third part of the Knight's adventures, Canto II., contains the following lines :

The world is naturally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense and a lie
With greediness and gluttony.

Ay, but in Lafontaine's *Fables*, Book 9, Fable 6, "The Statuary and Jupiter's Statue," last stanza, we read :

Chacun tourne en réalités,
Autant qu'il peut, ses propres songes ;
L'homme est de glace aux vérités,
Il est de feu pour les mensonges.

Now, I can tell the reader that Lafontaine's lifespan stretched from 1621 to 1695, and that he put forth his *Fables*, Books 7 to 11, in 1678-9. So that Butler's forequoted quatrain came into the world almost simultaneously with Lafontaine's forequoted quatrain ; and the twain are obviously as like as two twins. But whether of the twain preceded t'other I cannot tell, and must leave the point to the knowledge or research of the learned or painstaking reader. If any wight craves for work of that kind, I can find him many a ton. Questions of this kind occur to one as one reads, and one marks them with a note of interrogation, which far too often receives no answer.

I trust that no reader will suspect me of holding accuracy cheap. On the contrary, I deem it priceless. Shown in this shape or in that, it saves our lives and limbs, our substance, our good name among our neighbours. What does it not save? 'Tis a sovereign virtue worthy of all honour. But, like all precious things, 'tis rare. The "average sensual man"—the natural man—the normal man—shrinks from the mental torture of striving to form precise conceptions. He cares little for names and less for dates. As a rule, "Once upon a time" is date enough for him. And I confess a fellow-feeling with him. Sometimes, even, pen in hand with the view of enlightening my "even Christian," I catch myself muttering: "Oh, bother the dates!" and, above all, those "heathen Greek" accents—that invention of the evil one of Alexandria, whose name I for the moment forget, and will not now try to recall. But let us back to our sheep!

The often misquoted line "The world knows nothing of its greatest men" occurs in Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde," published in or about 1835. But Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Urn Burial," forestalled this thought by some 150 years. For he there says: "Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of Time?"—which, in its turn, surely savours strongly of Horace's

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona

Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles

Urgentur, ignotique longa

Nocte, carent quia vate sacro. (*Odes*, iv. 9, 25.)

It may be pertinent to add that some lines in Wordsworth's "Excursion" (Book I.), published before Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde," describing the Wordsworthian "Wanderer," run thus:—

Strongest minds

Are often those of whom the noisy world

Hears least.

Lord Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," scoffs at poor Coleridge as "the bard who soars to elegize an ass." But some asses—to say naught of Balaam's—have been famous enough; especially that of Buridan, the Schoolman, whose ass appears in every treatise on Logic from the days of Buridan himself to those of J. S. Mill. This renowned quadruped dies of hunger rather than make choice between a perfect pair of trusses of hay exactly equidistant from his nose. And this ass remained the property of Buridan till Schopenhauer discovered that it belongs of

right to Dante, only that Dante's stubborn food-refuser happens to be a man. And this, I fear, is a *bull*. But no matter. The right of Dante to the animal—since Sallust and modern science combine to make man an animal—rests upon the opening lines of the fourth book of the great grim old poet's "Paradiso :"

Intra duo cibi, distanti e moventi
D' un modo, prima si morria di fame
Che liber uom l' un si recasse a' denti.

But is Dante's title to the origination of this notion clear? Far from it. For Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses" (Book 5, l. 164, *seq.*), likens Perseus to a ravenous tiger debating whether of twain herds of sheep he shall attack :

Tigris ut, auditis diversa valle duorum
Exstimulata fame mugitibus armentorum,
Nescit utro potius ruat, et ruere ardet utroque,
Sic dubius Perseus.

And then, long before Ovid, comes our old friend or foe the inevitable Aristotle, and—so to speak—takes all the wind out of Dante's and Ovid's sails with his *καὶ ὁ λόγος τοῦ πεινῶντος καὶ διψῶντος σφόδρα μὲν, ὁμοίως δὲ, καὶ τῶν ἐδωδεμῶν καὶ ποτῶν ἴσον ἰπέχοντος*, καὶ γὰρ τοῦτον ἡμεμεῖν ἀναγκαῖον ; where the words *ὁ λόγος* serve to show that the story of the hungry and thirsty man standing stockstill between the two equidistant stores of eatables and drinkables must have been an old story even in the Stagirite's time.

The passage from Ovid is my own "find." The far more telling citation from Aristotle, which traces Buridan's ass straight home to the "old saws" of the Greeks, I owe to Schopenhauer. Meanwhile, I little doubt that some Oriental pundit long since found the "moke"—as the costers would call it—all agog among those distant Aryans who "never injured us," save by indirectly bringing us into this blessed world, which, according to Schopenhauer, is a huge and terrible mistake. However, spite of Schopenhauer—and "Punch's" "Don't"—folk still marry and are given in marriage, and take a lively interest in the doings and sayings of their forefathers, and pray for the prosperity of their bairns.

One redeeming feature in Schopenhauer's writings is the intense love of the Greek and the Roman classics which permeates the whole and stands out in striking contrast with Mr. Herbert Spencer's scorn of them, or at least of those misguided beings who spend their days and nights in studying them. In this regard, if I may be permitted

to voice my feeling, I side with the German sage against the English; and his keen nose for coincidences of thought and expression, backed by his tenacious memory, have done me "yeoman's service" in enlarging my *herbarium comparativum* of flowers of thought and speech, and it pleases me to pay this debt of thanks to the great thinker who deemed it not beneath his dignity to join the unambitious band of those who love to note what has been said before.

Of what the Greek grammarians call *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα*—which I shall venture to English "once-saids"—'twould not be easy to lengthen the list. They have all been culled and dried and catalogued. No one—except perhaps Professor Jebb—could hope to add to them. But endless is the task of us dull and barren plodders who enviously love to track this writer in that writer's snow—oh! Sir Walter Scott, 'twas you, and Thomas Moore, with a rate in aid from Dryden, said that of us! We do not deserve it; and we shall calmly pursue our game, even though it lead us to set foot in your own extensive coverts. But for the present we refrain, having other rare birds in view. And first, Alexander Pope. Surely when the bard of Twickenham—or Twitnam, as he spells it at the head of his own letters—sang of himself

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moralis'd his song,

there must have been ringing in his retentive ears an echo of his favourite Spenser's

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralise my song,

in the last line of the first of the introductory stanzas prefixed to the "Faerie Queene." Then turn the page, and you'll catch Spenser himself palpably in debt to Virgil. Writes Spenser ("Faerie Queene," Book I. c. 1, st. 7, l. 6), "Not pierceable with power of any star." What is this but a literal Englishing of Virgil's "Nullo penetrabilis astro?" Again, in Book II. c. 3, st. 28, he boldly borrows the "Nec vox hominum sonat, O dea certe" of Virgil's first "Æneid:"

O Goddess—for such I take thee to be—
For neither doth thy face terrestrial show
Nor voice sound mortal.

But we shudder at the bare thought of computing Spenser's debt to Virgil, himself so deep in debt to Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, Theocritus, Lucretius, and many another seer. But what poet, great

or little, can cry "Stop thief!" to his brother in bays? They all do it; and "Pardon is the word to all."

Did Shakespeare ever read the "*Faerie Queene*?" We feel sure that he did; and that for many reasons. One of them is that he makes the sleep-walking Lady Macbeth keep on rubbing her guilty hands, as if trying to wash them clean. Yea, but so did Spenser's Pontius Pilate before the birth of Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, which occurred in 1605—six years after Spenser's death. For proof see the "*Faerie Queene*," Book II. c. 7, where Sir Guyon goes down into the dell of Mammon and there beholds—in odd conjunction—Tantalus and Pilate. After eyeing the former,

He lookt a little further and espied
Another wretch whose carcass deep was drent
Within the river, which the same did hide.
But both his hands most filthy feculent
Above the water were on high extent,
And fain'd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent.

The question arises whether Spenser borrowed this bit of byplay from the old miracle play of "Pontius Pilate." In all likelihood he did. But truly, when we once begin to wander through these old paths of literature, hundreds of questions arise that would need a senate of grey specialists to solve.

The name of Isaac Disraeli naturally calls up that of his illustrious son; and it pleases us to think that Benjamin Disraeli may at least have dipped into the copious waters of the "*Faerie Queene*," which his great predecessor in the premiership, Lord Chatham, is said to have known by heart. Anyhow, in "*Vivian Grey*" we find "the moon attended by a single star, like a lady by her page;" and in the "*Faerie Queene*" (Book VII. canto 6, stanza 9) we read of the moon that "by her side there ran her Page, that hight Vesper."

"The gray Dawn" is a phrase familiar to all who have read that marvellous book "*The Story of an African Farm*," one of whose chapters bears that heading. Whence comes it? From Tennyson? For in his "*Geraint and Enid*" are these lines:

As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world,
And glimmer'd on his armour in the room.

But no; herein Milton forestalled Tennyson, for he writes ("*Paradise Lost*," viii. ll. 373-5):

The gray
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence.

I must leave it to "the next man"—if I may borrow that happy phrase from the late Professor W. K. Clifford—to say who, if any one, forestalled John Milton.

Good fruit has sprung from Juvenal's celebrated "*sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" (Sat. vi. l. 347). Surely it gave rise to Gibbon's laconic footnote: "Abu Rafe was a witness; but who will witness for Abu Rafe?"—still more surely to the Tennysonian lines which paint the plight of the hapless heroine of "Aylmer's Field":

Nor was it well for her,
Kept to the garden now and grove of pines;
Watch'd even there; and one was set to watch
The watcher.

"Every man at forty is either a fool or a physician." So runs a veteran saw quoted by De Quincey in his "Opium-Eater"—a fragmentary autobiography. Of the source of the saw he says naught; but he conjectures that our forefathers spelt it "fool or fysichian." Belike some of them did. But the alliteration—the force of which he dwells on—exists, at least to the ear, whether we spell "physician" phonetically or not. The strange thing is that De Quincey seems to have been ignorant of the fact that alliteration has here played Old Harry with the truth; which is that the saw in its oldest form says "thirty," not "forty." The question as to its source was stirred, in 1889, by "Notes and Queries." How 'twas there decided, I ken not. But chance directed me to a reprint of Lord Bacon's "History of Life and Death," and there I stumbled on this passage: "Tiberius, though a drunkard and luxurious in his diet, was yet very careful of his health, and used to say that every one after thirty was either a fool or a physician." Lord Bacon gives no reference to the source of his information. But good luck led me to consult Tacitus; and there, at the end of chapter 46 of the 6th book of the "Annals," I found these words: "*Sed, gravescente valetudine, nihil e libidinibus omittebat, in patientia firmitudinem simulans; solitusque eludere medicorum artes atque eos qui post tricesimum annum ad internoscenda corpori suo utilia vel noxia alieni consilii indigerent*" (*i.e.* briefly, "he was wont to make sport of the physicians, and of folks who, after *thirty*, needed others to tell 'em what was good or bad for 'em"). The upshot is that, so far as my knowledge extends, the Emperor Tiberius is the father of the saw: "Every man of forty is either fool or physician." And I tender my hearty thanks first to Tacitus, and then to Lord Bacon, of whom I know at least this much, that Tacitus was his pet author. 'Tis surprising how even a

little knowledge sometimes helps one at a pinch. A little knowledge is dangerous only when the owner of it imagines it big. I said that—against Pope—little dreaming anyone had said it before. Then I found that the late Lord Herschell had just said the self-same thing before. But I did not hurl at his head the curse of Donatus. I said : “Lord Herschell is a wise man ; for he thinks as I think.” And I am strongly impressed with the belief that Dean Swift forestalled me *there*.

There’s no help for it. The curse of Donatus—need I repeat the threadbare imprecation?—the curse of Donatus, St. Jerome’s tutor, who wrote a Latin Grammar (the Latin Grammar, by pre-eminence, of the early Middle Ages), and thus enriched the wordstore of Dan Chaucer with the name-word “Donat”—the stern anathema on all who have said our “good things” before us, fits the mouths of all us scribblers from Homer downwards. Did Homer ever scribble? Doctors doubt. Did he ever live?—a preliminary question! Doctors doubt. Cicero asserts not only that he lived, but that he scribbled—a botcher-up of old ballads ; even as Shakespeare—so one daring scribbler tells us—was but a botcher-up of old plays. After all, as Balzac pleads in self-defence, “a wight triumphs as best he can ; ’tis only the impotent who triumph not at all.”

One can’t choose the time of one’s birth. If one lives in the twentieth century, one lives in it ; and ’tis at least some sort of feather in one’s cap to say better what has been said, maybe, a hundred times before.

PHILIP KENT.

OUR NATIVE SERPENTS.

EVER since the publication of the "History of Selborne" the animals of Great Britain have been most carefully studied, and yet very little attention has been paid to the ophidians. Only the natural history of the newts has perhaps been more neglected. A newt, in certain lights, may indeed seem beautiful to the enthusiastic student, but all save devoted zoologists shudder at the native serpents and kill them whenever they obtain a chance of so doing. Theological hatred pursues them vindictively to the days of Mother Eve. Their cold sensation when touched, their inexpressive eye, and possibilities of being harmful effectually alienate the sympathies of ordinary men. Perhaps some of the hatred they have incurred is due to their being seldom seen. Shakespeare tells us that such a being "is wondered at." Not only do the snakes of Great Britain, too, spend half the year in hibernation, but their protective colouring is so remarkable, and their habits of slipping away unobserved so constant, that even when they might reasonably be expected to be seen, unless special pains are taken, they will often escape the notice of even an expert who is actually on the look-out to observe them. Most people leave them as quickly as possible, if they do not remain a minute to kill them, influenced frequently by some poet whose knowledge of serpent-life perhaps resembles Buchanan's when

The lightning springs like a hissing snake at him.

The abject state of ignorance respecting snake-life in England is, however, surprising in spite of the above facts. Folk-lore, folk-medicine, and rustic tradition have claimed serpents as their own. Ballads and archæology have rendered legends of them popular. If they touch theology on one side, on the other they are claimed by the marvellous domain of geology. Prehistoric creatures seem to have long faded away, but something of their glamour still exists in the serpents of the country. They belong to the twilight of zoology and science. All their habits are singular, and to most people repulsive. The deadly sting of foreign species, such as cerastes and

crotalus, appears to repeat itself, if in a milder form, in the only indigenous viper of Great Britain. Countrymen who are always working in the fields never seem to use their eyes and brains with regard to snakes. They firmly believe two or three stories which have descended from many a grandmother, and there their knowledge ends. Without reflecting on the advantages snakes render to farmers in devouring newts, frogs, and especially slugs, the first stick or stone that is handy is at once used to kill the poor reptiles. "Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor!"

If such be the ignorance of out-door observers, the poets have naturally drawn upon imagination and fancy, instead of troubling themselves to observe. Homer's serpents answer more to our dragons, and all classical poets have accepted and even added to his handiwork. Here is one picture of a Homeric dragon:—

ἐπ' αὐτῷ
κνάειος ἐλέλικτο δράκων, κεφαλὰ δέ οἱ ἦσαν
τρεῖς ἀμφιστρεφές, ἐνὸς αὐχένος ἐκπεφυγίαι.—*Il.* xi. 40.

Virgil, of a softer temperament, fond of his farm and the streams that babbled by it, observes among other country sights with great exactness the habits of serpents. One "latet in herba." He mentions the "creta nigris exesa chelydri," and the bird which comes in spring, "longis invisa colubris." Another careful touch emerges in

Sub immotis præsepibus aut mala tactu
Vipera delituit, cœlumque exterrita fugit. ("Georg." iii. 416-17.)

Immediately succeeds one of the finest and truest delineations of a snake's anger to be found in any poet (iii. 425-26) :

Est etiam ille malus Calabris in saltibus anguis,
Squamea convolvens sublato pectore terga, &c.

The classical scholar will thank us for reminding him of the serpent carried off by the sea eagle ("Æn." xi. 751-756).

The passage from Virgil to Milton and the English classical poets is easy. In "Paradise Lost," ii. 852, a curious suggestion appears singularly parallel to the modern belief of rustics about snakes swallowing their young:—

In many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting; about her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouth full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb
And kenneled there, yet there still barked and howled.

Milton has seized a characteristic attitude in snakes,

Him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round, self-rolled,
His head the midst.

It is curious, too, to mark how his serpent resembles with its name (though Virgil also uses this for an additional terror) accounts in quite moderate days of the sea-serpent.

The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific.¹

Following out old-world tradition, Milton's serpent advances on his tail before the Fall. It made its way magnificently,

not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds that towered
Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
Crested aloft and carbuncle his eyes,
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant,

not to be compared for beauty, however, with Hermione and Cadmus.² In another place he pours out his learning about snakes :

Hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and asp and amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horned, hydras and elops drear,
And dipsas, not so thick swarmed once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon or the Isle
Ophiusa.

He speaks, too, of the serpent's shape and "colour serpentine," as showing its inward fraud.³

As for Spenser, his most noticeable serpent is probably due to the seven-headed dragon in the "Apocalypse."⁴ But in the "Red Cross Knight," Spenser's imaginative beauty breaks out in representing his helmet, something like "the dragon of the great Pen-dragonship."

¹ *Paradise Lost*, vii. 496.

² *Ibid.* x. 870.

³ *Ibid.* ix. 495.

⁴ *Faerie Queene*, bk. i. 17.

And much more fine imagery is found in the succeeding verses :

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terror bredd,
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and men all did spredd
His golden winges ; his dreadful hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemed to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddaine horror to faint hartes did show ;
And scaly tayle was stretched adown his back full low.

As a rule, there are neither dragons nor serpents in modern poetry. They are "played out," to use the slang of the day, and serpents are so little seen in nature that even the most nature-loving English poets scarcely know them. It is just the same with others. A good observer may live for years near an otter-haunted stream and, because the creatures are nocturnal, careful, and suspicious, he will never see one. Yet all the time their whistle may be heard by rustics and others whose occupations take them out of their beds. The badger is similarly invisible, and indeed all the rarer quadrupeds of the woodlands. Just in time to prevent writers from forgetting that serpents and other not wholly uncommon reptiles and quadrupeds are still indigenous to the British Isles, Dr. G. Leighton has written an excellent history of British serpents.¹ It is worth while refreshing our old-fashioned notions with the learning so carefully gathered together by him.

At the outset it must be stated that Dr. Leighton is an enthusiast on snakes (the other day a South African snake was gracefully called after him *Psammophis Leightoni*); he has watched them, killed them, hunted them, kept them, dissected them, and is a very Laocoon, though we hope Laocoon's fate does not await him. He takes nothing at second hand, but is determined to see for himself and not with the possibly prejudiced eyes of others. There are many disputed points in serpents and their manner of living. He always brings a clean intellect and a more or less logical method to his investigations. Owing to his principle of taking nothing second-hand, he has given himself a world of trouble. Hence his book is, as was said, emphatically an excellent book, excellent in the fancies he rejects and excellent in his accumulation of facts and the generalisations he draws from them. He has taken the trouble to divide England and Scotland into districts for biological purposes, so that anyone interested in the snakes of his county may at once

¹ *The Life-History of British Serpents, and their local Distribution in the British Isles.* Blackwood & Sons, 1902.

learn much about their distribution and relative numbers. Take Oxfordshire, for instance : Dr. Leighton describes it as containing the common snake in the proportion of one hundred to one against the viper. Curiously enough, the only serpent we have ever seen in the neighbourhood of Oxford was a very large common snake sunning itself on a warm bank, and yet we were more or less on the look-out for them for four years.

For the ordinary man, as distinguished from the naturalist, the book naturally falls into two parts : first, the description of our native species ; next, the incidents connected with them, such as the belief that little snakes take refuge inside their mother at the approach of danger. It is worth while saying a little on each of these divisions.

In Great Britain there are three, and only three, snakes. It would be nearer the truth perhaps to assert there are only two different kinds, the common snake and the viper. The third kind, *Coronella austriaca*, or the smooth snake, as it is generally called, is uniformly distributed on the Continent, ranging from Sweden to Sicily. In England it is chiefly found, though there but sparingly, in Dorset, Hants, and Surrey. It is about two feet long, is viviparous, and produces some dozen little ones towards the end of August. It was first captured in England in June 1853 by Mr. F. Bond. Its food consists of lizards and slow-worms, and its tints, ruddy brown for the most part, do not show the peculiar markings of either adder or ringed snake. Like the latter creature, it is not venomous, although it can give a shrewd bite to an intruder. "Its mode of obtaining its food," says Mr. Baldry, "is one of the most interesting characteristics of *Coronella*. As soon as it sees its victim within easy reach, it slowly approaches, keeping its body concealed, but slightly raising its head above the heather and coarse grass. When it gets within striking distance, after remaining motionless for a few seconds, it darts suddenly, and with the quickness of thought, at the throat of the hapless lizard. If its aim is successful the snake grasps with its tail a stem of heather or tuft of grass, and proceeds at once to the enjoyment of its meal. Its first step is to gradually shift its hold from the throat to the mouth of the lizard by slow and almost imperceptible degrees. When once it has the lizard's head fairly in its jaws the process of swallowing is rapid, and the strong protests of the victim are wholly unavailing, as the snake with its tail knotted round the grass is able to overcome all resistance. In this way it will in five or ten minutes entirely dispose of a lizard as large round as itself and two-thirds of its length. After its meal the snake is

somewhat sluggish and disinclined to exert itself; but in about a fortnight it begins to recover its appetite, and by the end of another week is again actively engaged in its search for food.”¹ Much the same characteristics distinguish all the snakes. The smooth snake’s meal off a lizard is marked in miniature by the same economy as is possessed by the Oriental python.

The snake most commonly seen in England is undoubtedly the “ring” or “grass” snake. It is perfectly harmless, and may therefore well be spared when seen swimming in a pond or river, as it delights to do. This is the snake, too, so often found sunning itself on the side of a ditch, “dorso nemoris” as Virgil says, and, even as the observer looks, the snake disappears with a rustling of leaves into a hole close at hand. This snake is oviparous and its eggs, which are generally about an inch long and as many as thirty in number, are often found on manure heaps, in faggots and old walls. This snake possesses, according to some writers, the unpleasant habit of emitting a powerful odour when disturbed. Evidently this is a method of defending itself analogous to the power owned by the skunk. It slips away, too, into its hole without being very visible owing to its protective colouring and swift movements, so that it is but little seen even in a district where it may really abound. It is found all over Central and Southern Europe, but not in Ireland. The newspapers in September 1900 had notices in them of “a plague of snakes” at Llanelly, and these it was discovered were ring snakes (*Natrix torquata*).

The best chapters in Dr. Leighton’s book are undoubtedly those devoted to the ordinary adder, whose sting is frequently dangerous, and has even been known to lead to fatal results. The adder is fortunately the only dangerous snake in the country. Females are from an inch to an inch and a half longer than the males. The sex is easily discovered by the creature’s colouration. Adders with a black or dark-blue belly are males; brownish-green or olive colour with brown markings is the female characteristic; but the variation of colour in British adders is very striking. Dr. Leighton tabulates the factors which possibly influence colouration under seven heads: heredity, climate, food, locality, sex, age, pathological causes. Food and locality are probably most chargeable with the differing colours of adders.

The adder is found abundantly in Scotland. A fisherman in Sutherlandshire landed on a little island with his gilly to lunch one summer day. Soon the gilly called out, “There is adders there,

¹ Leighton, p. 56, from *Science Gossip*, August 2, 1880.

sir ;" at which his master naturally leapt up and made for a more sheltered spot. "Master," again called the gilly. "Yes, what is it now?" "There is more snakes there ; that is all." Probably the master finished his lunch in the boat, but the anecdote speaks of the numbers to be expected in a Scotch county where adders are abundant and large. At the same time we, during days of fishing and walking in that county, never encountered one.

In the event of being poisoned with viper-broth, as Lady Venetia Digby was reported to have met her death, Dr. Leighton has not vouchsafed to inform his readers of a cure, but he is clear and decisive as to the remedies found useful when stung by this creature. Popular belief runs to oil made from the reptile or adder's fat, but science recognises an immediate and an after-treatment. When first stung, a free incision must be made, the wound sucked, and a ligature applied above the injury when possible, together with the administration inwardly of large quantities of stimulants. This is in the after-treatment to be persisted in, together with hot fomentations to the swollen limb and careful administrations of tonics. Olive oil internally, and rubbed in on the outside, has been highly recommended.

Almost every lover of the country possesses a snake story—some anecdote of what he has seen or (more frequently) heard that another has seen. Among these the power of the snake-mother to swallow her little adders when in danger is firmly believed in many districts. Dr. Leighton discusses this subject at length, illustrating it by letters from those who profess to have seen it. The result, however, is disappointing. Science is only able to leave the whole matter in abeyance as yet. There is not sufficiently valid evidence to deny or to accept the fact. The author requests anyone who sees an adder-mother swallow her young to take the adder to some good anatomist, who would dissect it and settle whether the young were found or were not found in the adder's gullet.

"This is what science calls proving a question, and, short of this, whatever private opinion may be held on the matter, scientists cannot be expected to consider the adder-swallowing belief proved. Until this is done, rather will they regard the question as one capable of proof, if true, but hitherto unsettled."

Sir T. Brown, in the "Vulgar Errors," tells of several curious beliefs, treating snakes theologically as well as anatomically. He quotes the ordinary etymology from Isidore about the viper, "*vipera quasi vivipara*." He has a good deal to say, too, of the *Amphisbæna*, whether it possesses two heads, and learnedly discusses, in the light

of the original curse laid upon the serpent, whether the young adders force their way through the bowels of the dam. He concludes characteristically : " More doubtful assertions have been raised of no Animal than the Viper, as we have dispersedly noted, and Francisco Redi hath amply discovered in his noble observations of Vipers, from good reasons and iterated experiments affirming that a Viper containeth no humour, excrement, or part which either drank or eat is able to kill any," with much more to the same purpose. Whoever wants snake marvels, however, will find them abundantly in Pliny.

Dr. Leighton gathers together from letters which have been sent to him a singular set of beliefs on this fact of the adder swallowing her young ones. He also arrives at the length of the species in the Pontrilas district of Herefordshire. From an examination of over a hundred specimens, he concludes that the adult male adder measures 24 inches, a female 25 $\frac{1}{4}$. We should have thought these rather large ; and the author adds : " If these figures are compared with the averages given under the heads of the various counties, it will be found that the adder in the Monnow Valley " (*i.e.* the Pontrilas district) " attains its maximum length for these isles." He also states that as twenty female adders will bring forth in a season somewhere about 260 young ones, it is not surprising that the creature in that district is fairly common. Ruskin once lectured on snakes, and opined that the vivid colours of certain kinds were given to warn people that they were poisonous. The same argument hardly holds good with the British snakes, the adder especially possessing what may be termed dull and protective colours, not protective for others against its own poisonous qualities, but protective against danger to itself.

Perhaps the author is a little too emphatic when he writes : " It should always be remembered in science that analogy is not proof"—is not absolute proof, it may be, in all cases, but often as strong proof as can be obtained. As Mill says, " It may amount to nothing, or it may be a perfect and conclusive induction." Most readers, too, will remember the initial words of Butler's " Analogy : " " Probable evidence is essentially distinguished from demonstrative by this, that it admits of degrees, and of all variety of them, from the highest moral certainty to the very lowest presumption."

With regard to the little red adders, found in a few districts of England, the author deems them a valid species. His views are worth considering. We must confess, however, that we had hitherto regarded this adder as but a " sport " of the true adder. *Adhuc*

sub judice lis est is perhaps the safest way to pronounce on it at present. Among the other curiosities which the author has gathered together may be named the fact that he once heard a frog croak inside a snake after it had been swallowed by its foe. These glimpses at British snakes are sufficient to enable us cordially to recommend Dr. Leighton's book to all who would take up a new subject in the British fauna. It is an interesting study in itself, and by its thoroughness and the careful manner in which he has worked out his subject forms an excellent specimen of the exactitude required by modern science. Little has been said of the division of serpents throughout the different districts of England, of the scheme suitable for a student to use in registering the snakes he discovers, and especially of the excellent and most useful woodcuts, taken, most of them, from the author's own photographs. "British Serpents" is on the whole a striking book, and we close it with the conviction that much good work in zoology will in the future be carried out by Dr. Leighton.

M. G. WATKINS.

LOVE.

TELL me, my heart ! my heart of flame !
 What is pure love—this word of charm ?—
 'Tis but a thought ; two souls' dear shame—
 Hearts that, once joined, there may nothing harm.

Tell me, whence is this love made ours ?—
 Love . . love *is* ! And its reason ?—None !
 Tell me, then, whence come loveless hours ?—
 Love was not born an he be gone.

Tell me what-like is, then, this love ?—
 That which breathes in *the other's* soul !
 And the true love which there may nothing move ?—
 Hath ocean's depth, but not ocean's roll !

Whence hath true love his wealth untold ?—
 Just by giving to all who come !
 And his speech, who—saith one—as wine makes bold ?—
 Silence of love doth all speech out-roam !

FROM THE ANON. FRENCH BY JOHN SWAFFHAM.

TABLE TALK.

THE FUTURE OF LIBRARIES.

GLANCING over the latest volume, the sixteenth, of "Book Prices Current"¹—a work which, besides being constantly in hand for purposes of reference, is often studied by me for pleasure—I took note of a few significant passages in the Introduction. In these Mr. J. H. Slater, the compiler, maintains that "the old private collections, which carry with their possession a responsibility proportionate to their value," are gradually disappearing. In a few years accordingly, Mr. Slater holds, "an important sale which is not 'miscellaneous' in its character will be exceptional." I recognise the trend of circumstances. The great libraries ranking with the private picture galleries in size and importance have been until recent days in the hands of our great noblemen. We have but to think of the Spencer, the Roxburghe, the Sunderland, and other libraries more or less recently sold or dispersed. These are all disappearing, the prices brought by bibliographical rarities holding out an irresistible lure to the descendants of past collectors. Before another generation has passed there will be no more great ancestral libraries, and public institutions will preserve the books previously in private hands. Against this democratisation of books I have nothing to urge. I am, on the contrary, in its favour, as long as due care is taken of the treasures. Housed as it is, the famous Althorp Library is safe. It is, moreover, far more generally accessible than it was, seeing that, however liberal might be the princely owner, he could not permit general access, and there are many students who would hesitate before applying to see a book in a private library, daunted as much by the distance probably to be travelled as by the formalities to be observed and the sense of obligation to be expressed. Omnivorous collectors, from a Heber to a Huth, there will always be. These, however, will have to face a growing difficulty in the way of obtaining old works, and the great public libraries of the future may well be municipal institutions. Let us hope that these will vie with each other in the perfection of their libraries.

¹ Elliot Stock.

A MODERN UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

SOMETHING like a literary revolution begins with the appearance of the first volume of the "Cambridge Modern History."¹ A change such as is now being effected had long been inevitable. Since the earliest times historians have been men of wealth and leisure, and Thucydides, Tacitus, and Livy were the direct precursors of the De Thous, Clarendons, Burnets, Gibbons, Sismondis, Niebuhrs, Macaulays, and Grotes of more recent generations. Now that the province of history is widely enlarged, and that the publication of national records renders it no longer imperative for the writer to make prolonged researches in Venice or Simancas, it is expedient that the compilation of history shall become a part of ordinary literary activity. Schools of history are now founded at our great Universities, and it is in connection with one of the most famous of these that the present undertaking is begun. So far as it is new, the scheme of the "Cambridge Modern History" originated with the late Lord Acton, who until his death took the highest interest in it, and on whose initiative it was begun. It is now being carried out under the direction of Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse and formerly Professor of History in the Owens College; Dr. G. W. Prothero, formerly Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh; and Mr. Stanley Leathes, Lecturer in History to Trinity College.

SCOPE OF THE MODERN UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

THE avowed aim of the series, which is to be in twelve volumes, is to supply, by means of a series of monographs by writers of acknowledged authority, a Universal Modern History which is not to consist of a mere string of episodes, but to display a continuous development. The idea is not altogether fresh. We have but to suppose the monographs issued in separate volumes to find both ancient and modern precedents. It would be easy to supply in Germany many instances of combined work analogous in kind. Of Universal Histories issued in France by what is called "*Une Société de Gens de Lettres*," one published between 1742 and 1792 reached forty-five volumes; while an enlarged re-issue in 1779-1789, in which the work is said to be English in origin, reached 126 octavo volumes. Of societies thus named, no fewer than sixty may be traced in the "*Supercherries Littéraires Devoilées*" of J. M. Quérard, enlarged by Gustave Brunet and Pierre Jannet. If not higher in aim, the work now before me is superior in accomplishment to anything that has previously been seen. It is written throughout by the best men

¹ Cambridge University Press.

of the day, and, besides constituting a standard work of reference—assuming it to end on the same plane as that on which it begins—will supply a scientific and philosophical account of the history of Europe and its colonies from the discovery of the New World to the present time. The first volume deals with the period of The Renaissance. Succeeding volumes will consist of The Reformation; The Wars of Religion; The Thirty Years' War; Bourbons and Stuarts in Eighteenth Century; The United States; The French Revolution; Napoleon; Restoration and Reaction; The Growth of Nationalities; and The Latest Age.

COLLECTIVE AGAINST INDIVIDUAL HISTORIES.

AT this early stage of progress it is difficult to decide the question how far monographs such as is contemplated and in part executed replace the works of the great historians. In consequence of the restrictions that have been placed on the scheme with a view to keeping it within moderate dimensions, the first volume offers fewer opportunities of forming a judgment than will be afforded by succeeding volumes. In popular estimation the Renaissance is erroneously regarded as almost wholly occupied with pictorial, plastic, and decorative art. With these aspects the writers, for adequate reasons, do not concern themselves. In an introductory note the late Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London, maintains that an ordered series of monographs constitutes the only practicable scheme for a general History of Modern Times. Himself a historian of tested capacity, he is better entitled to a hearing than most, and the views he expresses as to the difficulties which beset the most conscientious and competent historian who brings to his task his own judgment and necessarily his own prejudices command our respect. But the difficulties which beset a man "striving to express the multifarious experiences of mankind in categories of its own creation" are, in the case of monographs, so far as I can see, divided among the many, and do not cease to exist. At any rate, even though the accuracy and independence of history may be increased, something of its charm is likely to be lost. I would rather, if a continuance of the old system were possible, have history as it reaches us through Tacitus and Gibbon than at the hands of the most cultivated Academicians or *gens de lettres*. My intention is not, however, as I have indicated, to attack a spirited and necessary undertaking, from which the highest results may be expected, but to express a regret that individualism may possibly expire under the influence of collective effort.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1903.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

BY KATHARINE SYLVESTER.

IT was Saturday half-holiday at the school where Sophy Dean gave daily instruction in elementary music, and she had been taking lunch with the two Misses Lascelles, her first cousins on the mother's side. She now followed these ladies out through the street-door and into the open carriage which stood by the pavement awaiting their afternoon pleasure. Lunch had been a stately affair of many courses, a superabundance resulting, like most human affairs, from complex motives in the ordering.

"The child shall be properly fed for once," Miss Susan Lascelles had said to herself while composing the menu. "Heaven knows what she gets to eat in those wretched lodgings of hers!" and at the same time her compassion was shot with agreeable anticipation of the effect to be produced on the rustic mind by such fine show of dainty living. But Sophy had been disappointing. She had laughed and talked throughout the meal in that exuberant way of hers, without appearing to notice what was put before her. Now, as she reclined on the back seat, she seemed unconscious of any incongruity between her own attire and the smart liveries and appointments of the carriage. The Miss Lascelles, sitting opposite in beaded mantles and bonnets from Paris, and listening to the uninterrupted stream of bright talk, took her inwardly to task for want of a proper sense of the fitness of things. Fancy daring to be happy in such a hat! And yet, though they never came near to suspecting it, each lady would have given her elegant wardrobe, present and to come, for an equivalent shabbiness adorned in like manner with shining eyes and a great lump of

golden hair. Meanwhile the carriage, leaving behind it cheerful regions of parks and fashion, was bowling along the high road that runs through the heart of a certain northern suburb. The aim of the drive was a visit to a great-uncle possessed in common by the cousins. Though reputed of great wealth, the fruits of unremitting money-grubbing toil, the old man had led, with the little old sister who shared his home, an existence more poverty-stricken, having regard to the things best worth a man's possession, than that of many a pauper in a workhouse. The Misses Lascelles reckoned a bi-yearly visit of half an hour's duration to their uncle among their claims on the goodwill of Providence. Probably also their dutifulness would meet with an early material reward, for to whom other than themselves should the old man leave his money? To do them justice, this consideration weighed with them but little, a proof of their disinterestedness being that they brought their young cousin with them to-day. Sophy, who had only lately left her country home, had never met her uncle, and the proposal to visit him in their company had emanated from the Misses Lascelles. But as the carriage drew up before the house, a grey stone villa fronted by a row of poplars, she was seized with a sudden distaste for the visit.

"Don't be ridiculous, child," replied Miss Lascelles sharply, in answer to her plea to be left behind. "Of course, you must come in with us. The old man would take it unkindly. Besides, it may be for your good," she added, in a lower tone, and with a look expressive of many things.

Sophy gave a sigh of resignation and followed the ladies up the steps and into the hall, where there was a curious smell as of apples kept in drawers. They were shown by an elderly female of the charwoman type into a sort of breakfast-parlour, where dark blinds shut out every ray of the spring sunshine. On one side of the black hearth sat an old man in an uncomfortable-looking armchair, with nothing about him to suggest an occupation.

He rose to greet his visitors, stammering out a welcome, and drawing chairs forward with nervous haste. "I'm sure I'm very glad to see you, ladies," he repeated several times in succession, at the same time blinking rapidly and rubbing his hands, "and so will Sister Tillie be glad. She'll be here in a minute. . . . And who may this be, now?" he inquired, indicating Sophy, of whose presence he appeared only now aware.

"It's Bessy Dean's child, Uncle Ben," explained Miss Lascelles. "You remember Bessy who married and went to live in Somerset?" "Perfectly, perfectly!" replied the old man hastily, waving his

hand as though to avert further explanation. "Married beneath her—very humble people," was his internal comment, and the glance he shot at Sophy from beneath lowered eyelids held in it something akin to aversion. "Wonder what she's got to grin about! Don't suppose she knows what it is to have a five-pound note in her purse!" was the further thought aroused by the young face that smiled at him from under the sunburnt hat. At that moment the handle of the door was softly turned, and a little old, old woman crept into the room. She had soft white hair looped behind the ears, and washed-out blue eyes, and she held her head to one side in a way that classed her among the deprecating order of woman. She greeted the guests with purr-like murmurings, then seated herself on the edge of a chair, opposite to Sophy, on whom she fixed eyes full of timid admiration. The conversation was jerky: brief comments on the weather, on the news contained in the morning paper. In one of the many pauses the old woman slipped off her chair, and sidled up to Sophy, touching her on the arm. "Out in the garden we have a pear-tree covered with blossom," she whispered. "It's a beautiful sight. Will you come with me and see it?" Sophy nodded a smiling assent, and followed her through a glass door leading into a small space of ill-kept garden with a grass plot and one crowning tree. "Living in the city most of my life, a garden is a great thing to me," said Sister Tillie, after having done the honours of the tree. "Neither my brother nor I have ever set foot in the country—regular London sparrows we are, 'and none the worse for that either,' he says. He doesn't hold much with the country, my brother; thinks it all stuff and sentiment, and one tree just like another. . . . What do you say?" she asked wistfully. Sophy, touched on a tender spot, turned on from the heart of her a stream of eloquence in praise of things rural, her hearer looking up into her face, lips parted, entranced, like a child to whom a tale is told. "You'll come again soon, won't you?" whispered the old lady as, a few minutes later, they re-entered the parlour where the Misses Lascelles were preparing to end the visit. "You can tell him what you've been telling me. It'll do him good. Do promise you'll come again!" And Sophy promised, Miss Tillie smiling and nodding at her as she took her leave with the others.

"That's a nice little girl of poor Bessie Dean's—don't you think so, brother?" timidly asked the old woman who stood watching the carriage disappear down the bend of the road.

"Don't know what you mean by 'nice'!" snarled the old man. "The girl's as poor as Job, and if she smiles sweet it's for her living she does it. She can't have anything else to smile for!"—such view

being the outcome of a creed that holds a man's happiness to be in proportion to his balance at the bank.

Sophy fulfilled her promise, and repeated her visit, and before the summer was out she had become an intimate of the household that knew no other, drawn to it by a passion of pity for its forlornness that found an almost selfish relief in personal service. To the old woman, from the time of their first meeting, she knew herself to be as a fountain of water in a desert. On days that she had announced herself by letter as a likely visitor, she would find Tillie posted at the window, and tears of joy would fill the old blue eyes as they caught sight of her coming up the road. Later on in the history of their acquaintance, the old man would be waiting for her too, with scoldings if she were behind her appointed time. Yet his attitude towards herself was always a puzzle to her. There were generally things he wanted her to do for him, letters to write or accounts to verify. He would have her read to him too, column after column of the newspaper, yet, sometimes lifting her eyes from the sheet, she would encounter his resting upon her with a look which set her wondering as to how she could have offended him. Once while reading him the account of a strike, upon some remark of hers which might have been construed into general sympathy with labour as opposed to capital, he flew into a rage, choking and spluttering in a flood of words, among which "pauper" and "sour grapes" were distinctly audible. It frightened her, and she would have kept away but for Aunt Tillie's pleadings, her submission to which was justified by his contrite demeanour at their next meeting. She was far from realising the curious disturbance which intercourse with her young guileless personality had produced in the old man's mind. Hitherto he had read but one meaning into life, had measured his fellows by one standard only. Strict adherence to a man's own business he had held to be the highest form of human virtue. He had read no books, finding in his newspaper sufficient provision for his intellectual needs; and here the items interested him chiefly in proportion as they were likely to influence the money market. He had made his friendlessness his boast; and thus it had come about that he had lived more and more into his own sordid beliefs, untouched by, almost unconscious of, the progressive current of human thought that flowed about and around him.

He had been contented too, in a way, till this young woman came into his life, scattering with the light breath of her laughter the mists that hung about his soul, revealing new paths which now he might never hope to tread, and making him dimly realise the barren

ugliness of the one along which he himself had travelled. She had shaken his ideals, his belief in himself ; and for these things he owed her a grudge, while at the same time he revelled in the fragrance which youth and the joy of life imparted to her presence. It was a question whether pain or pleasure had the upper hand during her visits, to which he yet looked forward with an eagerness equalling that of his single-minded sister.

The Misses Lascelles watched the progress of Sophy's intimacy in their uncle's household with an approving mental twinkle, of which on the occasions of their meeting she was made uncomfortably aware. Sometimes Miss Susan went so far as to indulge in a little dignified teasing, hinting at heiresses, and affecting gravely to consider whether pearl or diamond ornaments were more becoming to Sophy's style of beauty. The latter would flush indignantly under these attacks, convinced, as indeed they were also, of the purity of her motives. Yet for all that a hope was sown that leavened the drudgery of the day's work by attaching some uncertainty to the need for its lifelong continuance.

And so it went on all the autumn and into the new year, when a change, the beginning of the greatest of all changes, came over the little old household, bringing with it a bustle and stir of unwonted coming and going, and deepening into tragic hues the dulness of its tones. The old man lay upstairs, struck down with illness, cowering in abject terror at the verdict he saw written in the faces of doctor and nurse. There was nothing to be done—no help. He lay there on his bed as surely doomed as any wretch in a condemned cell. The thought of a hereafter brought with it fear, not hope. What share had such a one as himself in the promises of Scripture? He knew himself to be spiritually far removed from the sinner that repenteth, and was aware that might he stand again at the beginning of life, with death a dim shape in the future, he would choose to journey along the same road, with a sneer in his heart for such as preferred the narrower way.

Sophy Dean spent every moment she could spare from her school with the afflicted household. To poor little Aunt Tillie, who, with scared eyes, went tiptoeing in and out of the rooms, talking in whispers, refusing to rest or sit to meals, she brought unspeakable comfort. For Sophy, with all her fun and high spirits, was of those to whom the heavy-laden turn instinctively as to a refuge. As to the old man's attitude towards her, its quality of contradictoriness persisted, intensified but unchanged by the new conditions.

He would be watching the clock for the hour of her visit, but when she appeared he would subside growling among his pillows without a word of greeting. Yet the nurse bore testimony to the marked effect on his restlessness of her mere presence. It was as though it gave him a sense of protection from death itself. She was youth, health, life ! Where she was would the King of Terrors dare to show his face ? But he hated her for those very qualities behind which his shuddering soul took refuge. What right had she, the penniless chit, to those things that nothing on earth could now procure for him ?

She could charm Death away, indeed, but was it not due to her that he came clothed in terror ? He had thought at one time to meet him with indifference, arrayed as he was in armour of self-satisfaction ; but she must needs come, with her doubts and questionings, and point out to him its weak places, disturbing the peace of his last days. Yes, she was his enemy, and he hated her ; and yet all the comfort he knew was when she was by !

The last scene of all was enacted in her absence. Hurrying one afternoon from her work to the sick man's bedside, the sight of the house with its signal of drawn blinds fell like the touch of a cold hand upon her heart. She rushed breathless through the rooms in search of poor Aunt Tillie, whom she found a wailing heap upon the floor of her bedroom. " O, Sophy," she sobbed, " it has been so terrible ! If you could only have been with him ! He wanted you so, darling ! Kept asking, calling for you ! I never knew him so set on anyone before. I believe he would have found it easier to die if he might have held your hand." Sophy, with tears of pity, gathered the poor old creature up in her arms, and, laying her upon her bed, knelt beside her, soothing her grief with word and touch till the light faded, and sleep took her place as comforter.

The Misses Lascelles arrived shortly on the scene, with faces of a length suitable to the occasion, bringing with them, however, an atmosphere of bustle and business which witnessed in their favour to the triumph of common-sense over mere emotion. Poor shrinking Aunt Tillie was delivered over by them into the hands of dress-makers and milliners, whose insistence on the lavish use of expensive crape trimmings affected her, in the light of her brother's avarice, as a desecration rather than a tribute. To Sophy, to whom the old lady clung for protection against their well-meant tyrannies, their attitude was one of suppressed congratulation, which was not without its effect upon her. Once outside the house of mourning, where, during the week preceding the funeral, she contrived daily to spend

a portion of her time, her spirits would go up with a rush. At night in her lodgings she would sit dreaming over her work of a future, enwoven with golden possibilities of holiday, of travel, of reunion with the scattered and struggling dear ones from home. It was in spite of herself that such hope held her. She tried to shut her eyes to it, to brush it away from her consciousness as a thing sordid, all unworthy. But to no purpose. It continued to hover around her, imparting an added brightness to her presence, which, penetrating the tearful haze through which Aunt Tillie looked out upon the world, drew from her the involuntary exclamation: "My dear, my dear, you grow more lovely every day!"

On the morning of the funeral Sophy awoke with a vague sense that something agreeable was to happen. Remembrance came with a shock of self-disgust, but do what she would the gloomy incidents that followed could not entirely dissipate that early waking impression. It was the first warm day of spring; the churchyard was full of sunshine, and fragrant with the scent of lilac and may. By the graveside her tears flowed in sympathy with those of the little trembling old woman whose hand clasped hers, but the notes of a distant thrush drowned for her the words of the burial service, and filled her heart with echoes of spring. Later, on the ride home, when even Aunt Tillie had dried her eyes with a sense of relief from the horror of death's parade, these echoes grew louder, blending themselves into a song that quickened the march of her pulses and sent the flush to her cheek. The Misses Lascelles smiled and nodded at her from their side of the coach, while they talked of everything under the sun but of that about which their thoughts were busiest.

In the parlour at home they found the lawyer pacing up and down in anticipation of their arrival. He was a dry little chip of a man, whose known philanthropic tendencies had been the cause of his selection, for Uncle Ben, wanting his will drawn when almost *in articulo mortis*, had stipulated for a God-fearing man. At the present moment the lawyer was pressed for time, so the company of mourners at once took their places round the table to hear the reading of the will. Sophie sat with one arm supporting Aunt Tillie, but it was she herself who trembled now. What with the singing in her ears and the strangeness of the law jargon, it seemed at first a mere jumble of sound that fell from the lawyer's lips. Then as her senses cleared themselves she caught the names of various hospitals and public institutions, and looking up at the sound of a suppressed exclamation she saw the Misses Lascelles with flushed faces, in every line of which anger was depicted.

"He's making up in death for the omissions of life. He is leaving all his money to the poor!" was her thought, accompanied by a sinking of the heart. But no, that was not all. The lawyer went on with his monotonous droning, and Sophy drew her chair closer to the table. There was an annuity for the old sister, small but sufficient, which drew from the latter a gush of grateful tears. Then came the legacies. To each of the Misses Lascelles one thousand pounds, whereat the ladies mentioned sniffed audibly, tossing their heads. At this point the lawyer paused as though what came next were hard words to say. Sophy sat with neck craned forward, the breath coming quickly from between her pale lips.

"To my great-niece Sophia Dean I leave nothing of my wealth, seeing that Providence has elected to make her happiness independent of such matters, which, though held by her in slight esteem, are yet by plain folk accounted of some worth."

Sophy uttered an involuntary cry. It was like a blow from a dead hand. Down with a crash fell her castle of indolence, and down dropped her head upon her outstretched arms. There was a buzz of commiseration, and Aunt Tillie's voice rose in a wail.

"Oh, my dear, I am sure he never meant it! He couldn't have been himself when he wrote those cruel words!"

A few days later the Misses Lascelles called at Sophy's lodgings for the purpose of offering further condolence. They expected her to be still bowed beneath her recent disappointment, and were somewhat taken aback to find her rippling away on her piano, of aspect even more serene than usual.

"I'm sorry Uncle Ben felt like that about me," she said, plunging almost immediately into the subject of their thoughts. "I believed he had grown to be fond of me, and it's hard to be disappointed of even a little love. But I think he was right about the money. My life is already so full of good things. If wealth were added, I should feel frightened almost, like the old Greek who threw his ring into the sea!"

And the ladies, looking into the radiant young face, read the truth there, and almost forgave Uncle Ben; but at the same time they drew a sigh. And the sigh was not for Sophy Dean.

SCIENCE FOLLOWS NATURE.

I

ALL possible discoveries of science are anticipated in nature—*with a difference*. In nature there is always a secret something behind that you cannot catch; some strange mysterious nicety of combination or adjustment you cannot master or really understand; but go groping after, if haply you may find it: to the last it evades you. You fancy at length you have seized it, but still a latent something mocks your efforts; some inexplicable combination of organic and inorganic that no device of yours can approach baffles you again, and leaves you with the sense of being, in the happiest moment, only half a victor—on one side defeated after all. That is the assurance that scientific men will always have plenty to do, and be under the necessity of trying again, trying again, for to these few hundred threads in the web of nature seized and sorted there are yet millions and millions to seize and sort out. This discipline should minister humility, but hardly does it always do so; modesty does not always have its perfect work in them any more than in others; and so we find, too, assumptions of theories complete and verified that need no more investigation, but may be taken for granted, and, presto! some little new fact emerges that unsettles it all again. So goes the eternal see-saw.

The boldest theory of the most ingenious *savant* needs therefore to be held, as it were, with a reserve, if not a *caveat*, as though a new fact undiscovered before might upset it, and for these two reasons: (1) So far as your theory has real basis it is but a crude advertisement of what Nature is doing effectively every day over wide areas for her own purposes; (2) she is so nice in her adjustments, so apt at subtle combinations, that you are sure to miss something, and you need to go over the whole ground again and again to try and reach what has been missed. Thus it is that though “no man can be more wise than destiny,” as Tennyson sang through one of his fair women in his “Dream,” no scientist can outfly Nature any more than the merest churl can run away from his

own shadow ; and yet he must acknowledge that the best and highest evades him and he cannot lay full hold upon it.

Sir William Crookes when, some years ago, he astonished many by intimating what seemed the most extraordinary theory of drawing fertilisers, or "manures," out of the atmosphere in his presidential introductory address to the British Association at Bristol, was only boldly colouring out and setting up, as it were, on a great high hoarding one of Nature's boldest advertisements—nothing more. And yet there was something he could not thus quite freely advertise—something a little beyond him—a subtlety amid the simplicity that he could not quite make plain.

Our readers will remember how he set out by gathering figures to prove as others had done before him, even Germans like Ruhland, Sering, and others, that the inevitable tendency of time is to close up the areas from which wheat or corn is exported. Austro-Hungary in 1859 was one of the largest corn and wheat exporting countries, but statisticians and economists after that began to say its export would not outlive the nineteenth century ; Germany, in 1870, exported something over 100,000 tons of wheat and rye per annum ; now it imports more than one million and a half tons of wheat and rye—"a wonderful change to have come to it in five-and-twenty years," to quote from a recent poem. All these authorities lay it down, as the British Association President of 1898 did, that estimating by cumulative ratio the progress of the United States another quarter-century will see the available export from that country much reduced and tending more or less to gradual closing also. If America has doubled its population in five-and-twenty years, it will in a quarter of a century have 150 millions, as now it has over seventy-five millions. In fact, they agree that, in course of time, Russia will be the only country from which we can then receive wheat and corn. It may well be an open question whether our "statesmen" are as wise as they might be in leaving this great problem so entirely to their successors, and, instead of taking measures by wise modification of land laws, game laws, &c., not only to lead the workers back to the land, but to increase the grain-producing power of the land that is now, even over large tracts, going out of cultivation, voting from the Treasury large sums in relief of "distressed agriculturists." There is little or no agricultural distress within thirty miles of London and other large towns ; yet there they are on half their rates, English "statesmen" not having been wise enough to fix what rent makes agriculture depressed, and then, having done so, to schedule all who are within

it. It is for them certainly for the moment the easiest and the most pleasant process, but an observant man with a little of a cynical turn might well refer to the ostrich sticking its head in the sand and thinking that thereby other and yet more obtrusive parts were hidden also. Dr. Lahmann is very severe on the "statesmen" who neglect real reform, while they thus buttress up agriculture as it is. He says it is foolish to fancy in the face of the inevitable, as history and statistics show, that we should depend on manufactures to the real neglect of agriculture, and he declares that the true duty of a Government is to look to the harmonious development alike of manufacture, commerce, and agriculture. Certain political thinkers, of course, in a cut-and-dry way, tell you this is an era of industrialism and commerce, and agriculture must necessarily go to the wall ; but that assuredly is not what a wise Government would do anything *actively* to aid. But so absolutely are men, even enlightened men, the slaves of their own short-sighted interests that this is precisely what they are doing without knowing it. With these great supply centres closed and Russia alone producing more than she needs, and disinclined to sell to England because unfriendly with her, what power, Dr. Lahmann asks, can prevent the ruin of England, now so greatly envied ?

Another very peculiar point arises here. The most effective way at once to increase the product of this or any other country, and to employ profitably the greatest number of hands happily and comfortably on the land, is to put them in such position by wise and timely modification of land laws &c. that they will as small proprietors or permanent protected tenants of the State, secure in all improvements, resort largely to hand labour, and as little as possible seek to have recourse to steam or machinery in any form. I know very well that some will reply, Then you cannot as of old rear "stock" in the sense that was done on the great farms. You can't have everything at once, I reply ; but there will still be great "stock" farms, perhaps more productive than before ; at all events there will, I am perfectly sure, be greater call for their products near to the places they were reared in, which too would be a big national gain in every way, as being likely to produce a more muscular and robust rural population from which an army could be drawn. How suggestive it was that just as I got to this point I turned to consult a book : a certain work of John Ruskin's tumbled into my hand, and I opened at the page where this passage occurs, jumping or leaping into my eyes, as the French say :—

"Agriculture by the hand, then, and absolute refusal or

banishment of unnecessary igneous force are the first conditions of a school of art in any country. And until you do this, be it soon or late, things will continue in that triumphant state to which, for want of finer art, your mechanism has brought them; that, though England is deafened with spinning wheels, her people have not clothes—though she is black with digging of fuel, they die of cold—and though she has sold her soul for gain, they die of hunger. Stay in that triumph, if you choose; but be assured of this, it is not one which the fine arts will ever share with you.”

Along with the Ruskin volume I accidentally disturbed fell another volume, waiting its turn for reading and notice. This was the second volume of Professor Thorold Rogers's “Industrial and Commercial History of England,” and where it opened as I lifted it from the floor I read:—

“The best economic condition is not that in which the greatest amount of produce is obtained at the cheapest rate, the greatest number of capitalists pick up the greatest amount of profits, but one in which the greatest number of workmen live in the greatest possible comfort and security (vol. ii. p. 243). A community is none the better for losing its ablest, most energetic, and most enterprising workers, however much *they* may be bettered by the change (p. 290). I do not know whether the wisdom of Parliament will hereafter strive to make their native country the most attractive home for the best hands which we possess; but I am quite sure that it would be worth while to try the experiment, and equally sure that it has not been attempted as yet” (p. 291).

How far may this be due to present conditions of what the professor pleases wrongly to call *ownership*?

I am in the fullest agreement with Professor Thorold Rogers about emigration, on which subject he is full of facts.

“There is no great advantage that I can see in exchanging the best of our peasants and labourers for the squalid offscourings of Continental cities. Perhaps one of the most formidable facts in modern social life is the increasing burden of pauper lunacy. It is not to be wondered at, if we are depleted of our strongest, most resolute, and most enterprising stocks, and have to put up with a residuum re-inforced, if one can use such a verb, with a further European residuum. Some time ago I was much struck with the reports sent to me from the Metropolitan Asylums as to the great and growing increase of foreigners in those necessary places of refuge.”

Now this out-and-out exchange of population is an effect that

has a cause or causes, the most prominent of these being "vested interests" of a certain order, and the protection of men in them. These are the two forms of social waste due to luxury at one end and deprivation at another bleeding the body politic and directly reducing the favourable areas from which it might draw material even for its efficient military and naval defence and protection—a threefold waste from this point of view, and very short-sighted on the part of those who demand a strong army for their own protection. But the men who most demand a strong army are the very men who are working to close the areas from which you could get it. Economic laws, however, will not wait on so-called politicians and statesmen, and muddle-headed, purblind, pretentious "old soldiers," but work to their results infallibly.

How long *are* we to wait in this England, "proud and hard," for some man of parts and foresight who will face this great problem and fairly tackle it, for in it are involved the great questions of the proper housing, the proper feeding, the proper clothing and educating of the poor?

Depopulation of the country! Not so very long ago I was with a friend, a considerable yeoman farmer (one of the few true yeomen yet left in this old country) in North-east Essex, and he was telling me how, through his capital and good credit, he had managed as yet to defeat the fatal (he did not use the word "fatal," but a stronger term) movement from his district of labourers, and to grow his average quantities of fine wheat and barley fit for pale ale maltings; and he took me round his machine-sheds, and with not a little pride pointed them out row on row, steel shafts shining out from among wood and iron; ploughing machines, cultivators, sowing machines, reaping and binding machines, thrashing machines, &c. I am afraid I rather disappointed him by saying: "All very good, my friend, but your machines could not help you much if the country were invaded by a foreigner—only *men* could do *that*!" He laughed and laughed again, as though the idea of invasion were so utterly out of the question as to be absurd. But if we can read any idea in the defences that are needed in this country, according to good authorities, it is not quite so absurd as it seemed to my friend, and any way rural depopulation means the closing of large recruiting areas.

Yet certain newspapers that should know better go talking as though taxation of ground rents and taxation of land values were exactly the same, and forgetful how easy it would be for Parliament (if Parliament, alas! were not so very true to its name, and besides

so filled with self-interested, selfish men) to initiate rent courts, as it initiated land courts in Ireland to check off the power of a set of short-sighted and unpatriotic individuals to do just exactly as they like with what is not their own but the State's, really and legally, of which they are but temporary trustees and holders, but which they choose to call their own, and to act almost as if it were so, even to the extent of getting three times the economic rent for what are not the most reputable of houses.

A point on which the late Prince Consort spoke over and over again as clearly as I can possibly speak, and got himself the ill-will of the men who, because they happen to be the sons of certain men, regard themselves from birth to death as the inspired and rightful ruling classes of this old country ; and surely Albert the Good was no mere ill-conditioned Radical. I say but what he said, and repeatedly and solemnly said, that the privileged are but trustees for others, and I stand by what he said and what I have written.

Is it true, or is it not, what Professor Thorold Rogers says in the first sentence I have quoted from him above? If it is, then it is clear England wants to put in the forefront a very different order of men from those who now are there, to act thoroughly and honestly towards the realisation of that principle. Depopulation of the country whilst aliens crowd our towns, machinery more and more called in to make up for the absence of the army of contented workers. If these conditions are inevitable and unpreventible, then I for one agree with John Ruskin that neither the fine arts nor some other arts will in the long run much smile on them or on you.

You talk of waste land and land gone out of cultivation. Pardon me, there is no waste land save what you choose to make ; and no land which should, but for mismanagement, be out of cultivation. Waste land and land out of cultivation are the records wide and plainly writ of your utter stupidity, which leads you to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, not only for yourselves, but for other people ; and then, because of short-sighted laws you have made in your own short-sighted interests, or have allowed short-sighted, interested persons to make for you, rural population wanes, the land is neglected or goes to waste, and poverty and hunger increase. It were funny, richly funny, did not the innocent and ignorant suffer so.

There is no acre of ground but is fit to grow something, or be used for something, poor soils so sandy as not to favour certain kinds of pines or firs, or to grow rye. Is any soil so sour as not to favour nettles for soup? Why, did I not read the other day of sandy wastes devoted to producing fine gorse, which when crushed

and picked produced the finest food for certain live stock? And yet you allow all that to be lost for such a purpose, and pay away to other countries millions on millions per annum for woods which you could far better grow yourselves at home, keeping thousands of persons, now going idle and miserable, well employed, and the reason is that you are not hard-headed enough to make the best of what is in your hand, and so to build up for the future instead of destroying. Is there a chair specially for forestry alone in this United Kingdom; and is there not the direst need for it? Waste land, O my friends, there should be no waste land.

Is it not true that in the departments of the Landes and Gironde in France troublesome and shifting sands in wide areas have been rendered fit for agriculture by making plantations of *Pinus pinaster*, which can thrive on such poor sand, even near the sea? When other people can thus make much of what is with us mere waste, why should we still be asleep, and not be up and doing as well as they?

But England, my England, is above all that, and alas! largely leaves it for its complaisant competitors to do.

Everyone who has paid the least attention to the subject knows that *Ornithopus perpusillus* will grow and yield an excellent crop of fodder where nothing else will; but it is not yet much affected here, though introduced from Portugal in 1818.

Sir William Crookes, as a great chemist, influenced by all these considerations and many more, is struck by concern for this country in certain not improbable contingencies, and, like a great chemist, he would fain find solution in chemistry. It is honourable to him, alike as a man, a patriot, and a chemist, that he should endeavour to find sufficing aid and cheer for our country in the future where statesmen, it is much to be feared, have missed it. He is, by chemical and mechanical processes, to get nitrogen from the air. Water that now runs idle or wasteful to the sea is to be chained as a motive power; and thus the yield is to be increased tenfold or fiftyfold, and the worthy plodding improvers and crossers of wheats, oats, and barleys—John and Robert Garton—are *not in it*, nor will be required in it.¹

¹ A NEW CEREAL.—In August last one of our special correspondents described the remarkable experiment carried out by Messrs. R. and J. Garton, of Newton-le-Willow, in the production of new cereals and grasses. Since then we learn that a field of white Tartarian oats has been thrashed, and the produce has been 102 bushels (of 42 lb. to the bushel) per imperial acre. This crop was grown from seed supplied by Messrs. Garton.—*Daily Chronicle*, January 10, 1899.

But if the present movement of population from the rural areas to town goes on unabated, how are you even to get the labour to work it out?

But these are really by-questions; the important and noticeable thing is that Sir William Crookes should have been led to occupy his thoughts so earnestly with this subject. In the fact we have a proof of its importance—an importance which certainly, from some points of view, our politicians do not see, or will not, in proper terms, acknowledge that they do see. Mr. R. B. Marston has “cleansed his bosom of some perilous stuff” that long had lain on it in his book “War, Famine, and Bread”; but it does not seem that even he has yet produced any very marked effects, so far as any real movement has been initiated in high quarters. “Storing grain in silos” in immense quantities does look clumsy; but if you can find comfort and help in the air, as Sir William Crookes would demonstrate, then, in spite of prophetic croakers and the army of discontents, it may yet be well with us.

All this shows how serious and pressing the subject is socially, economically, politically. Scarcity—mere temporary scarcity and dearness—due to a *scare*, bred of American speculation, came near to rousing a real rebellion in Italy, poor, misled Italy, where too much wants mending.

But to our more particular point. What the wise and far-seeing Sir William would do by chemistry and mechanics Nature—all-inventing Nature—is doing every day silently, surely, and without fail. Every farmer—even the most rule-of-thumb farmer—knows that a crop succeeding clover or beans is more likely to be a large crop than by any other succession. Why is this? The answer is both simple and deep. Clover and beans are both leguminous plants, and leguminous plants have, as all scientific botanists know well, a special power through and by secret aid of certain microcosms in catching and drawing in the nitrogen from the air and storing it up in cells, in stalk and root for their own future use. When the earth is ploughed up these are ploughed into it, and the action of the soil attacks the stored-up nitrogen, decomposes it, sets it free to work its own charm on what is near to it, proving a splendid fertiliser for the next crop. So Nature, by *her* condensers, retorts, and far-stretching laboratories and decomposers, carries on her own vast experiments, and, by aid of certain plants and micro-organisms in the first place, does exactly what Sir William, by scientific and mechanical processes, would imitate. Imitation here, too, surely is the sincerest form of flattery. Well, if it works to its

last results with as little of qualification as Nature does. But that is just what we fear. Sir William's apparatus would not be so direct for results as Nature's servants, as typified here by these leguminous plants, and for this very short and simple reason they are living, and his apparatuses, however fine and delicate, are dead, and in the application would likely lose hold of some most delicate element in the process essential to the success of the scheme. That is mostly always the case in such attempts as these, however perfect and sincere the flattery of our great chemist Nature; so wondrously simple, deep, ingenious, and subtle is she, always disclosing her reliance on some element so recondite, so elusive, that you cannot follow, catch, or analyse it; which seems to exist only in the relation between two other elements that you think you can catch and analyse. Perhaps this is closely allied to that subtle something which Professor Frank Japp, of Aberdeen, in his thoughtful and admirable presidential address to the Chemical Section at Bristol, so fitly figured as that which in the last result, really defying chemistry, directly faced you as life and mystery, and cannot be refined away anyhow, or reduced or decomposed into something else more recognisable.

Here, too, the case is not quite so simple as might appear from some of Sir Wm. Crookes's statements. There are other elements in it than he expressly realised—elements that make more and more problematic any processes which Sir William might use to draw nitrogen from the air. 1. The first element is that Sir William Crookes, after all, would but weight us with the doubtful blessing of additional and still more intricate machines, of which I hold in agriculture we already have too many and too much. What is wanted is more preparation by hand labour for Nature's free play on her own account: she wants, here as elsewhere, to be helped not superseded, as indeed she never will nor can be; and *the* way to help her here is to make sand into soil over large areas, so that new spheres may be prepared for her freely to work her work. 2. Another element is this, that the leguminous plants so absorb the nitrates because they invariably have certain micro-organisms at or near their roots, which are one of the main if not the main agents in this process, and without them it would, we fear, as in the case of other plants, be to a great extent unavailing. When you pull up a clover, or pea, or bean, or even a scarlet runner, you will find that it has, adhering to its root, little nodules or tubercles, or swellings, and these are the parts in which the bacteria especially do their work. Look at this side of the problem for a few minutes.

Soils that are continuously cultivated frequently contain not more

than one-and-a half to two parts per thousand of combined nitrogen ; permanent meadows contain five, seven, nine, and even ten parts per 1,000. The prairies of Western America are also well stocked with nitrogen. The investigations of Ville, Atwater, Hellriegel, Maquenne, Winogradsky, and others go to show that nitrogen is fixed in the roots of leguminous plants only when associated with certain common species of organisms which are all anaërobic and surrounded by an atmosphere charged with carbon dioxide and deprived of oxygen. Winogradsky holds that the hydrogen set free in the decomposition of the carbohydrates furnishes ammonia, which is assimilated by the micro-organisms and used in the formation of tissue. So that it is not only the nitrogen drawn from the air that is utilised by plants, but also that derived from vegetable and animal remains. Pasteur has clearly demonstrated that the presence and action of micro-organisms are essential to the transformation of complex organic substances of plant tissues into the simple forms that may be assimilated by living plants. Pasteur himself has said that without them life would be impossible, as the preliminary process of death would be incomplete. Here comes in the wonderful mystery of life's dependence everywhere and at every moment on death ! Winogradsky has proved that the work of two distinct organisms is necessary ; one converts ammonia into nitrites and the other completes the oxidation, producing nitrates. "We thus see that micro-organisms seize upon the nitrogen of the air and convert it into organic compounds : they convert vegetable matter into humus and then break down this humus, producing ammonia and finally nitrates."

Nitrogen is taken up by plants in the form of nitrates, ammonium salts, and alkaline humates. The Leguminosæ can utilise free nitrogen only when it has been brought into combination by the action of the organisms of the root tubercles. It has frequently been claimed that other plants than the Leguminosæ are capable of absorbing free nitrogen, but it has been shown that this absorption does not take place without intervention of the organisms which fix nitrogen.¹ Nor is the necessity for the aid, if not of bacteria then of fungi supporting bacteria limited to the leguminous plants proper. Heather demands the co-operation of a certain fungus at its roots, and the well-known naturalist Dr. Hugh Macmillan in an address on the symbols of the Highland clans to the clan Macmillan of Greenock some years ago told how members of the clan Menzies, whose badge is the heather, and who were the first to migrate to America, completely failed to get

¹ See an able and interesting article on the subject in *Land and Water*, July 29, 1899, p. 193.

it to grow there, much and earnestly as they tried it. He is reported to have said :—

“Heather, which is so hardy that it can stand the severest cold and the greatest drought and heat, has entwined at its roots a peculiar fungus which is so essential to the life of the heather that death ensues on separation. When the Highlanders took the heather to America they knew nothing about this fungus, and when the heather withered they were not slow to attribute the catastrophe to a sentimental cause.”

So we find another good authority saying that “leguminous plants will not thrive in a soil which does not contain these nodula-bacteria.”

M. Berthelot has dealt with the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by soil and plants. The peculiar function of the organism forming the nodules on the roots of leguminous plants is now universally recognised. A similar case of symbiosis between a nitrogen-assimilating organism and certain algæ is well known. Not so well known is the isolation of a bacillus from the soil by Winogradsky, which, when supplied with sugar and protected from the action of oxygen, is capable of assimilating atmospheric nitrogen. In every case we have hydro-carbonates abundantly present.

Peas and clover thus could not provide the animal world with their valuable flesh-forming seeds but for those nitrifying bacteria—nor, indeed, could any of the ordinary farm crops be produced.

II

Take another point: naturalists are fond of distinguishing between “water-breathers” and “air-breathers,” as though the difference lay in the thing breathed, and not merely in the organ or instrument. Gills are, after all, only modified lungs, enabling creatures that live below the water to extract from it the suspended or dispersed air that is in it, for without air, thus suspended or dispersed, water would not be so buoyant and moving and beautiful as it is. Well, the fishes, or gill-breathers, below breathe air really just as we do, and, what is more, they transform it into carbonic acid waste, just as we do, and this waste feeds the sea-flowers, which secrete it, modify it, transform it, and give it forth again as nitrogen, and often, largely combined with potash, is got more especially from certain sea-plants.¹

¹ Nothing is more wonderful in nature than the adaptations of different portions of the creature to play the part of lungs, throat, skin, &c. In certain of the turtles the throat parts have come to do the work of gills in getting rid of carbonic acid gas. A full supply of air is taken into the lungs before the animal

Professor Semper, in one of the sections of his valuable book, "Animal Life," has an admirable statement of the influences of oxygen or air in the water, and a consideration of its effect on the modifications of gills and lungs, to which those especially interested in this subject should turn. In dependence on certain elements all living creatures are alike. Van Beneden says in his introduction to "Parasitism" :—

"Whatever the animal may be, whether that which occupies the highest or the lowest place in the scale of creation, it consumes water and carbon, and albumen sustains its vital force."¹

The climbing perch (*Anabas*) has become an air-breather, not by means of its air-bladder, but by a series of folded plates in a special cavity above the gills. In the land-crabs (*Gecarcinus*) the gills are small, and the greater part of the bronchial cavity is filled with air; while the cocoanut-crab (*Bergus*), which belongs to another sub-order, has a special air cavity above the gills which is lined with a lung. Now, if the physical action of the air is the cause of these structures, how is it that it has acted differently in different cases?

Here, again, most truly "the whole round earth is everyway bound by gold chains about the feet of God." Nothing stands single or separate. As the grand old Puritan divine eloquently said: "All things are set over the one against the other, and there is nothing single or separate." The "water-breathers" take oxygen from the air, and through their processes of using it up produce carbonic acid gas, which they again throw off, and which the plants in the water or by its edge once more use up, and by combination with other things translate it into nitrogen, which is again stored up or sent forth in many forms for the benefit of other creatures and forms of life. Every single living creature is thus a chemical laboratory, in closest relation to and in communication with endless other chemical laboratories on every side. Thoreau, indeed, dwelt once wistfully on the rotting, decomposing apple by the wayside as one of the most wonderful of chemical laboratories, illustrating laws of fermentation, transformation, and elemental change, such as no man would ever

sinks below the surface. This is slowly used up in the processes below, and the carbonic acid gas is discharged by the throat membrane. One species of siren or American newt loses its gills when it has developed lungs, and, more wonderful than all, redevelops gills when it has prepared itself once more to pursue a more aquatic life. Eels can breathe if the gills are wet. In the bullfrog again the skin alone represents the water-breathing organ, which really corresponds to gills. In almost all these and such cases it is not too much to say that in a very subtle manner sexual procreation is mixed up with, or dependent on, these changes.

¹ P. xiii.

completely master. Decomposition is but another and more subtle way of building up, reorganising—that is the secret of it, the final secret of chemistry too, as Professor F. Japp unfolded it—always with an unsolvable something, a mystery emerging at the end : and you can really no further go. The plant no less than the bird or mammal is a chemical laboratory. Only the plant is more simple and unvarying in its processes, and deals only and invariably with non-living matter. Water, carbonic acid gas, minerals, and salts and ammonia are the plant's food. All of them are derived from the air and the soil, and out of this non-living food the plant at the first stage makes living cells, or what is now scientifically called protoplasm. The water and carbonic acid gas will by it be actually elaborated into starches and sugars, gums and glutens. From the substances supplied by air and soil are built up by stages, gradual, but all showing aspects of beauty, the green of the leaf, the delicate hues of the blossom, the delicious scents of the flower ; and as Dr. A. Wilson has well said : “ Behind it all there is the mysterious ‘ life,’ which initiates, directs, and guides the work, but none the less strange is it that the green plant builds up all its structures and organs and parts out of the non-living materials supplied to it by the earth and the air. It is, in truth, a ‘ vitaliser ’ of typical kind, since it constructs its living tissues out of that which is not living in the world around it.”

Whenever we rise to the animal we have more complexity. There is greater subtlety of living forces and less of the systematic chemical work, a thing surely that was just to be expected. For when once you have the presence of a nervous system, even in its most rudimentary aspect, you have a wonder and a guarantee of many wonders. To this nervous system, in its development and expression, are due most of the attractive movements and graceful adaptations and surprises of animals—the twitter and songs of birds, the intelligent glances of dogs, the tricks of monkeys, the *insouciance* and playfulness of pet squirrels. There you have individuality—self-conscious gaiety, fun, and sympathetic response—something that is linked to the genera, yet has something apart from it, and, as we might say, above it, and even independent of it ; something that led Thoreau to say the animals were undeveloped men waiting their transfiguration.

Less and less of unconscious chemists, yes. They demand more than non-living matter : they must, at least, have vegetable, if they do not demand victims from their fellow-mortals. The plant makes life and increases it ; the animal destroys life to preserve and develop its own nature. . Here arises the point where animals and men are

as one. Their powers so far are limited in the same way ; they may be expressed and strengthened by the same processes to the end that they may *rise*. Thus the circle of development is complete : a moral something enters in, which alone can justify, differentiate, and redeem—"the moral instinct," Mr. Sutherland calls it, writing its history. But for this man were indeed lower than the plants, not to say the angels. But for this,

The dragons in their prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

So, in our survey, we move from chemistry to character—from inorganic to organic—from mere elements to moral conditions, and the prophecies for something yet higher rising at every stage, to make each stage preposterous, but for the *something* that comes behind it, and without which it could not have been. If the air as a *mere* source of nitrates cannot be conceived, yet it is something to find there are abundant supplies of nitrates there ; and if by aid of the nitrates, testimonies to Nature's chemistry, man is better enabled, by securing plenteous food, to rise to the higher ways which that same atmosphere conceals and suggests, then assuredly Sir William Crookes did not speak in vain. For man, though he must live by bread, yet does not live by bread alone ; else ne'er had he known nitrates in the air, or Nature's ways of drawing them through plants, to enrich and to feed her highest creature, Man.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

HISTORY IN OUR VILLAGE SCHOOLS.

THE *Spectator* in a recent issue drew attention to the lack of historical knowledge which is so apparent in all political discussions with the average countryman. One or two names are remembered as those of men who have done great deeds in the past, but all the rest of our national heroes are absolutely forgotten. Elizabeth and Cromwell are respectively the good and the evil geniuses, and all past events are ascribed to the one or the other. Nay more, so dense is the ignorance, that the labourer meets all attempts to give him sound information with absolute incredulity.

Not so very long ago a friend and neighbour of my own gave a lecture in one of our Buckinghamshire villages on the condition of the district in Saxon times. He is a man well known for his antiquarian interest, and justly popular as a preacher and neighbour. The lecture was well attended by all classes, and the audience seemed most interested. The next day one of the most intelligent of the labourers was asked how he liked it. He replied that he liked it very much ; it was most interesting, but of course he did not believe a word of it ! I have not the least doubt that nine out of ten of those present would have said exactly the same. Such ignorance, strange and lamentable as it is, is not altogether to be wondered at. It is due to the neglect of education generally in the days gone by, and to the neglect of history in particular in our village schools. In the days of individual examination, history was but rarely taken as a subject, owing to its difficulty ; and even in these days of greater freedom it is by no means a general subject.

As a matter of fact, when I insisted on its being taught in our village school I was very generally told that I was making a great mistake. It is at any rate to be hoped that by degrees, now that cramming is not the business of the teacher, it will become as much the general rule to teach it as it used to be the rule to neglect it.

At the same time I am not sanguine that the present methods of teaching history will result in much good being done. History

as a subject presents many difficulties from which others are free. Most subjects can be taught after a fashion from text-books, and our teachers are accustomed to teach from text-books, but history cannot be so taught. For most subjects there are text-books, and good ones too, in abundance ; but for history it is difficult to find even one that is passable. In the days of the college training of our older teachers, history was not a subject in which the department was much interested ; they therefore did not acquire the wide knowledge that is essential, nor did they learn much of the true methods of teaching the subject.

What then is to be done? Are we to refrain altogether from teaching that which is the most useful, and can be made the most interesting, of all possible subjects, or are we to use some ridiculous text-book, and turn history into a collection of facts and names to be learnt by the pupil? Even the old drum-and-trumpet histories of our childhood were more interesting than some of our modern histories for use in our village schools. They at least were good reading. I can well remember that I first learnt to read history from a translation of Livy's "Punic War" which I picked up in an idle moment.

I do not think that we are reduced to either of these alternatives. One is, of course, out of the question. It is quite impossible that we should allow our future citizens to grow up without the knowledge which is essential to any intelligent performance of their duties. It is not necessary that we should be reduced to using the dullest and scantiest of text-books. Even if they are all as bad as the samples I have seen, they do not exhaust our resources. Every village school has not only its text-book, but it has also at its gates materials in plenty for better lessons than can be derived from such a source.

There is scarcely a village which has not something of historic interest, something which might serve as an illustration of some period and form the text for an interesting lesson. There is, if nothing else, the village church ; there are probably the parish registers, and perhaps the ancient churchwardens' accounts. Even if these are without much interest, our villages are not islands in the middle of the ocean, but are connected with other villages by roads, and the Code permits instructive walks in school hours.

I propose then, in order to illustrate the wealth of materials which lies ready to the hand of an energetic teacher, to take the district in which I live. I will take a radius of four miles from the school gates, because that is a distance well within the range of the

elder children. Our district is in North Buckinghamshire, and with the exception of Claydon House there is no place of any great interest within my circle. The objects I shall mention are quite small and unimportant, and such as can be found, I fancy, in any district by those who look. Starting, then, with the village itself, and describing that more fully than the outlying places, we have our church and our registers. There is nothing special about either of them, yet they might serve as the text for many an interesting lesson.

The first point to be noticed is the dedication. Our present dedication is St. John the Baptist, but the date of the club feast shows that the original dedication was St. Alban. Here, then, we have three illustrations of three distinct periods. The change of dedication illustrates a step in the process of the Reformation, namely the alteration of the dedications of our churches to biblical saints. The date of the club feast, twelve days after June 17, speaks of the alteration of the calendar. In passing, the teacher might show the children that our almanacs have forgotten to make the proper alteration for 1900. Old Christmas Day is no longer January 6, but January 7. Lastly the club feast itself is a survival of the old guild feasts, and might serve as a text for a lesson on the village guilds of the Middle Ages. With the present clubs existing in every village such a lesson could be easily made very interesting.

And then, naturally, the name St. Alban suggests the question, Why St. Alban? and we get a lesson on the planting of Christianity in England—how, starting from the great abbey, itinerating priests went through the forest preaching to the different settlements. As their converts grew in numbers, and grants of land were given to the Church, permanent buildings and a settled ministry took the place of the mission. At some distant period the Abbey of St. Albans received a grant of the manor of Granboro', and undertook to provide for the services. In one way their treatment of Granboro' was unusual; the monks appointed no vicar, but did the work themselves. A single large stone now stands in the chancel of the church: it is the only remains of a cell of St. Albans which used to stand in the village and which afforded a home for the brethren who said the offices at the church. There is also an alabaster representation of the three Maries, which probably was an altar-piece in the oratory of the cell.

The church itself is one of the many illustrations which still survive of the great burst of religious zeal of the thirteenth century, when the preaching of the friars set all England building and

restoring churches. The main form is Early English, with some remains of older work in the west doorway, while some Perpendicular windows tell of a later restoration.

As illustrations of the Middle Ages we have an almost unique fourteenth-century chrismatory, with places for the three oils of baptism, confirmation, and extreme unction. Outside the church there are also, on the outskirts of the village, traces of the old Pilgrims' Road running from Bath to Walsingham. The different names of this road recall its ancient purpose. In one place it is Ave Lane, corrupted into Hay Lane, in another Pulpit Lane, where the vicar of North Marston erected a pulpit for the benefit of the pilgrims. Later we have the registers, beginning at the proper date and running on without a break to the present time. There is nothing of special interest in the registers themselves. Nothing of great importance happened in the village. The Civil Wars seem to have passed it by. The only notice at all of them is in the appointment by the justices of a civil registrar in the place of the vicar during the Commonwealth. They show quite clearly, however, how a different practice used to obtain. Instead of baptisms and burials being entered at the time, the vicar must have kept a note of them, and had them entered by a clerk at the end of the year. The entries during that time are made in a beautiful hand, and are quite legible. Later on they are extremely confused, and it is almost impossible to read them.

Of Puritan times there is an ancient portable wooden font, holding about a pint of water. It is now in the last stage of decay, rotten and worm-eaten, and I fear cannot much longer be kept together. It stands at present at the east end of the church, under the only other trace of Puritan supremacy which still survives. Cut roughly on the east wall of the chancel are many names and initials, which cannot now be read, but which seem to me to be something more than the aimless carving of children. At any rate, two dates stand out clearly cut in several places, and those dates are 1649 and 1688. It seems to me that the suitability of placing a Puritan font beneath them is quite unquestionable.

Such is the material which is certainly at the disposal of the village schoolmaster, and which would undoubtedly, if properly used, serve to make interesting many lessons. It would bring home to the children how people who lived where they do, and of whom many of them are descendants, helped in some small degree to make the history which they read. They can see in the registers how gradually the present families became settled here, how some have been here three centuries, and many two.

They can see, too, in the village chest the old Enclosure Act and the first award, showing by the map how large a part of the land used to be common, and how every foot of land, except one tiny cottage, has changed hands in a hundred years.

All these are certain facts. There is also a doubtful tumulus on the top of the hill. It is called Mill Knob, and there is a tradition—quite possibly a true tradition, though I can find no proof—that the manor mill used to stand there. But I cannot but believe that, whether this is true or not, the Knob is an ancient tumulus. If so, there is another object of interest, and one far more ancient than any of the others. The great majority of these lessons can be taught from the school playground, with just a walk into the churchyard which borders it. For none of them is a walk of more than a quarter of a mile required. In this small circle we have illustrations of nearly every age of English history.

From the village there run four roads, one to each point of the compass. By an occasional walk of four miles in each direction we can greatly increase our store of illustrations.

If we take the southern road we come, within a mile, to North Marston, where lived as vicar Sir John Schorne, who built the pilgrims' pulpit. The church again is the centre of interest. The building itself is an almost perfect specimen of Perpendicular work, and it contains the chained books of Reformation times. It recalls at once days when books were rare and the love of reading great. There are the ancient priests' room, and one or two other smaller points which might be made of interest to the boys of that village, but which it would not be worth while to pause over on an historical walk. A mile further on we come to Oving, the original Saxon settlement on the highest point of the district. From the top of the hill a good teacher can explain and illustrate the Saxon conquest. He can show how they first seized a strong position and fortified it with a stockade, pointing out how Oving commands the district, and the traces of the stockade. He can go on to tell his class how they gradually spread out in a circle, leaving a triple ring of land for tillage, for pasture, and for forest, and how the villages round recall this custom in their names; how in one place they had their "cotts" and their "wicks," how in another Hoggston is the place of the two-year-old sheep, and Shipton the sheep barn. The church is interesting, but not very important. Within half a mile we come to Pitchcott, with its memories of run-away marriages, and Hardwick, which put an end to them, not two miles off, and clearly to be seen from the hill. Pitchcott speaks to us of the number of lepers

of former days, with its leper window and special stone desk from which the priest could read the office and give the Sacrament. The next stage brings us to Whitchurch, on the edge of our circle, with the London road running through it. Whitchurch is or was famous for three things: the sheep which fed there, the large number of families named Guess who lived there, and the very fine tower of the church, which can be seen for two or three miles on the road to the north. By these things there hangs a famous story. There was a man once who on his ride from Birmingham to London had noticed this tower for some time. About a mile from the village he met a labourer driving some sheep. He stopped and asked him the name of the church he noticed. "Whit (which) church," was the answer. After many times receiving the same reply the man got exasperated, and asked the labourer if he knew what he was doing. To his surprise the man said, "I be drivin' hogges." Thinking the man was a fool who did not know a sheep from a pig, he asked him if he knew his own name, and the man said "Guess." After telling him his opinion of him in the strongest language he went on to the village and made inquiries. There he found that it was Whitchurch, that hogges is the local word for sheep, that the man was Guess, and that if there was a fool it was not the labourer! Meanwhile the interest of Whitchurch centres in the remains of the ancient castle of Baalbec. Baalbec was famous in Norman days, and as it commanded the London road it must have given its lord many opportunities of taking toll. The site, with the entrance and the covered way to the water, can be plainly traced, and a lesson on Norman days given in the ancient keep would be a fitting termination to a most useful walk.

The walk on the eastern road is not quite so interesting. The villages lie at greater distance, so that only one and the edge of a second are within the radius. The walk is partly along the Pilgrims' Road, and there we are quite close to an ice-borne boulder discovered quite recently. Our limit brings us to Hoggeston, with its traces of a stockade and of the covered way to the water.

Four miles would not, I suppose, exhaust the energies of elder children, so that a picked class might push on another mile over the fields to Weslow. Weslow is full of interest. It carries us back to the Crusades and the military orders. At present it consists of but one house and a desecrated church used as a barn. But that house and barn were part of a preceptory of the Templars, to whom the manor belonged. The chapel contains some Norman and Transitional Norman work, and the house, with its moat and traces of

older buildings still, is very interesting. At the fall of the Templars, Weslow passed with the rest of the property to the Hospitallers, and later on still into the hands of the Crown. In the reign of Charles II. it was granted to Lord Clifford, and this reminds us of the Cabal.

On the west there is Claydon House, just within the radius, with its memories of the Verneys and of the Civil War. Claydon alone would provide, in its portraits and museum, materials for many a lesson. There is the famous Vandyck Charles I., and the standard-bearer whose chivalrous loyalty to his master overcame his real political convictions. We can see the old cavalier dress and armour, and are reminded how members of the same family were divided by the great crisis, father and son fighting on opposite sides. But the Verney Papers have been widely read, and there is no need to dwell on the many interests of the old house.

Turning lastly to the north, the road leads in a mile and a half to Winslow, where we have an illustration of the days of religious persecution. The ancient seventeenth-century Baptist chapel is the great interest of the place. The long zigzag from the town by which it is reached shows the precautions that the Nonconformists used to adopt. From the chapel a sentry could see the approach of magistrates or informers in time to allow the congregation to disperse. The look-out was not always well managed, for on one occasion William Keech was dragged out of the pulpit and pilloried in the market square. At Winslow also King Offa had a house or hunting box, which local legend calls a palace.

That these objects of interest might serve to make history interesting to the children of the district must be clear to anyone. At the present time they are not used, because there is nobody whose work it is to classify them and see that they are used. The committee of village managers has too narrow an outlook; the Board of Education has the care of too large an area.

In undertaking this work the new county authorities might find useful occupation. The area will be small enough to be manageable, large enough to make it worth while. It will be necessary first to appoint a committee to collect information as to objects of interest within the county, to classify them into districts and the periods they illustrate. Then it would be well to see which teachers in any district have the gift of making such open-air lessons useful and interesting, and to allot to each man a particular subject. With such information in the hands of the local authorities definite fixtures might be made, when all the schools of a district should be invited

to send some picked children for a lesson, say, at Claydon or Whitchurch. Next day these children might write an account of what they saw, and so the whole school might be interested by hearing the essays read. Later on, big field days might be arranged for a larger area at some place of exceptional interest. Tottenhoe, with its examples of every age, neolithic, British, Roman, and Saxon, is such a place, and many others could be found. Much of this will seem to the general reader visionary and impractical, but I am persuaded that only in such a way can history be really taught to our children. I believe that material is to be found in every district. I have shown that there is ample in one district that I know well. There is certainly as much in the only other two districts, that of Bridgwater in Somerset, and of Axminster in Devon, that I know at all intimately. I do not believe that these districts are in any way exceptional, or that I have met with any special good fortune in the districts in which I have spent my life.

The material then is available, the Code gives facilities for its use ; it remains for the local authorities to see that it is not wasted. Even at present an energetic manager can do much. It is within the power of the managers or of the School Board to select the subjects which shall be taught within the limits of the Code, and I have always found teachers most ready to fall in with any suggestions that a manager may make. Under the new system the opportunities will be greatly increased. My object in writing this paper is to endeavour to persuade the men who know the antiquities of their district that the new Act will give them opportunities of doing useful work. There is a danger that the county authority will efface itself as far as possible, and leave the local managers to do the work. The hope for the future is that the county authority will be composed of men disposed to magnify their office. Then we shall prevent the school from continuing to be mechanical in method and parochial in outlook.

The hope is, I confess, but faint. The work, if done, will be so great that it will be difficult to find in the county men of leisure and ability to really do it. But as a rule a Board is very conservative in practice. As it begins, it continues. Therefore, if we want to secure intelligent exercise of all its powers, it is necessary to make the first authority as strong as possible. To do that no stone must be left unturned at the first elections under the new Act.

ARTHUR E. T. NEWMAN.

VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD.¹

MARY ANNE EVANS, created Viscountess Beaconsfield, was the only daughter of John Evans, lieutenant R.N., and of Eleanor (*née*) Viney, his wife, who were married at Plymouth on September 16, 1788. There were issue of the marriage three children—namely, Mary Anne, born in 1789, James, who died in infancy, and John Viney, a posthumous child, born in the year 1794. John Viney Evans entered the army and died lieutenant-colonel of the 29th Worcester Regiment of Foot, on July 2, 1839. Lieutenant John Evans, R.N. (the father), died abroad on active service towards the end of the year 1793, or the beginning of 1794, and his widow subsequently married Thomas Yate, Esq., of Clifton. There was no issue of this second marriage. Mary Anne (the future Lady Beaconsfield) was also twice married—(1) to Wyndham Lewis, subsequently M.P. for Maidstone, and (2) Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. for the same borough. I shall presently fill in this outline with more detail, but this brief statement may be found convenient for occasional reference when comparing names and dates, now for the first time collectively published, with the information contained in the standard authorities; and will also assist the reader desirous of correcting the errors which have so long veiled the family history of Lady Beaconsfield.

The following extracts correctly show the present state of knowledge on the subject.

In the record made at the College of Arms on the issue of the patent of peerage, in the year 1868, Mary Anne, Viscountess Beaconsfield, is stated to have been the only surviving child and heir of John Viney Evans, Esq., commander in the Royal Navy.

The "Baronage of England" (Doyle) gives the following information: Mary Anne Disraeli, da. of Captain John Viney Evans, R.N., Viscountess Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield. B. Nov. 11, 1798; cr. Viscountess Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield Nov. 30, 1868; m.

¹ See "The Strange Story of Viscountess Beaconsfield," by Jas. Sykes, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1902.

(1) Wyndham Lewis, Esq., M.P., 1816; m. (2) Benjamin Disraeli, Esq., M.P., Aug. 28, 1839; d. Dec. 15, 1872.

The "Complete Peerage of England," &c. (edited by G. E. C.), published in 1887, states: "Beaconsfield, Viscountess, 1868 to 1872. . . . She was a posthumous daughter of John Evans, otherwise Viney-Evans (paternally Viney), commander R.N., some time of Exeter, by his cousin Eleanor Scrope, daughter of the Rev. James Viney, B.C.L., sometime of Gloucester. By the death of her only brother, Col. Viney-Evans, commanding the 29th Regt., she became heir to her uncle, General Sir James Viney, of Taynton Manor, co. Gloucester, K.C.H. and C.B. She married *firstly*, in 1816, Wyndham Lewis, of Pantgwynlass Castle, co. Glamorgan, sometime M.P. for Maidstone, who died *s.p.* March 14, 1838. She married *secondly*, at St. George's, Hanover Square, on August 28, 1839, Benjamin Disraeli, whose political success she made her prime study. She died *s.p.* 1872, aged 76, at Hughenden, Bucks, and was buried there, when the peerage became extinct."

A note is appended with reference to her Ladyship's age, given above as 76, as follows: "So in register of death. In the obituary to 'Whitaker's Almanac' it is 83, while (*per contra*) the date of Nov. 11, 1798, has been assigned to her, which would make her two years younger than her husband (in the said register) stated her to have been."

The uncertainty which surrounded the parentage and birth of Lady Beaconsfield left the biographers of her illustrious husband, and other writers usually well-informed, in a state of doubt; but the true story of her Ladyship's parentage is soon told. On both sides she was respectable, and on the maternal side wealthy. She was descended on her mother's side from the Vineys,¹ lords of the manor of Taynton and proprietors of the Willington Court Estate at Sandhurst, near the city of Gloucester, from about the end of the seventeenth century. The Willington Court Estate continued in the family until 1829, and Taynton manor and estates until after the death of General Sir James Viney, when they were sold peremptorily by order of Mrs. Benjamin Disraeli. This was in 1844, and the reason for the sale will hereafter appear. The pedigree of the Viney family used for this article is taken from the abstract of title to the Willington Court Estate, sold in 1829 by Colonel James Viney; and from this document we learn that William Viney, the

¹ The arms of the Vineys are argent, a cluster of grapes with stalk truncated proper. Ruöder's *Gloucester*, *sub* Little Taynton. Monuments to the Viney family are preserved in the Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral.

maternal great-grandfather of Lady Beaconsfield, was the son of John Viney, the first purchaser of the estate, and that he was twice married. James Viney (her Ladyship's grandfather) was the eldest son of the second marriage; and he married on February 6, 1758, Sarah Powell, of Boyton, Wilts (widow). He was in holy orders, and at the date of his marriage was Vicar of Bishopstrow, co. Wilts; afterwards he resided at Bath. There were issue of the marriage one son, James, afterwards General Sir James Viney, and four daughters; the youngest, Eleanor, the elder of twins, became the mother of Mary Anne Evans, the future Lady Beaconsfield. The Viney family held county rank in Gloucester, and the marriage settlements and other documents executed from time to time show that whilst the sons inherited the estates in succession the daughters were well dowered.

Of John Evans, father of the future Lady Beaconsfield, less can now be traced with certainty. He was the son of John Evans, a small farmer of Brampford Speke, four and a half miles from the city of Exeter. Like many lads of his class in South Devon he preferred the sea to the land, and in the year 1771, being then about eleven years of age, shipped on board H.M.S. "Alarm" as captain's servant. He served as able seaman, midshipman's and master's mate, and ranked as midshipman on February 23, 1781, after ten years' active service. He passed an examination, and on August 2, 1781, received his lieutenant's commission. He was a seaman, and his record down to this time shows that he was actively employed, and could have spent very little time at Brampford Speke.¹ Six years after receiving his commission he married. The story of his courtship has not been preserved. The bride was an orphan, her father dying in the year 1767, in his thirty-eighth year, and her mother (who executed a voluntary settlement seven years afterwards) at a date unknown. The twin sisters, Eleanor and Bridget, were married by license on September 16, 1788, in the parish church of Charles, Plymouth—Eleanor to Lieutenant John Evans, and Bridget to Lieutenant Mann, in the East India Company's service; and the only contemporary comment on the event is preserved in the files of the "Exeter Flying Post," the brides being crisply described as "agreeable young ladies with hand-

¹ The altered conditions of the Navy make the examiners' certificate curious reading. The examiners certify that John Evans can "splice, knot, reef a sail, work a ship in sailing, keep a reckoning of a ship's way by plain sailing and Mercator, observe by sun or star, and find the variations of the compass, and is qualified to do the duty of an able seaman and midshipman."

some fortunes." The "European Magazine" announced the marriage of Lieutenant Evans, but gave the wrong month. In the marriage certificate John Evans is described as "lieutenant, of this parish" (Charles), and Eleanor Viney as "spinster, of the parish of St. Andrew." The bride was twenty-three and the bridegroom about thirty years of age. The marriage settlement executed on the previous day discloses the actual position of the contracting parties as regards wealth. John Evans brought nothing into settlement, but the bride settled £5,300, her one-third share of the fortune inherited from her mother, and "expectations," the deeds reciting that Eleanor Viney "hath great expectations of becoming possessed of considerable other fortune from her aunt, Mary Anne Viney, of the city of Gloucester, spinster, and otherwise." The trustees of the settlement were Edmund Lambert, of Boyton, Wilts, Esq., and Ambrose Kent, of Berkley, Somerset, D.D. The bridegroom was apparently unsupported at the wedding and its preliminaries by any member of his own family. The introduction of the name of "Scrope"—Eleanor Scrope—given¹ to the bride by the "English Peerage," before quoted, can only be accounted for by the fact that Richard Scrope, of Castle Combe, Wilts, D.D., was one of the trustees of a voluntary settlement made by Sarah Viney (the bride's mother) in 1774, seven years after the death of the Rev. James Viney, the bride's father. The statement that John Evans, "otherwise Viney-Evans (paternally Viney), commander R.N., married "his cousin Eleanor Scrope" is in the last degree fanciful. The newly married couple settled in the city of Exeter. There were issue of the marriage one daughter and two sons, of whom Mary Anne, the future Lady Beaconsfield, and John Viney, posthumously born, survived.

John Evans was duly promoted first lieutenant, joined H.M.S. "Ceres" in January 1793, and died abroad in active service. The date of death is, however, uncertain, his name appearing in the "muster roll" after he was officially "discharged from the service" as "dead." The "Ceres," Captain R. Inceldon, 220 men, was one of the Leeward Islands squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir John Jervis, and one of the incidents of her voyage was to assist the troops at Cul-de-Sac François in reducing brigands in Martinique. There is no note of any casualty to Lieutenant Evans, but the "Ceres" was soon after ordered with a supply of arms to Bermuda, "to endeavour to recover her men from malignant fever." Lieutenant Evans is officially marked "dead" in the "discharge" columns on the ship's books, on April 17, 1794; but, as letters of administration were duly granted to his widow on May 26 following,

this is evidently an error, as a reasonable time must be allowed for the despatches from the "Ceres" to have reached England, for an Admiralty notification to the widow of her husband's death, and for the necessary legal preliminaries before the letters of administration were granted. The end of the year 1793, or the commencement of 1794, is therefore probably the date of Lieutenant Evans's decease. In the document at Somerset House John Evans is described as late of the city of Exeter and lieutenant on board H.M.S. "Ceres": his goods, chattels, and other effects passed to his widow, the whole being sworn under £600. Much confusion has arisen, and identity been seemingly obscured, through the assumption that the father of Lady Beaconsfield attained the rank of "commander" or "captain" in the Royal Navy, and that at some time of his life he adopted the name of Viney, or that he was born Viney and added the patronymic Evans, becoming Viney-Evans. How and when the error arose it is now useless to enquire. Mrs. Evans resided at Exeter for some years after her widowhood. In a deed executed by her on March 7, 1799, she is described as "of the city of Exeter, widow." She probably remained in Devon until after the decease of her late husband's parents at Brampton Speke in the year 1807, when she married Thomas Yate, Esq., and removed to Park Street, Bristol.

Lady Beaconsfield was introduced to her first husband, Wyndham Lewis, Esq., at Clifton, and married at the parish church there on December 22, 1815, in the presence of her uncle, General Sir James Viney, and A. Yates. The date of this marriage is wrongly given in the "Baronage" and "Peerage" as having taken place in the year 1816. The bride was in her twenty-sixth year, not "in her teens," as stated by the writer of the memoir in the "Times" after her Ladyship's decease. Her mother was twenty-three when married, and it may be noted in passing, as a trait of the Viney ladies, that when they did not die spinsters they married at mature age. Wyndham Lewis was thirteen years his wife's senior. In the language of the day the marriage was a brilliant one for the bride, who, though having no separate estate, became the wife of a gentleman descended from the historic Lewis family of the Van of Glamorgan, the owner of Greenmeadow, near Cardiff, the prospective owner of Pantgwynlass Castle, in South Wales, the possessor of a town house in Hyde Park, with an abundance of ready cash at his banker's for sound investments in landed estates. He was not then in Parliament, but held the rank of major in the Glamorganshire militia, and was a barrister-at-law by profession. Miss Evans owed her marriage to her own personal attractions, and a certain conversational piquancy and dash

which never entirely forsook her. On her husband's side the marriage, founded in affection, ripened into esteem and confidence in her good judgment. She took an active part in his political career when representing Cardiff in 1820, canvassed the "free and independent" voters of Maidstone with gold, after the manner of the times, and mixed freely with the *bon ton* of her day. She inherited a capacity for business, and it may be assumed that she advised her husband in money matters, since she took credit to herself for sanctioning an expenditure of £40,000 in electioneering expenses; and it is the fact that her husband, soon after marriage, invested a considerable sum by way of mortgage on the Viney estate at Taynton. This investment, we shall presently see, is the foundation for the statement in the "Peerage" quoted that she succeeded to Taynton Manor as heir to her uncle, General Sir James Viney. As a matter of fact the gallant General sold the Willington Court estate in 1829, and mortgaged the Taynton estate to Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Mr. Lewis died suddenly in 1838, and by his will, a model for brevity, he left the whole of the income arising from his real and personal estate to his "dear wife for life," the property passing after her death to his brother, the Rev. William Prince Lewis, and his heirs, in whose behalf trusts were created. No greater test of affection for a wife and of confidence in her judgment and capacity for the transaction of business and general management could be shown by a husband than was evidenced by Mr. Lewis, who left his widow free to marry without loss of income, and to act as she chose without the slightest penalty.

The second chapter of her Ladyship's married life opens with her marriage to Benjamin Disraeli, her first husband's colleague in the representation of Maidstone, at St. George's, Hanover Square, on August 28, 1839. Her first introduction to Mr. Disraeli took place at Bulwer Lytton's, and the incident is narrated in a "home letter" to Miss Disraeli, under date April 1832. Mr. Disraeli wrote: "I was introduced 'by particular desire' to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me that she 'liked silent, melancholy men.' I answered 'that I had no doubt about it.'" The next year he met "Joseph Bonaparte and his beautiful daughter," and the same season he went to a *déjeuner* at the Wyndham Lewises' after a review in Hyde Park. There are a few other references to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis throughout the published letters, but no reliable sources from which to draw the story of Mr. Disraeli's wooing. We, however, know

that when Mrs. Lewis was free to marry and accepted him she was, for a widow in her fiftieth year, in an enviable position, having, in addition to a large annual income from her late husband's estate, "expectations" from her mother, whose sole heir she became on the death of her brother shortly before her second marriage.¹ Her mother (Eleanor Yate) is described in her will, executed shortly before death, as of Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, and she bequeathed the whole of her real and personal estate to her dear daughter Mary Anne, the wife of Benjamin Disraeli, Esq., M.P., to her absolute use and benefit. The will is attested by William Rose, surgeon, and Ann Viney, spinster.

The story that Lady Beaconsfield became the heir to General Sir James Viney, her uncle, on the death of her only brother is founded, as already stated, on the sale of the Taynton manor and estates by her, three years after her second marriage—not as heir, but as one of the executors appointed by her first husband's will. I have already stated that Mr. Wyndham Lewis took a mortgage on the Taynton property, and it may now be added that in 1842 Mrs. Benjamin Disraeli sold the estate under power of sale in the mortgage deed. It has been erroneously stated that Mrs. Disraeli gave the Taynton estate to her husband, and also that she sold it and handed the proceeds to his numerous creditors; but the fact is that the bulk of the purchase money realised by the compulsory sale was invested in the names of Mrs. Disraeli and two other trustees, and held on the trusts of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's will. In connection with this sale a tradition survives in Gloucester that Mr. Disraeli attended the auction mart in the city of London, and that the purchaser (Mr. Laslett, M.P.) paid the money subsequently in cash to a Mr. Lovegrove (sometime Mrs. Disraeli's agent for the receipt of rents arising from property leased by the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester), who was requested by Mr. Disraeli to take charge of it for the night. This circumstantial narrative is a myth. Mr. Disraeli was not present either at the sale or the completion of the purchase; and there is in existence a note in Mr. Laslett's handwriting, endorsed by Mr. Lovegrove, showing how and to whom the purchase money was paid; and this memorandum records that the gold and silver coins amounted only to £9 11s. 3d., that there was £600 in notes, and that the balance consisted of various cheques. The whole was paid to Mr. Lovegrove at the office of Loftus & Young,

¹ Lieut.-Colonel John Viney Evans died on July 2, 1839, in his forty-fifth year. The tombstone in Kensal Green states: "This inscription was raised to his memory by his affectionate sister, Mary Anne Lewis."

solicitors, New Inn. Another local tradition respecting Mr. Disraeli also turns out to have had a mythical origin. At Llandaff, the tiniest city in Britain, is an old-fashioned inn known by the quaint name of the "Cow and Snuffers"; it is said that Mr. Disraeli stayed at this picturesque hostelry during his frequent visits to Pantgwynlass Castle, and a chair, called "Mr. Disraeli's chair," was exhibited there as the one in which he was accustomed to sit. The following extract from a private letter disposes of the chair myth :

"We took a journey to Llandaff, but were disappointed at finding no chair such as you speak of. The proprietor of the 'Cow and Snuffers' said people had put that story about, but as a matter of fact *Mr. Disraeli had never sat in it, nor even seen it*. He had stayed at the inn once, and a great many people paid a visit there in consequence. . . We had a nice little outing over the matter, and 'Have you seen the chair?' became quite a joke with our party."

By her second marriage Mrs. Disraeli apparently lost her right and title to the privy which she had enjoyed as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, and society, which had delighted to invest her husband with everything unconventional and much that was outlandish and grotesque, turned its delicate attentions upon her. A rich widow, attractive though eccentric, with piercingly brilliant eyes, a sharp tongue, impulsive but of good judgment, became an irresistible target. She was, in truth, older than her husband, but "dressed young." Society, drawing largely upon its own experience in such matters, found a sufficient motive for the marriage on Mr. Disraeli's part, and then became curious as to his wife's age, a secret which a delicate instinct enabled her to preserve. Thirteen years younger than her first, she was fifteen years older than her second husband, the respective ages of Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli at the date of marriage being thirty-five and fifty. This difference in age, which at first may have been sufficiently marked, was certainly not very apparent thirty years later, when I saw them at a local flower show. Apart each was conspicuous, and together it was impossible to pass them without notice. My own recollection of the appearance of the great statesman and her Ladyship on this occasion is very vivid. Political life pursued with intensity, and repeated attacks of gout, effaced the first observed distinctions of age, and at times even reversed them, for I have seen Mr. Disraeli look genuinely older than his wife. According to Sir William Fraser society was unable to satisfy itself on the point of Mrs. Disraeli's age. A specimen of the speculations of the day is preserved by him, and his note may be regarded as authentic, because he himself took part in

the conversation.¹ He says ("Disraeli and his Day") that the question of Mrs. Disraeli's age was one of the most interesting circumstances in relation to Mr. Disraeli to one-half the human race. In the course of a drive with Lady Jersey and Lady C. V. this conversation took place :

"Lady C. V. said to me, 'Do you know how old Mrs. Disraeli is?' 'No,' Lady C. said. 'She is eighty.' 'Impossible!' 'She is.' Lady Jersey then said, 'Yes, she is eighty. I know it by the date of my own marriage.' Lady C.'s remark might have been that of a young lady of whom, I think, Mrs. Disraeli was not fond ; but Lady Jersey, who was a matter-of-fact woman, spoke as if she was absolutely certain. Mrs. Disraeli died nine years later."

At the time of this conversation she was seventy-four, not eighty.

The parentage of Mrs. Disraeli was also a fruitful source of speculation. Everything relating to the paternity of this remarkable woman was, singularly enough, uncertain. The story was circulated that she was of lowly origin, first of all educated at the expense of and then married by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. I should not have referred to this slander but for the fact that Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare repeats it on the authority of the venerable and respectable Mrs. Duncan Stewart, whose acquaintance with the Disraelis soon after marriage ripened into personal friendship ; and I should even now hesitate to perpetuate the story by quoting it, but I think I have traced it to its origin, and am able to say that Mrs. Duncan Stewart confused an incident in the life of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and innocently misled Mr. Hare when describing Lady Beaconsfield as originally a factory girl. Mrs. Duncan Stewart told Mr. Hare that "Mr. Lewis first saw her going to her factory, beautiful and with bare feet. He educated and then married her, died, and left her very rich, and then she married Disraeli." What Mrs. Duncan Stewart may have heard was that Mr. Wyndham Lewis had a daughter by a young and beautiful factory girl whom he educated ; for it is true that Mr. Lewis had a natural daughter, married and residing in Ireland at the date of his death, on whom he settled an

¹ Sir William is, however, not trustworthy when dealing with matters which he did not take the trouble to investigate. In his book *Disraeli and his Day* he says, p. 373 : "The circumstances of Disraeli's marriage were these : Mr. Wyndham Lewis, a man in business and rich, had left his widow £5,000 a year for life ; the best situated house in London, in Park Lane, close to Grosvenor Gate, with the curious addition of coals and candles, &c." Had Sir William consulted the will, he would have found that the life interest in his estate was left to his widow in general terms, and that no mention was made either of £5,000 a year or "coals and candles."

annuity of £60 free from the control of her then or any future husband. This story about Lady Beaconsfield's origin was widely circulated years before Mr. Hare published it in his reminiscences ; and the public found it very difficult to reconcile the beautiful factory girl in her teens married by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in 1815 with the rich but aged widow married in 1839 to Mr. Disraeli. Though the two versions did not harmonise, both survived.

The third and last chapter in the history of this remarkable woman opens with her creation as a peeress in her own right on May 30, 1868, with the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield. Her illustrious husband, laying the honours and dignities of his Premiership at the feet of his Sovereign, solicited no reward for himself except such as came to him by reflected glory from titled rank to his wife, then in her seventy-ninth year. The nation then learnt, and learnt even more fully after the death of Earl Beaconsfield, how supremely happy had been the wedded life of the great statesman, who spoke and wrote of his wife as "perfect," and whose home had been consecrated by love. It added to the dignity of the title that Lady Beaconsfield was the oldest commoner ever created a peeress in her own right by a British sovereign. When she died in 1872, in the eighty-third year of her age, her devoted husband mourned her alone ; and when the time came for him to lay down his earldom he deprived himself of national obsequies and a tomb in Westminster Abbey in order to rest side by side with his faithful and well-beloved counsellor, friend, and wife.

I have arranged chronologically a few of the published variations in the name, paternity, and description of Lady Beaconsfield.

- 1815. Newspaper advertisement of first marriage : " Mary Anne, only daughter of the late John Evans, Esq., of Brampford Speke, Devon.
- 1835. "Parliamentary Pocket Companion" (Dod's), *sub* Lewis Wyndham : "Married Mary Anne, only daughter of the late John Evans, Esq., of Branceford Park, Devonshire." No residence or estate known as Branceford Park at any time is now discoverable in Devon.
- 1841. *Sub* Disraeli, Benjamin : "Married Mary Anne, d. of J. Evans, Esq."
- 1865. Same authority issued during the seventh Parliament of the Queen : "Married Marian, d. of Capt. Viney Evans, R.N., and niece of General Sir James Viney, K.C.B., of Taynton Manor, Gloucestershire, and widow of Wyndham Lewis, Esq., M.P."

1867. Christian name altogether omitted.

1869. The words, "She was created Viscountess of Beaconsfield," added.

1873. The words, "died in 1872," added.

1877. *Sub* Beaconsfield (Peers): "Married d. of John Viney Evans, Esq., R.N."

In its obituary article the "Times" of December 16, 1872, says the late Viscountess was "the daughter of Mr. John Evans of Brampford Speke, Devon, but had inherited the bulk of her fortune as heiress of her uncle, Sir James Viney, of Taynton Manor, Gloucestershire." These numerous changes in the name, paternity, and place of origin on the father's side afforded an embarrassing choice to the writers of biographical memoirs, and I should not have been able to write this still imperfect sketch of Lady Beaconsfield with so much detail but for the kindness of correspondents who desire to remain unknown; but through them I have been able to add a valuable chapter to national biography, and to show that our standard works of reference require revision in many important particulars.

I have shown that Viscountess Beaconsfield was not the daughter of John Viney Evans, commander or captain R.N., but that she was the daughter of John Evans, lieutenant R.N., and of Eleanor (*née*) Viney—not Eleanor Scrope—his wife.

That the Viscountess was not a posthumous child. Her brother was posthumous.

That she was not first married in 1816, as stated in the "Baronage" and "Peerage," but on December 22, 1815.

That she was not heir to the Taynton manor and estates, but sold them as executor under the powers of sale contained in the mortgage to Mr. Wyndham Lewis.

The story of the very lowly origin of the Viscountess Beaconsfield dies a natural death on the publication of the facts contained in this article.

J. HENRY HARRIS.

THE FORS OF BÉARN.

THE Fors of Béarn consist of the Old For, or For Général, the For of Morlaas, the For of Oloron, and the Fors of the valleys of Ossau-Aspe and Baretous. Besides these there is the New For of Henri II., published in 1551. The former are of especial interest as affording material, in the shape of customs, statutes, and judicial decisions between the years 1080 and 1288, for placing side by side with like material of nearly three centuries' later date. Somewhat similar opportunity is furnished in the case of the Old and New Customs of Bayonne and those also of Bordeaux, the comparison of which in each instance throws much light upon the nature of the changes brought about by the action of time, both in the public and also in the private life of an insulated people. The use of the comparative method in all three examples alike illustrates a great truth, viz. : that the maxims *Natura non facit saltum*, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, and *Rien ne se perd* are of as certain application in Social as in Natural Science.

Another justification for the research here advocated is that but a single edition exists of the Old Fors of Béarn, and that this edition, edited by Mazure and Hatoulet, and published at Pau about the year 1840, was taken from one MS. only. Since then three other MSS. have come to light, one² containing various hitherto unedited additions to the Fors, and in especial a Gloss that is helpful in explaining some of the difficulties encountered by the compilers of the *editio princeps*. Furthermore, M. Laferrière has since written an essay on these Fors in the *Recueil de l'Académie de*

¹ Balasque, *Etudes*, "Hist. de la Ville de Bayonne," tom. ii. p. 354 : "Les établissements bayonnais reflètent le droit de Justinien, tandis que les Coutumes vieux, débris des temps écoulés, gardent l'empreinte de tous les milieux sociaux dont nos contrées subirent l'influence depuis le droit de Rome jusqu'aux usages des scandinaves et anglo-normands."

² *Archives Basses-Pyrénées*, c. 677 (*bis*) (15th century), called "Mourot's MS."

Législation de Toulouse,¹ and M. Blandin also a brochure² upon the same subject-matter. With such additional materials at hand as these, it is obviously desirable to increase our knowledge of customs so remarkable as are the Fors of Béarn, and to show how they differ not only from Roman and Germanic law, but also from the *Forum Judicum* by reason of the absence of those overwhelming ecclesiastical influences which operated in the latter case, and further by reason of the effect of the feudal system that in a marked degree characterises even the most ancient portions of the Fors that we have now under consideration.

In a short article such as the present nothing more than a general outline from the comparative point of view can be attempted of the *esprit des Fors*, in determining which too much weight must not be given³ to the opinions expressed by Marca, inasmuch as they are not always quite correct. Indeed, the ground covered is for the most part virgin, which *devirginare* is the primary object of this study, and much "allowance may fairly be claimed for the first essay in an untilled field."⁴

COURTS OF JUSTICE.

The Fors of Béarn are the customs of a people composed of Germans, Basques, Kelts, and Gallo-Romans, as affected by the Roman Law, known to them through the Theodosian Code and the Breviary of Alaric. In these Fors a modified feudality is plainly seen, as in the existence side by side of the Court of the Sovereign and the courts of his nobles. Such nobles were: (a) the twelve barons of Béarn, who, with the Bishops of Lescar and Oloron, and presided over by the Sovereign, constituted the Cour Majour; (b) the Cavers (or Chevaliers), who in each Vic (*vicus*) or Canton had a court of their own, which took cognisance of the affairs of the (c) Domengers or third order, almost every one of whom had his court in his *domenjadure* or estate. Each had *droit* and *ley* (*amende*) over the men of his *compagnie et de son pain, qui font droit et loi en sa main*.⁵ Subsequently to the fourteenth century the Cour Majour was presided over by a Sénéchal nominated by the Sovereign (Seigneur Majeur), who had to be *persona grata* to the barons.⁶ In this court Cavers were tried, and also

¹ Tom. v. (1856), pp. 323-349.

² *Vignancour*, Pau, 1856, p. 51.

³ *Histoire du Béarn*, Paris, 1640, in fol.

⁴ Mercier's *Psychology*, 1901, p. viii.

⁵ *Old For*, Rubr. xxix. Art. 59.

⁶ *Manière de mander à la Cour* (A.D. 1337), Art. 8. Articles agreed with are rather of Gaston Phœbus. See Faget de Baure, *Essais*, p. 274.

Domengers in serious criminal cases. It further had seisin of questions of status (*gentillesse o de cap d'omi*). It was through the medium of this court that *gorrea gourregade* (*guerra guerroyante*) or private war between nobles was attempted to be put down, when *trêves de Dieu* did not succeed in that regard. The Cour Majour, which was modelled upon that of the Ricosombres of Navarre (Fors of Navarre, 1074), was the bulwark of the liberties of the subject in Béarn, and regulations for its management were wont from time to time to be agreed between the Sovereign and his people. Such regulations were insisted upon on many occasions, as in Art. 19 of the Articles of 1436,¹ which form one of the additions to the Fors given in Mourot's manuscript, to which Mazure and Hatoulet had not access. Here we find it expressly provided that "the Viscount shall not hold Court or give audience except in Cour Majour."² Cadier³ well shows that it was Gaston Phœbus who first discountenanced sittings of the Cour Majour, quoting Froissart in support of this view; and there can be no doubt that under Jeanne d'Albret it fell completely into desuetude. Nevertheless, for the next two centuries or so the people, in their various *Cahiers de Grièfs*, clamoured for its restitution, though without effect. And so it came about that under the New For of Henri II.,⁴ instead of the barons of Béarn sitting in Cour Majour, forming the High Court of that country, which now existed only in name, four judges were appointed by the Sénéchal to go on assize, and to sit as a Court of Appeal in its place. Thus the judicial power got out of the hands of the nobles and passed into those of the Sovereign, and this change was not impeded in any way by the action of Churchmen, who had practically abandoned by degrees the joint hold they once had upon the general jurisdiction⁵ of the country, through purchasing the right to establish separate courts for the trial of ecclesiastical matters. In the palmy days of the Cour Majour two bishops sat along with the twelve barons, and the Caperaa or priest in each court of the Vic. These latter were then presided over by a Bayle, who, as in the case of the Assises de Jérusalem, had no voice in the deliberations that took place therein. The people were always jealous of

¹ Articles agreed with Gaston XI. when a minor.

² Cf. *Old For*, Rubr. xxi. Art. 39, and *Rénovation de Cour Majour*, Art. 3.

³ *États de Béarn*, Paris, Imp. Nat. 1788, pp. 117, 361.

⁴ *New For*, Rubr. *de Cour Majour*: *Rev. de l'Acad. de Lég.*, Toulouse, vol. vi., p. 331.

⁵ *Rénovation*, Art. 4.; and *Articles of 1436*, Art. 4. See Faget de Baure, *Essaies*, p. 306.

their right that each man should be tried in the court of his Vic,¹ and this circumstance eventually brought about the establishment of assizes, in which judges nominated by the Sovereign, and not nobles or elected judges, finally presided alone. In this way the judicial power became concentrated in the hands of the Sovereign, while that great safeguard of the liberty of the subject, the Cour Majour, lost its influence, and at the same time the authority and influence of the Church and the nobles waned, as has now been sufficiently explained. During this progressive change the judicial combat lost its vogue, and the testimony of witnesses came by slow degrees to be accepted by lay courts, as it had for some time been in those of the churchmen, while the money penalties, which resulted from all crimes, got at length wholly into the hands of the Sovereign, and so ceased to be a source of wealth to the feudal lords.

Besides the various tribunals already mentioned, there existed another, namely that of the Prudhommes, or Arbitrators, from which there was an appeal to that of the Bon Baron,² in which the Sovereign used to sit as Moderator, and arrange there the differences of his subjects. From this latter court again there was an appeal to the Cour Majour. The principles laid down by the Fors upon which justice was to be administered by the Sovereign were that he was to uphold their provisions *contre tous et contre lui-même*, and ever to execute justice in favour of the poor man just as in that of the rich, and of the rich as in that of the poor. No fines were to be taken until after the complainant's claim had been satisfied, while no one was to be kept in custody who had a house or who could give bail for the amount claimed, together with the appropriate fines. Besides all this, it was expressly provided³ that the Sénéchal should see to the administration of justice throughout the whole of the land, that everyone should be tried in the court of his Vic or district,⁴ and when summoned to appear before the Cour Majour be guaranteed freedom of arrest by the Sovereign, and fed and housed by him if detained for more than a single day.⁵

No such regulations are expressly laid down in the New For, and we find many more instances of class privileges in it than under the earlier régime. For example, under it the clergy and nobles were

¹ *Old For*, Rubr. vi. Art. 2, and Rubr. ix. Art. 16.

² *For de Morlaas*, Rubr. xxxiii. ; *Rénovation*, Art. 20.

³ *Rénovation*, Art. 4, "Form of Oath of Sovereign"; *Manière*, Art. 8. See *Privileges et Réglamens*, pp. 4, 8.

⁴ *Old For*, Rubr. vi. Art. 2, and Rubr. ix. Art. 16.

⁵ *Ibid.* Rubr. iii. Arts. 4, 5.

exempted from taxation,¹ and strict game laws were instituted, while the Sovereign gained power at the expense of his subjects, noble and simple alike. Under the Old For² the relation between the Sovereign and his people was that of an onerous contract, the Sovereign swearing the first to maintain his people's liberties, in that resembling the custom in Navarre.³ Subsequently to the New For, although the Sovereign still stated that he would respect his subjects' liberties, the contractual notion became merged in that of acts of grace and favour. In like manner under the older *régime*, when a judge, who was a baron of Béarn, committed an injustice, as when he "ordered a man to pay who could not pay," "Il fut destitué de ses fonctions de juge, lui un des douze (barons) de Béarn."⁴ Later on, the judges appointed by the Sovereign too often safeguarded his interests at the expense of those of his people.⁵ In the old days security had to be given, as we have already said, when the defendant had no house; and although when the Sovereign was plaintiff he had the right of *ravage*—that is, of burning his subject's house and cutting down his vines—until the defendant did give security (*caution*), yet when it was given the matter had to be heard and decided the same day. After *Ordalies* and the judicial combat got out of date, delays increased and complaints were being perpetually preferred against the growing tendency of this abuse. It must not be supposed, however, that either of these forms of proof was as brutally carried out in Béarn as elsewhere. These *Ordalies* by fire and water were usually undergone in or near a church, under the direction of the clergy, as at St. Pé de Bigorre, and thus got gradually deprived of somewhat of their extreme rigour. Moreover, judicial combats, being divided into three sorts, viz. those on horseback with sword, on foot with lance, dagger, and shield, and also those with staves, and the challenged having the choice of weapons, these methods of proof were less unfair than such as took place elsewhere at the same epoch.⁶ As good an instance as any other of the older state of things is

¹ *New For*, Rubr. i. Art. 22; *ibid.* Rubr. xlix. Art. 3; *ibid.* Rubr. des *Estats*, Art. 3.

² *For of Ossau* (1221), Art. 1.

³ Lagrèze, *Navarre Fran.* ii. p. 27. Cf. Preamble to *Old Customs of Bayonne*, Bologne, *op. cit.* ii. p. 356.

⁴ *For de Morlaas*, Rubr. cxxxi. Art. 350.

⁵ "Au xvi^e siècle le progrès s'arrête. . . . Le pouvoir seigneurial va s'affermir à leurs dépens" (*i.e. des États*), Cadier, *op. cit.* p. 372.

⁶ See Montesquieu (*Esp. des Lois*, xx. 19) as to what used to be done at Bourges; and Beaumanoir, *Cout. de Beauvais*, p. 203.

afforded by the Introduction to the Old For of Béarn, which was suppressed in the reformed edition of Henri II., the preamble of which was directed to show that Béarn was an hereditary monarchy. "Of yore," it says, "there was no lord in Béarn. Then the people heard praise of a Chevalier de Bigorre, and they went and sought him out and made him King for one year. But he did not will to maintain them in their Fors and Customs. So the Court of Béarn assembled at Pau, and required him to maintain the people in their Fors and Customs. But as he willed not so to do, they slew him in the Court. Afterwards they heard praise of a wise Chevalier in Auvergne, and went and found him, and made him their lord for two years. Afterwards he waxed over-bold, and would not keep them in their Fors and Customs. Thereupon the Court caused him to be slain at the bridge of Saranch by an esquire, who smote him such a blow with his sword that the sword came out at his back. Now the name of that esquire was Sentonge."¹ While the New For begins thus: "The inhabitants of the Lordship and Principality of Béarn have from the beginning ruled themselves by Fors and Customs. Now, in order to keep them in Liberty, and for the purpose of making the same observed, they elected one after the other various Chevaliers as their Lords. The first came from Bigorre, the second from Auvergne, while the third was the son of the Prince of Catalonia, who reigned over them and maintained them in their Fors, Customs, and Liberties. According to these did he minister justice, and after him his descendants in order, and by hereditary succession."

PENAL LAW AND PROCEDURE.

The root-idea of justice in the early days of Béarn was equality of treatment for all classes, along with pecuniary reparation for personal injuries to the party injured, and likewise to the lord. When the culprit could not afford to make reparation himself, it was furnished by the place in which the deed was done. Corporal punishment was reserved for grave and rare offences, such as for the murder of a jurat in court and for rape. Also for the third theft the culprit might be hanged, as likewise for sacrilege and highway robbery—at all events after A.D. 1288. Libel, slander, and cheating at play were punished by a day in the pillory, but justification could

¹ "The new edition of Customs made subsequently to the Ordonnance of 1453, which were even then very different from the earlier ones, resembled but in name those of which they took the place."—*Nouv. Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions*, tom. x. p. 726.

be pleaded in the case of the two first of these offences. We find only two instances of brutality in punishment, namely, in the case of the murderer who could not pay, and in that of the forger. The one was burned alive beneath his victim, and the other driven out of the town with the forged instrument nailed to his forehead. Other instances of punishment are the fine of three hundred sols Morlaas for killing, eighteen sols for grievous wounding, and six for simple assault. Under the New For the punishment for forgery was reduced to being whipped out of the town with the forged instrument tied to the head, followed by exile for a year and a day.

But it is in the procedure that the greatest difference is to be noted as civilisation increased. Whereas private wars used to take place both between nobles and bourgeois, these gradually died out. When such combats did not take place the complainant justified by his own oath and that of three others, and the accused did the same. In the older period, if the complainant bore marks of the violence complained of and deposed against a man, or if he could bring a jurat to testify to the truth of his charge, no justification was possible. But after A.D. 1252 four jurats and the priest were ordered to hold a preliminary investigation.

Just as subsequently the criminal law of the New For was passed over in favour of that of France, so that of the Old For was superseded in this respect by the new. For example, rape, as has been mentioned, used to be punished by death, but in the *Rubric des Peines* in the New For we find it punished "according to its excess." In like manner, killing is therein excused in the case of a man defending his house, and also when committed under provocation.¹

Nevertheless, at the same time notorious house- or church-breakers, and those who were guilty more than once of perjury or subornation of perjury, used to be hanged. Fruit-stealing was punished by whipping, while the use of false measures, the accusing another wrongly of false witness, as well as many other delicts, were dealt with by the imposition of fines. The principle of leaving the punishment to the court was clearly recognised, and also the injustice of forfeiting the goods of the offender. Indeed, this latter was only done in cases of heresy and lèse-majesté. Under the Old For the criminal jurisdiction lay for the most part with the jurats, and in grave cases with the Sovereign, for only minor offences could be dealt with by the lord. The Cour Majour had no proper criminal jurisdiction. When the Sénéchal was appointed, he and the jurats were the criminal authority, and it was not until A.D. 1534

¹ *Old For.*, Rubr. liii. Art. 185 *inf.*

that the criminal jurisdiction was severed from the civil by Henri II. In that year he appointed a criminal chamber, and afterwards (in A.D. 1552) perfected the same. Thus, in these as in other ways, the administration of criminal justice was different under the two Fors.

Even in the early days of the Old For marvellously little cruelty marked the penal procedure of Béarn. It is true that, if a murderer was thrice summoned and in three different Courts, he might be slain should he fail to appear, and no fine was payable for slaying him, although the principle of mulcting the offender of a fine to the Sovereign for each breach of his peace was recognised in all criminal cases quite as fully as that of reparation.¹ Yet at the same time if a madman inflicted a wound, for this he was not considered responsible.² Under the New For, however, homicide by a lunatic was punishable at the discretion of the judge.³

Torture⁴ was unknown under the Old and its use safeguarded under the New For, for it was not till A.D. 1583 that sorcery was usually punished in this way.⁵ Indeed, the gentleness of the criminal administration in the early days of Béarn is one of its most reasonable characteristics. The nobles⁶ were only allowed the power of exercising criminal jurisdiction to something like the same extent as to a commanding officer of the present day. The courts of the Vic, in which the lord, if interested,⁷ could not sit, as a rule inflicted only a fine. The Rubric of Fines consists of sixty-seven articles, and deals with most of the offences common at that period. Its provisions may be judged of by the following. Refusing to do justice to a stranger the same day, and using false weights, are both alike punishable by a fine of six sols. The jurats of the Cour Majour are exhorted to be polite to each other when in court,⁸ and all jurats when sitting on an inquisition⁹ are prohibited from hurting each other as long as it lasted. Although, as a fact, the Viscount did deal hardly with him who could not pay his fines, and even took a greater share than did the injured person from an insolvent wrongdoer,¹⁰ yet still in theory he did justice to the poor like as to the rich.¹¹

¹ *Old For*, Rubr. li. Art. 177 *inf.*

² *Ibid.* Rubr. li. Art. 171 *inf.*

³ *New For*, Rubr. de Hom., Art. 1.

⁴ The same was the case in Arragon till after A.D. 1525, Faget, p. 261; *New For*, Rubr. deu Seneschal, Art. 9, and Rubr. deus Juvats, Art. 2.

⁵ Delmas, *Parlement de Navarre*, p. 220.

⁶ Cadier, *op. cit.* p. 40, note 6, and p. 41; see, however, Art. 3 of A.D. 1436.

⁷ *Old For*, Rubr. lxxix. Art. 234 *inf.*

⁸ Manière, Art. 34 *inf.*

⁹ *Old For*, Rubr. xxxiii. Art. 70 *inf.*

¹⁰ *Ibid.* Rubr. lii. Art. 178 *inf.*

¹¹ *Ibid.* Rubr. xxxiii. Art. 77 *inf.*

Time was given for the payment of fines ¹ in certain cases, and belief accorded to the oath of an accused person, if properly supported by witnesses speaking to his credit, to a degree almost inconceivable nowadays. When a man was justifying himself by battle, he fought, as has been seen, with his own weapon, thus evidencing the recognition of the principle that all men should be held to be equal in the eye of the law.

PRIVATE LAW.

That in the two Fors is not always identical. For example, under the Old For, although the property of the noble went to the eldest son or daughter, that of the bourgeois was equally divided among all the children. But Laferrière ² well shows that the old Roman principle of equal division got superseded in the case of the domain of the Roturier, just as much as in that of the Noble, under the New For. The same remark applies to some extent to the paternal right and other things relating to the family, and Neighbour Right, which gradually got modified as time went on. Originally, no doubt, they were similar in Béarn to what obtained under the earlier Roman Law, ³ but by degrees the genius of that law had to give way to German and other barbarian traditions, and to the requirements of more modern times. Again, although it was not the same all over Béarn, in some districts the cadets were almost serfs to the elder brother, while almost universally the *Lar*, the hereditary Avita, the minimum qualification of the *Bezi* (Voizin—Neighbour), could not be alienated. ⁴ The father's right, for example, extended only to property obtained by the son while living with his father and using his things. And indeed in other cases the father had to give his sons a certain *peculium*. Again, the father only got the usufruct of gifts or legacies to his son. In a word, *biens de prouesse* acquired by his own right hand belonged entirely to the son, and after the age of twenty-five he could freely dispose of what he had. The son had not always power to compel his father to give him a portion, and he was himself obliged to keep his father when poor, and, if his creditor, compelled to deal gently with him. The father could not disinherit his child of property which had belonged to the family for three generations, except for ingratitude or some other grave offence. ⁵

¹ *Old For*, Rubr. li. Art. 173 *inf.*

² *Traité du Droit*, p. 443.

³ For example, marriage took place at the same age for girls, viz. 12 to 14.

⁴ The sovereign could only alienate his land for his own life: *For de Morlaas*, Rubr. cxxxiv. Art. 353; and *New For*, Rubr. xxxvii. Art. 1. Cf. *For de Navarre deu Porto*, Rubr. i. Art. 6.

⁵ See the Addition, *Laws of the Emperor*, title "Disherison."

The For said of the husband and wife "Ce sont deux causes dans une même chair." The husband had to clothe and feed and tend his wife in health and sickness, but he could correct her with moderation.

It was only the life of the wife which the For protected by prescribed punishment. No divorce or separation was possible, but nullity of marriage could be pronounced where the marriage had been contracted within certain limits of consanguinity, or if the woman was exceptionally physically repellent.¹ Both man and woman had their wedding portions, but that of the woman was held in greater favour than that of the man. Hers could be promised only, while his had to be properly secured. Her claim, again, in respect of *dot* prevailed over that of her husband's creditors. Those who provided the wife's *dot* could require its return, or that it should be passed on to a child. But the husband might keep any increment, and deduct out of it twenty sols for mourning for himself and six sols in respect of that for children.²

When the husband had a marriage portion, he and his wife became co-partners with his father-in-law and mother-in-law. In Navarre and Soule a real co-seigneurie was created. But the husband was entitled to the profits of his own and his wife's work, and all property was supposed to be free unless it was shown not to be so. Béarn being a *pays de franc-alleu*, its people had to resort to no such methods as those to be found in other parts of France (*communautés tacites*) for preventing the domain from reverting to the lord by escheat in case of lack of heirs. The majority of the inhabitants were free men, and there were not a great many *Questaus*³ or serfs, and but few *Cagots* (in Navarre called *Gafos*).⁴ These latter were at first lepers, who were cared for by the clerics (therefore called in the Old For *Christiaas*), and afterwards perhaps augmented by vagabond gipsies, who, as some suppose, came from Asia after the massacre of Tamerlane. Anyhow, the Custom of Navarre punished those who without cause called themselves lepers.⁵ One of the principal causes of litigation under the Old For was claims made by ecclesiastics against the laity to get back *dîmes* which had got into lay hands, and also to uphold dying bequests of property given to the Church. As these *dîmes* passed from hand

¹ *For de Morlaas*, Rubr. cxxxvi. Art. 357.

² If there was no other fund out of which it could come, funeral expenses for the wife could be deducted up to one-fourth of her dower, De Lagerie, *Étude des Fors de Béarn*, p. 23.

³ *Old For*. Rubr. lx. Art. 219 *inf.* ; *For de Morlaas*, Rubr. lxx.

⁴ *Old For*. Rubr. xxxii. Art. 69 ; *Rénov.* Art. 9 *inf.*

⁵ Faget, p. 123.

to hand as did fiefs, there was here matter for frequent quarrels. Moreover, as the clergy were not entitled to their own *dîmes* unless they performed the services of the church of the place, landowners often forcibly prevented their doing so, and forbade their tenants to attend services there. This, likewise, not unseldom resulted in litigation. There were also quarrels between ecclesiastics themselves as to their respective temporal rights. Indeed, the clergy were the richest men in Béarn, as the nobles often sold their lands to them to get the money with which to go to the Crusades. This is why they so frequently figure as litigants at this early period of Béarnais history.

It is truly remarkable to what a degree of perfection even the tenure of land was reduced under the Old For. No servitude could be established which had not been rendered from time immemorial.¹ Peaceable possession for thirty years without any deed² and with one for ten years *inter præsentes* and for twenty years *inter absentes*, constituted a good title. Debts were statute-barred after thirty years,³ and no claim could be made on a deed after twenty-two years.⁴ No due could be successfully claimed which was not provided for by the written contract under which land was held, unless the claimant was able clearly to show that it had been always paid, nor was a censitaire permitted to sell his land unless he could make it plain that he was allowed to do this also by his deed.⁵ Evidence of custom was generally given by one eye-witness and three hearsay ones,⁶ but this testimony could be rebutted as in other cases. Arrangements of all kinds with reference to land were held to be binding not only if made by deed, but also upon the evidence of a witness, as in the case of the land given by Saint Hippolyte at the door of the church as dower.⁷ A high degree of morality was inculcated, as, for example, that though a debt was statute-barred by thirty years, yet a claim ought to be answered even though a thousand years had passed.⁸ Also that if a censitaire had lost possession of his land he could reclaim it from his lord or from anybody else, and that all questions as to the tenure of land should be tried by the Sovereign himself, and in the district where the applicant lived. Though out of respect for the Caver who gives

¹ *Old For*, Rubr. lx. Art. 221, and note *inf.*

² *Ibid.* Rubr. lxi. Art. 223 *inf.*

⁴ *Ibid.* Rubr. lxi. Arts. 224 and 225 *inf.*

³ *Ibid.* Rubr. xlv. Art. 128 *inf.*

⁵ *Ibid.* Rubr. lviii. Art. 213 *inf.*

⁶ *Ibid.* Rubr. lviii. Art. 215 *inf.* They assessed the amount of faith to be placed in a statement by the number of the witnesses, a thing which startles the modern psychologist. Mercier's *Psychology*, p. 174.

⁷ *Ibid.* Rubr. lviii. Art. 208 *inf.*

⁸ *Ibid.* Rubr. lxi. Art. 225 *inf.*

land, a cens is enjoined on the censitaire,¹ the latter is allowed to leave his land, as long as he does so without fraud, and he can claim it again from the lord during a hundred years, provided he pay all the cens due in the meantime.²

This high moral tone was kept up, to some extent, especially in the boroughs and valleys which were the chief aggregations of men, by the jurats, who were municipal officers and local magistrates, and at the same time representatives of the people in the Cour Plénière. The principle of every man being tried in his own Vic was a valuable bulwark of liberty, as also an incentive to honest dealing, for the offender's roguery would be at once known to his fellows. The fact, too, that the jurat exercised, as he did, the office of witness, not only of what took place before him officially, but also of what came within his knowledge as an inhabitant, made attempts at extortion difficult; for every case to which a jurat testified was won unless a deed could be produced in opposition,³ except when his evidence was negative, for then it had no value, just as when it was hearsay and obtained from another jurat who might have been himself produced. Moreover, the recognition of the solidarity of the community under the principle of *Voisinage*, or Neighbour Right, further tended to uphold a high condition of interdependence. Indeed the Voisin was essentially a free man, in that he did but little military service, and could not be forced to make loans to the Sovereign, though able to make goods enter into Béarn and not to pay any unusual dues therefor. These societies of neighbours were further bound together in the towns through the medium of trading guilds, and in the valleys by communal rights of pasturage and suchlike privileges. A community frequently hired a tract of waste land from the Sovereign or other lord to run the cattle of the inhabitants upon, and these were sometimes guarded by herdsmen chosen among themselves, and not each flock kept by its particular owner. Furthermore, the communes themselves would occasionally band together against the Sovereign when their rights and privileges had been encroached upon, as they were by Margaret. In that case they did so at Lescar in A.D. 1391, their independence having been menaced at the death of Gaston Phœbus. Thus liberty was to some extent kept alive, notwithstanding the absolute power of the Sovereign, and fraternity promoted to a degree unknown in any other country similarly governed at that period.

The Old and New Customs of Bayonne differ even more than do

¹ *Old For*, Rubr. lviii. Art. 213 *inj*.

² *Ibid.* Rubr. lviii. Art. 210 *inf*.

³ *For de Morlaas*, Rubr. xxxiii. Arts. 55, 56, and 58.

the Old and New Fors of Béarn. At Bayonne the introduction of the *Établissements* (1243) caused the growth of an aristocracy of merchants and of shopkeepers who were opposed to the popular party, the former having strong French and the latter English sympathies, as well as placed the power of nominating the mayor in the hands of the King, which power was, however, relinquished in 1297. The extent to which feudalism obtained in Bayonne is well shown by the inquest of 1311, made by the Commissioners of Edward II. for the express purpose of defining the rights of the Crown. A copy of this valuable document preserved in the Archives of Bayonne shows that all the land in Labourd *dépend du Roi*, though the Neighbour Right in respect of forests, wastes, and waters is expressly recognised. Feudal rules then governed all landed property there, except allodial holdings, which latter were subject to Gallic customs of equality of partition.¹ And at Bordeaux, in 1261, Edward I. caused the Statutes of Bordeaux to be revised, "dans le but d'effacer les articles contraires à la raison et à l'intérêt du prince."²

SUMMARY.

The Old Fors of Béarn, which were like those of Navarre and Gascony, and unlike the *Fuero Judicum* and *Siete Partidas* in being feudal and not inspired by ecclesiastics, had a great influence over the western Pyrenean district, while the eastern came under that of the *Fuero Judicum*. These two schools of law, then, divided between them that part of Europe in mediæval times. The influence of Gaius's Institutes is plainly seen in the Fors, alongside of regulations with reference to Wehrgeld, Mundium, Dot, Equal Division of Property, and Neighbour Right.³ Whereas at first the rights of the people were effectually protected, by degrees what was formerly the *Patria Potestas* and the judicial power of the various Seigneurs passed into the hands of the Monarch as Seigneur Majeur. These monarchs, being absolute after the practical abolition of the Cour Majour, became often tyrannical, and on the whole the liberty of the subject got less rather than greater as time rolled on, mainly owing to all lack of control by the Cour Majour. The only hold the people had upon the Sovereign was their ability to stop supplies, as there were no nobles sufficiently strong to counterbalance the

¹ Laferrière, *Hist. du Droit*, ii. p. 112.

² Giry, *Etab. de Rouen*, i. p. 113; *Livre des Bouillons*, p. 377.

³ See *Archæological Journal* (1901), vol. lviii. No. 230, pp. 182-198.

sovereign power. This reaction went on in an insulated State unaffected by outside influences, and it is for this reason that Béarn and the country round it affords so favourable a field for tracing the course of the growth of the kingly power, without, however, much decreasing the material well-being of the peasant proprietor, whose home there has always been remarkable for its great prosperity. Béarn in this furnishing a useful object-lesson to other less-favoured lands.

A. R. WHITEWAY.

GOETHE'S ART OF LIVING AND WAYS OF LIFE.

THE greatest name in literature is unquestionably that of Shakspeare, and it may well be contended that the second name in literature is that of Goethe. The creator of "Faust" may be reckoned as only second to the creator of "Hamlet." Of Shakspeare's personality and of his ways of living we know, unfortunately, very little. As Steevens puts it, "all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote plays and poems—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." In the day of our Shakspeare biography scarcely existed, while autobiography was practically unknown. Boswells and Eckermanns had not yet been invented, and the contemporaries of the greatest of poets never thought of recording for posterity his doings or his sayings. In the case of Goethe we are as fortunate as in the case of Shakspeare we are most unfortunate. The great German lived in a literary day of spiritual hero-worship, and was surrounded by men competent to appreciate and capable of recording all that they saw or heard. Not only has Goethe rendered us the assistance of autobiography, in a work which records fact, and also depicts the ideals and the poetical truths which form an atmosphere around fact, but he has been most fortunate in zealous and able biographers and reporters.

Indeed, the literature which deals with Goethe the man, apart from the author, as he lived, and moved, and had his being, is the most extensive ever called forth by the life of a man of genius. Diaries and correspondences exist, conversations are fully reported; and we are able to follow him throughout his long life, almost from day to day, we can become acquainted with his ways and habits of life, and we can realise his career as he lived, and worked, and thought. The study of his daily way of life is, of course, something quite apart from a critical examination of his creations or criticisms expressed through literature. However, his habits, likings, sayings,

are of supreme interest ; and in this restricted branch of study the long roll of his daily life is unfolded from youth to age, and we see in their fulness the forms of life which stretched from "Werther" to the Second Part of "Faust."

In 1888 Herr Th. Vogel published *Goethe's Selbstzeugnisse über seine Stellung zur Religion und zu religiös-kirchlichen Fragen, in zeitlicher Folge zusammengestellt*. In this work Herr Vogel drew together, from all sources, including Goethe's works, every recorded opinion that he ever expressed, any thought he ever uttered in connexion with religion ; and now Dr. Wilhelm Bode is rendering us a similar service in connexion with the day-to-day life of Goethe. He has just published, in Berlin, *Goethe's Lebenskunst*, a work in which he has gathered together from correspondence, conversation, diaries, every fact which can illustrate the daily life of his hero. Dr. Bode is intelligent and thorough in his work, and even if we know the separate sources of his information, we yet owe him a debt of gratitude for bringing together, in one volume, so many of the details which illustrate his theme. Naturally, the work begins to be full and detailed when, at the age of twenty-six, Goethe settled down into life in Weimar. Literature, when practised on the heights on which dwell "Hamlet" and "Faust," is the outcome of the highest capacity granted by God to man ; and it is of fascinating interest to study the daily life and ways of a man who was gifted to conceive and execute such towering work. Would that we knew as much of the daily life led at Stratford, or at Bankside, as we do of the stately life led at Weimar ! Dr. Bode divides his subject into thirteen divisions of description :—

1. Dwelling and property.
2. External appearance, and conduct towards strangers.
3. Relations with persons above or below Goethe in rank.
4. Meals and wine.
5. Health and illnesses.
6. Sociability.
7. Friendships with men.
8. The friend of women.
9. The husband.
10. Creation, or authorship.
11. The teacher of learning.
12. Struggles and conflicts.
13. Religion and piety.

When Goethe first settled in Weimar, he inhabited, for seven

years, the *Gartenhäuschen*, a very modest little dwelling, surrounded by meadows and by trees, and distinctively still and quiet. The little white high-roofed cottage, however, stood in a pleasant garden, and this feature greatly endeared the little property to flower-loving Goethe. Some time elapsed before Karl August presented the statelier town-house on the *Frauenplan* to his minister. A well-to-do tradesman of our day would have revolted at the mean rooms and poor accommodation of the tiny *Gartenhäuschen*, and the town residence would be thought mean, in the present time, by any banker, or respectable trader of the middle class. Goethe disliked splendour and showy furniture. After he had ceased to occupy this cottage regularly, he often took refuge in its lowly walls, either to be alone to think and write, or to escape the home perplexities caused by a wife or son. A smaller or simpler residence for such a man could scarcely be found; and Weimar itself was singularly suited to his contemplative nature, and to his art productivity. Amid sumptuous furniture he found himself lazy and inactive, and could think much better surrounded by plain and simple adjuncts. At one period, the literary kings of Weimar found themselves powerfully attracted by country and garden life: Schiller bought a garden near Jena, Wieland emigrated to Ossmannstädt, and in 1797 Goethe bought a little estate in Oberrossla, on the right bank of the Ilm. He there amused himself with farming, with studying the workings of nature, and with agriculture, but in 1803 he sold the property, which did not, in the long run, sufficiently interest him because the farm was a "half thing" only, and therefore did not satisfy him. He got rid of his purchase without money loss, and he subsided into the old *Gartenhäuschen* and his town-house.

His town mansion became gradually full of art treasures of many kinds, and his collection of such objects became very considerable. He was a man of property. He inherited a private fortune, and without that he could not have lived as he did in Weimar, since his pay was only 1,200 dollars at the beginning; was from 1781 1,400 dollars, rose in 1785 to 1,600, and finally, after 1816, when he became Prime Minister of the Duchy, attained to the sum of 3,000 dollars.

His literary gains were for a long time very inconsiderable. From the Berlin theatre, Goethe received in twenty years 319 dollars, while Kotzebue was paid, during the same period, from the same source, 4,279 dollars. Goethe was driven to look sharply after his interests with his publishers—"Die Buchhändler sind alle des Teufels; für sie muss es eine eigene Hölle geben!" Indeed, he felt

the need of a special hell for publishers. Between the years 1795-1832, Goethe received from Cotta 401,090 marks, and between 1832-1865, his heirs received 464,474 marks for the edition of his collected works. Goethe was, indeed, never exposed to the bracing degradation of poverty. The calm of his lofty, generous nature was never fretted by petty irritative money cares, or by disturbing money anxieties. His fortune was commensurate with his character.

Having thus glanced briefly at his dwellings and at his pecuniary means, we may pass on to his external appearance and relations with strangers. We possess many descriptions of his personal appearance. He was not really very tall, but his stately bearing gave an impression of height. His erect carriage, the head thrown back, and the hands clasped behind him, produced an impression of rare dignity ; and in his best hours he wore the aspect, varying with his age, of Apollo and of Jupiter.

He naturally made a very different impression upon different men. To many he was an ideal of manly intellectual beauty ; to others he seemed stiff, cold, or arrogant. His expression was generally that of a man very much in earnest, but he also appeared benevolent and gracious. To an intelligent visitor he was full of grace and charm ; but a bore or a fool found him abrupt and unsympathetic. His eyes were extraordinarily large, dark, and brilliant. His nose was a little large for the face ; but his voice was a charm. The theologian, Stickel, who visited Goethe in 1827, says, "Unconsciously I bowed before him more deeply than I have ever bowed to mortal." He cared nothing for fashion in dress, was sometimes attired very simply, and on other occasions wore elegant clothes. He received strangers like a monarch giving audience ; he seemed to be half king, half father. Some complained of his coldness, while others were in raptures over his amiability. The able found him charming, the stupid felt that he was curt and stiff. During sixty years, he was one of the most celebrated men in Europe, and he could not always regard with complacency the interruption caused by visits which he did not seek, and which he did not desire. Many came out of the merest curiosity and in order to boast of having seen the great man, and he had to learn to deal with such people. He liked to travel *incognito*, or sheltered by a feigned name. In Italy, the *Geheimer Rath* merged into the *bourgeois*, and he gladly dropped the burden of his name. With an obnoxious visitor he could be very silent, dropping out occasionally, "hm ! hm ! so ! so !" and he has even been known to go to bed in order to escape unwelcome visitors.

He thought it an impertinence for strangers to call upon him

without an appointment; and think how he must have been plagued. Every youth who had written a few verses, every traveller who passed by Weimar, thought it right to call, unannounced, upon the poet, even in his hours of work—and he worked every day—but his sorest trials came from women.

Two anecdotic instances will not be out of place. Once he was on a visit to Frankfort on the Main, to the old paternal house in which his widowed mother lived. Goethe was looking out of window, his hands clasped behind his back, and talking with Frau von Kügelgen, when the door was flung open and a roomy matron—an entire stranger to Goethe—stormed in. She might be very rich, but was certainly very vulgar. She was of the dimensions of a tall stove, made of tiles, and was as hot as such a stove sometimes is. “Is Goethe here?” Assured on that point she exclaimed, “Goethe, ach Goethe, how long have I sought you! Was it nice to leave me in such anxiety?” Goethe’s features expressed less benignity than they sometimes did. She overwhelmed him with cajoleries and reproaches, till Frau von Kügelgen humanely interposed, and Goethe escaped.

Another instance: the wife of Wilhelm von Humboldt burst in when Goethe was talking with Boisserée and examining works of art, and the lady, with widely extended arms, cried “Goethe!” “Do you know, madam,” asked the poet, “how they catch salmon? They are caught with dams and weirs; and I am now caught with such an arrangement. Take care you are not caught, and to avoid that be off at once!” She went away and Goethe said quietly to Boisserée, “No one else shall interrupt us.” It sometimes happened that an uninvited caller was fortunate. If the visitor were able or learned, he was told, “We dine at two, and I shall be pleased if you will dine with us as my guest.”

The Geheimer Kirchenrath Schwarz did not come off very pleasantly. Goethe was accustomed to go early in the morning to the ruins of the old castle, there to think alone and undisturbed. One morning he found the pedant Schwarz already at the favourite seat, and the audacious blockhead began by asking Goethe what he had meant by his “Wilhelm Meister.” “You must certainly have written the work for an education institute.” Goethe regarded the man with his eyes, and with his grave composure, replied, “Up to the present moment I myself did not know that fact, but now I see it quite clearly. Yes, I did write ‘Wilhelm Meister’ for an educational institution, and I would beg you to make that circumstance known to all the world.”

To Goethe time was very precious, and he resented the selfish intrusion of those for whom time has no value, and who, without consideration for him or for his occupations, interrupted merely for their own trivial or egotistical objects and purposes; but his time, his sympathy, his help were always at the service of competent or meritorious persons. His finely noble nature was deeply benevolent, and he was distinctively courteous and considerate.

The next aspect in which we shall regard him is in his relations towards the more highly placed, and to his inferiors in rank and station.

In the ordinary and somewhat mean acceptance of the term, Goethe was not a "courtier." He was never a *Fürstenknecht*. As minister, he frequently opposed Karl August, though he held in respect the duke's desire to further the commonweal of the Duchy. He asks, "Do I serve a tyrant? a despot? It is my consolation that I am the servant of a ruler who himself is the servant of the common good." Goethe was a convinced monarchist, and had no republican leanings. He opposed strongly Karl August's love of soldiering and of war. He says that this love of playing at soldiers is an itch which irritates the skin of our princes and which fatigues him, Goethe, as does an evil dream. "For this tendency I have neither pity, sympathy, nor hope or tolerance." "You cannot bear contradiction," said the Duke to Goethe. "Oh, yes, I can," replied the minister, "but the contradiction must be based on reason. I allow every small *employé* full liberty to move freely in his own sphere, 'damit er auch fühle dass er ein Mensch sei.' 'If you [one of his clerks] won't do what you ought to do, I myself will do the work.'" He was kind and considerate to all his servants, looked after their interests, taught them bread-winning employments; he overlooked their faults, and won their affection. In the night before his death Goethe noticed that his servant seemed tired. He put the man into his own bed, while he himself sat in an easy chair. Actors are a troublesome people. Goethe said that much was to be done by strictness, but more by love, and most by impartial justice. His reproofs to elder actors were never insulting. He worked wonders with his company. His encouraging glance was a full reward, his kindly word was a treasured honour. Every one felt satisfied with the position in which Goethe placed him. "Voilà un homme!"

Our next chapter deals with "Die Mahlzeiten und der Wein," with meals and wine. Goethe took delight in good cookery and in fine wine. He had hoped for a good housekeeper in his step-

daughter, Ottilie, but complained that, instead of such an assistant, Heaven had sent a Thekla or Maid of Orleans into the house.

It was generally admitted that he kept a very good table. He understood good cooking, and had a great appetite. Besides the soup, there were three or four dishes, meat and vegetables, fish (he loved trout), fowls, or game ; and, to please the ladies, some sort of pudding. He was very hospitable and entertained many guests. He dined at two, and coffee was always presented. Then, standing, sitting, talking, the company remained together until six. Such dinners were delightful, and Goethe took care to supply "spiritual provender" for his guests. Conversation, led by Goethe, never stopped, and he tried to interest and amuse every guest. He liked only eight guests, and seldom invited ladies to his dinners. If they came, "the Merry Wives of Weimar" took a drive during the afternoon, leaving the men to talk. He often took his guests to his theatre, in which he reserved a pit box under the ducal box. Sometimes Goethe gave his friends music before they left his house. He himself never drank coffee, he disliked tea, and did not "take" tobacco. His dining played some part in his life, but was never unduly predominant. Nothing ever interfered with thinking. He liked good wine, and had at one time the reputation of drinking a good deal of it, and he was willing richly to enjoy. Wilhelm Grimm says (1827) that Goethe took a good deal of wine, but that his wife drank *much more*. He leant to moderation in wine, and was never seen to be intoxicated ; but he could carry a good quantity of wine without injury. He loved champagne. Happy guests ! Where, in Germany, or indeed in Europe, could such another host be found ? And his table would not easily, in his days, be equalled or surpassed. And then he gave his own conversation ! He was addicted to rare Burgundy, and to good Rhine wine ; but was fondest of Würzburger, a good Bavarian wine. He was often seen to drink a bottle or a bottle and a half at dinner. The Senate of Bremen sent the poet on his birthday a present of some of the "Rose," the pride of the Bremen cellar. As age crept on him Goethe drank less and less wine, and became even, his doctor said, too much afraid of it. He took occasionally, in the evening, a glass of punch, or a little liqueur glass of Tinto di Rota ; but, while he enjoyed wine, he was lord of liking for it. He gives his evidence against the idea that wine helps mental productivity. His celebrated last exclamation, "*Mehr Licht !*" referred to the window-pane becoming dim to dying eyes.

We have next to deal with *Gesundheitspflege und Krankheiten*, with his illnesses and his treatment of his own health.

Goethe's *physique* was splendid ; his virile beauty was at once fair and stately as *Siniolchum*, in Sikkim ; his dark eyes were so full of fire and of light, his voice was so powerful, his activity so great, his expression of character and will so distinctive, that it is hard to conceive that he was susceptible to so many of the ills to which flesh is heir. If he had not lived carefully he would have been a much-suffering invalid. He was liable to trouble from the lungs, heart, kidneys ; his stomach was not strong, he had touches of gout, and had some annoyances from the throat and from the eyes. When he first settled in Weimar he was often ill, and he ascribed his indisposition to the "infamous climate." He was never "too healthy." He also, up to an advanced age, made a great deal of blood. He usually went to bed early, and arose very early in the morning.

He believed strongly in the power of the will to resist and overcome disease. "Der Geist muss nur dem Körper nicht nachgeben." The mind must not yield to the body. He believed in the power of the will to resist infection, and cited Napoleon's visit to sufferers from the plague. When Sachsen-Weimar was raised to be a duchy, Goethe was very ill and was confined to his bed ; but he said that, if he were alive, he would be present at the ceremony ; and he was present, in his place, next to the throne, on its right hand. He took part in the gala-dinner—and then returned to bed to resume his cure.

He thought that the mind had the power of bestowing on the body a second youth. He took a great deal of exercise—in riding, hunting, fencing, dancing. He was a bold rider, and never hesitated to ride in rain or storm, in intense cold or in summer heat. Till his latest days he loved the open air. "Man verschrumpft in dem engen Hauswesen"—one shrivels up in the narrow walls of the house.

In 1831, when he completed his eighty-second year, he went to Ilmenau and mounted to the little shooting-box on the summit. Here he read the lines "Ueber allen Gipfeln," and his tears flowed fast. The lines were written September 6, 1780. He said, in a low melancholy voice—"Ja, warte nur, bald ruhest du auch !"

Kanzler von Müller describes in detail the very dangerous illness that befell the great poet in February 1823. He had a bad cough, and complained of perpetual pain and exhaustion. He had a very sharp attack of ague, and then supervened inflammation of the heart.

Still, as he told his mother, he found himself "able to do most things that were duties." In 1785 he was out of health. In 1788 Schiller found him looking old and worn. In 1785 he began his

visits to bathing-places—as Karlsbad, Marienbad, Teplitz, Eger, Wiesbaden, &c. When, in 1786, he took flight to Italy, he was mentally and physically so ill that he felt weary of life. When eighteen years old, 1767, he fluctuated for days between life and death, and in 1768 his life was despaired of. In his later years he was several times so ill that all hope of recovery seemed gone, and he was given up by doctors. Instances of such serious attacks occurred in January 1801 and in February 1823.

His senses were very finely strung and he was sensuous to excess. He said to Eckermann, “The extraordinary results produced by genius imply a very delicate organisation, in consequence of which such men are capable of the rarest sensations and can hear the heavenly voices.”

He needed light and warmth. He hated winter. The short dark days of December always depressed him, and he kept December 21 as a festival, “because then we celebrate the resurrection of the sun.” He loved the full light and the warm air of Italy. He thought with horror of his North German home, with its dark low-hanging clouds and damp cold winds, which tended to imprison him in the room. In his last days the open air was necessary to him, but towards the very end of his life he could endure tightly closed and overheated rooms.

Bodily pain troubled him greatly, but he had no fear of death. He had two signs of a good constitution—he slept well and had a famous appetite.

The doctors declared the chances of recovery to be in the proportion of 2 : 10. His mind wandered at times. He frequently expressed his regret that his work had to be stopped. “You don’t realise how miserable, how very ill I am.” So soon as he felt at all better, he desired that Ottilie should resume her social pleasures—should go to Court and to the theatre. He was very grateful for all the attention shown him. On Sunday, February 20, he was at the worst, and it was reported in Jena that he was dead. He was not robust, but had a fine constitution, will-power, and, no doubt, good doctors; and after two weeks of weakness he actually recovered from this most serious seizure. But the last illness came at last. In March 1832, sentence of death was passed upon him; not of death only, but of death with torture. “Da gab es einen grässlichen Todeskampf,” records Dr. Vogel. Goethe’s restlessness and irritability were extreme, and most distressing to witness. He could not rest. The pain which settled upon the chest wrung from him groans, and even loud cries of agony. His features became dis-

torted, the hue of the face was ashen grey, the eyes were deeply sunken in the sockets; his expression revealed the most terrible anguish of dying; but his very last hours, on March 22, became still and peaceful. In his mental wanderings he thought he saw a letter from Schiller lying on the ground; and he fancied that he saw a picture of a very beautiful woman, with black curls, splendid in colour but set off by a dark background. Towards noon, he turned gently, without any indication of pain, to the left side of the chair—and so Goethe passed away.

Eckermann, faithful friend and loyal assistant, looked his last upon the dead body of the great genius. Lying upon his back, dead Goethe looked like one asleep. Nowhere on the whole glorious body a trace of obesity or wasting away. "A perfect man lay in manly beauty before me. I laid my hand upon the heart, which was profoundly still—and I turned away to let my tears flow freely."

Next comes the question of his *Geselligkeit*—of his sociability.

After his return from Italy, his friends noticed a great change in Goethe. He was more earnest, more reserved, and had lost something of his gaiety and cheerfulness. The *liaison* with Frau von Stein was waning, and the *liaison* with Christine was about to commence. His moods varied greatly; but he remained for some time less sociable than he had been. He shunned strangers more, and became graver and more solitary. He delighted in eloquent descriptions and appreciations of Italy. Heinrich Voss records that, without any lessening of his native majesty, his features expressed so much kindness and benevolence that it was impossible to refrain from loving him. He could not only relate, but could act a narrative; and he had occasional merry moods of wit and fun and joy. Luden relates one anecdote, trying to tell it in Goethe's own words. When he was stopping at Karlsbad he frequently saw an old Austrian general, of military reputation and of distinguished family. One day the old gentleman approached Goethe, lifted his hat, a courtesy to which Goethe responded, and the following dialogue ensued:—

"Isn't it a fact that you call yourself Mr. Goethe?"

"That is so."

"You are of Weimar?"

"That is so."

"Haven't you written books?"

"Oh, yes."

"They are said to be good."

"H'm."

"Have you written much?"

"H'm! Pretty well for that."

"Is it difficult to make verses?"

"So, so."

"Much depends upon the humour in which you are? whether you have eaten and drunk well? Isn't that so?"

"It has seemed so to me."

"Now, look here; you should leave Weimar and come to Vienna."

"I have sometimes thought of that."

"Yes—in Vienna one eats and drinks well."

"H'm!"

"But tell me now, what have you written?"

"Many things; about Adam and Napoleon; about Ararat and the Blocksberg; about cedars and blackberries."

"You are rather celebrated?"

"H'm! Nothing to complain of."

"I have read nothing of yours, and never before heard anything about you. Pity! Have new, corrected editions of your works appeared?"

"Yes; that is so."

"And there will be further editions?"

"We will hope so."

"Ah, then I won't buy your books. I only buy latest editions. It's very annoying to have an imperfect book, and to have to buy another issue. In order to be safe, I always wait till an author is dead before I get his works. That's a matter of principle with me, and I can't really make any exception in your favour."

"H'm!"

In 1818, when at the Dornburg with Kanzler von Müller and Karoline Freifrau von Eyloffstein, Goethe seems to have been peculiarly amiable and cheerful. He laid aside the mask which he commonly wore to shield himself from boredom or intrusion; and they listened with delight to his full kindly flow of eloquence and meaning, and long remembered the dear and happy time in which he was so at his ease, so natural, and so inspired.

Goethe was a freemason, but his association with the order does not seem to have had much influence on his life. He was a member of several social gatherings, in which literature was discussed. Many graceful, fantastic sports were indulged in. The members paired off as pretended married couples, and Goethe was thus united to Anna

Sibylla Münch, for whom he wrote his "Clavigo." Kotzebue was always distasteful to Goethe.

The next theme that Dr. Bode deals with is Goethe's *Männerfreundschaften*, or friendships with man. Goethe was no egoist ; he never knew jealousy. He furthered and helped all worthy effort and any promising talent.

One of his noblest friendships was that with Schiller, who "touched nothing common without ennobling it." During Schiller's last illness Goethe was terribly depressed. "Das Schicksal ist uner bittlich und der Mensch wenig !" They hesitated long to tell him that his friend was dead.

The death of Karl August left in his life a void which could never be filled up. He would listen to no consolation, and only rested upon God's will.

One of Goethe's dearest friendships was that with Karl Friedrich Zelter, of Berlin, and their correspondence is most interesting and touching. Zelter was a musician, and set to music many of Goethe's poems. He was a man of intellect and of many pleasant gifts, and was an enthusiastic admirer of his great friend.

"Mein süsßer Freund und Meister ! mein Geliebter, mein Bruder !"—"My sweet friend and master ! my loved one, my brother !" —writes Zelter to Goethe. When Zelter's stepson committed suicide, Zelter got comfort from the author of "Werther." When the news reached Berlin that Goethe was fatally ill, Zelter says : "If you are going, take your true brother with you !" and when Goethe passed away the disconsolate Zelter followed him within two months. Goethe had never *geduzt* Schiller, but his intercourse with Zelter was always on the footing of the familiar *thou*.

Goethe ranked friendship very highly, especially with men of capacity who strove for noble ends. With the gay, genial Wieland he was always on cordial terms ; but the astringent Herder, with his spirit of malicious contradiction, taught Goethe what friendship was *not*. The Weimar sage had the keenest insight into the characters, powers, and qualities of all his friends.

His latest intimate was the art historian Meyer. The two old men became so interfused in the habit of affection that the one could not live without the other ; and they would often sit together, without speaking, for hours, each happy in the mere presence of the other. "I do not wish to outlive this man," said Goethe in 1823 ; but Goethe was taken before his old friend, and then Meyer drooped in fading, broken, life-power, and followed his famous friend a short time after the death of Goethe.

We next come to the theme which is of the most romantic interest in the connection with a poet—and that is his relations to women as a *Frauenfreund*. A poet is a born worshipper of women ; although that title does not imply a general lover, or a constantly agitated butterfly hovering in flowery flirtation round beauty.

Women touch the poet with their gentler fancies and soothe him with their brighter thoughts ; there is that subtle, mystic charm of sex which stirs alike the brain, the senses, and the soul. Every woman of charm enthalls the poet with the glamour of fascination ; and her loveliness and grace stir the fancy when they fail to touch the heart. *Non sanz droict* is a bright and lovely woman a goddess to the imagination of a poet. He may admire all that is admirable in woman without being in love with every one. A man who is not a poet knows no more of this mystic attraction than a bug knows of astronomy. In the day in which Goethe lived the tie of marriage was a loose or slip knot, which would not bear much strain if it were to remain binding ; and the sexual relations of the time were more familiar than delicate. In amours then the organ primarily affected was called technically the “soul,” which seems to have impelled to free love, and to some laxity in connubial practice. Schiller was delighted when he obtained for his mistress, the married Charlotte von Kalb, admission to the Court of the Duchess at Weimar. Goethe was wholly magnetic in his attraction for women ; princes and poets find but little resistance from the fair ; but Goethe was nothing of a Don Juan. His influence was great ; his imagination was idealising, and his enchantment was never ignoble. The female characters in his works were better than women are in reality. The poet painted ideals of womanhood, and no man knew women better. But enemies who could not deny his genius were glad to attack his character ; thence the frequent malicious ascription of *Schmetterling* attributes to a poet who was invulnerable, and to a man who looked on life in earnest, and did not play with serious things.

In his land and time, manners and morals were very different from those which now obtain, and his soul was a star which dwelt apart. He could not easily find a woman to marry. His tentatives were many and were vain ; but he, who could realise both the divine and the alluring in women, he who was so emphatically a man, remains a poet worshipper of fair women. Age did not deaden his romantic reverence for them, as witness the delight which the old man took in the society of Ulrike Levetzow or Marie Szymonowska.

In his position of Director of the Weimar Theatre, Goethe was

exposed to temptation from his actresses, many of whom promised him easy victory ; but his sense of honour proved his safeguard, and he considered that he should abuse his official position if he were to indulge in any such *amourette*. *Diesmal, nur diesmal lass dich nicht fangen ! so bist du hundertmal entgangen* : he who had escaped such dangers a hundred times was not going to let himself be caught this one time.

The charm of women for Goethe was mainly poetical and mental. Their gentle, kind nature, full of feeling as of grace, made for him the irresistible magic of the *Ewig-Weibliche*.

The completion of a love romance is generally—especially in comedies—assumed to be marriage ; and Goethe was once a husband. After failing so often to find an ideal wife, he married ultimately plump kissable little Christiane Vulpius ; of low origin, of no culture, and a member of a disreputable family. Of all his female tentatives, she was, perhaps, the worst, and he stooped until he was almost bent double in descending to such a union.

Dr. Bode touches very lightly upon some of the graver defects of conduct and of character in Christiane upon which other German authorities lay heavy stress. Friederike or Lili seems more suitable for the appointment of Geheimrätthin von Goethe, but then he would have expected much more of such superior women. Christiane was joyous, cheerful, full of the *joie de vivre*, and very fond of students' and other balls. When first they came together, Christiane was twenty-three. In 1789 she made Goethe a father, and he married her October 19, 1806. She became very stout, and fond of wine and student friendships. She died, aged two-and-fifty, in 1816. No monument marks her resting-place, and no one in Weimar could tell me where she was buried ; yet it is certain that her death caused great sorrow to Goethe, who might have better spared a better wife. Goethe was a tolerant husband. He demanded freedom for himself, and granted great liberty to his wife, who was allowed to go alone to theatres and balls. He could not dispense with the society of charming women ; and he left his wife to her own ways, though once he remonstrated against her tendencies to flirtation—"mit den Aeugeln geht es, merke ich, ein wenig stark : nimm dich nur in Acht." He noticed that she was very fond of "making eyes," and cautions her against the dangerous practice. If she shows any jealousy of his learned female friends, he assures her how much dearer she is to him. Her orthography is a wonder, even for her day ; but, though uneducated and grossly ignorant, she had mother-wit and good common sense. She was envied by many women,

who resented her marriage more than her concubinage ; and the somewhat squalid romance of her union with Goethe has made her name immortal.

In the many-sided life of Goethe, we meet with many changes of subject ; and we pass now from matrimony to *das Schaffen*, to his productivity and creation. Christiane did not interrupt those working hours in which he needed to be alone in order to concentrate his powers upon the theme which occupied him for the time. He needed, he tells us, absolute solitude in order to produce. He never wanted to "kill time," and where others had recourse for that purpose to cards he occupied himself—with mineralogy.

"Time is only precious to highly organised natures," he says ; "and in change of occupation lies true rest." He could not sit still and write down his thoughts with his own hand, but preferred to walk about and dictate to an amanuensis. In his writings, he never aimed at popularity, and cared nothing for pleasing the mass. He regarded the populace or mob with all the indifference, if not with all the scorn, of Coriolanus. Goethe cared only to express his noblest thoughts in the finest manner. "Whoever has received, in him there is an inexorable behest to give." He said that his work could never be popular, and he was right as regarded the bulk of his productions ; but, missing popularity, he attained the result that he strove for—the loftiest and most enduring fame. He was minister as well as poet ; but while, as poet, he is ever present with us, we only realise him as minister as a result of some research ; and yet he was zealous as able in the discharge of his duties towards the happy little duchy. He never lost his fine sense of the winsomeness of woman. Judging, however, partly by the portraits given by Düntzer, he did not meet with so many beautiful women as he would have found in our more favoured isle. He was not a libertine, but had the poet's need for the mere presence of a woman, with her eyes, her voice, her thoughts, her loveliness, her charm. He was fond of order, and never used a current commonplace above his signature to a letter. With him everything was vital and was individual. "Phrasen mögen wir nicht machen." He held that an author should only write when in the happiest mood for treating his theme. "My advice is, never to force yourself to write. If you are not in the humour for your work, idle or even sleep away the time. We must love our work, and not go to it as to a task." "All productivity of the highest sort, every great thought, that yields fruit and has result, is not a thing within the power of any man to obtain, and is exalted above all earthly capacity. Such things are unhopèd-for gifts from

above, are the offspring of God, and to be received with joyous gratitude and reverence." "It is not good for man to be too much alone, especially not to work alone. He needs sympathy and encouragement if he is to produce something of mark."

He thought death a very mediocre portrait-painter, and avoided seeing the dead. He would not exchange the living expression of a friend's face for the cold, still mask of death.

Where is the soul then?

He disliked caricatures, and hated all scandalous gossip. He detested burlesques and travesties, and had no patience with unjust and savage criticism of books. He was revolted by the *Fabeleien oder Nörgeleien* of the daily press. All his sympathies and ideals were entirely noble, exalted, true. He loved ardently *die Sachlichkeit*.

Goethe was *ein Lehrer des Lernens*, a teacher of wisdom and of knowledge. What I learn daily! "was ich täglich lerne!" and he was always ready to impart his own gained knowledge. His great object was "den Schöpfergedanken näher zu kommen"; to penetrate to the thoughts of the Creator. He shrank from *the occult*—"Wir wandeln alle in Geheimnissen." He recognised the danger of studying that occult—which leads a man to become himself a dream. "When I cannot see clearly and work with certainty, that is not a sphere to which I am called." He taught much and gladly. He held classes for the ladies of the Court of Weimar, and these lectures taught him what he did know and did not know. "Taste cannot be cultivated upon mediocre subjects," and he always studied all greatness most gladly. *Seine Kämpfe*—his spiritual conflicts and struggles—for he had them in an extraordinary degree, and he had his difficulties in answering such questions as, What does it all mean? What am I? Whence came I? Whither go I? What is revealed to us? Why all this evil, all this sorrow, sickness, suffering, and doubt? He faced and fought with all these problems, and the result was he became, as he defines himself to have been, *ein protestantischer Christ*, and Shakspeare might have classified himself by the same declaration. Goethe's aim, and he succeeded in it, was to attain to soul intimacy with God. He recognised the element of inscrutability in the counsels of Deity, but nevertheless trusted fully to the Divine Idea at the bottom of appearances. He was convinced that Good is ultimately victorious and supreme over the shows of evil, and he never entertained a doubt of the immortality of the soul.

If ever unintelligible, apparently harsh facts of life drove him temporarily under the shadow of doubt, that means no more than

the accent of depression, almost of despair, which occasionally occurs in the jubilant Psalms, and was never a state of mind which obtained any lasting hold upon Goethe's divine trust and lofty faith. He was not much of a church-goer, because he found that the clergy laid more stress upon barren dogma than upon divine ethics. He was fully sensible of the suggested meaning and mystery in this world of wonder, glory, mysticism. "Es giebt nichts Unbedeutendes in der Welt," nothing in the world is unimportant. There is so infinitely much in everything. He interested himself deeply in everything in life, and nothing human was ever wearisome to him. He was always studying, thinking—learning, and was ever trying to draw nearer to the thought of the Creator of all things. He had sympathy with all creation. He had less gift for music than for any other art ; but he developed, at least, his knowledge of it by earnest study. Mendelssohn records how the old Jupiter sat, listening to music, in a dark corner, and lightened upon melody with his brilliant dark eyes. It was inevitable that Shakspeare should be a Protestant, and Goethe rejoices in the fact that he was so.

Goethe held that fine ideas readily came to a writer in the free field and in the open air. He recognised that individual in man which must raise itself on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things, and he felt that our sufferings, sorrows, work could not be in vain.

When Wieland died, Goethe said it was impossible to believe that such high soul-powers (*Seelenkräfte*) could cease. "I hope, for the loftiest spirits, that they, as co-operative powers, will take part in the joys of the gods." "May the Eternal Powers not deny to us new activities analogous to those in which we have been tried and proved." He held that Germany had much to thank Napoleon for ; and when people talked of the happiness that would accrue to the people from constitutions, from parliamentarism, and from freedom of the press, he found himself wanting in faith in the advantages of such things. Of the Socialists he said : "The fools imagine that they could cleverly play the part of Providence."

Of envy of others he knew absolutely nothing ; and he could hardly hate his enemies. In the "Xenien" he employed wit, ridicule, even sarcasm against his opponents in that day, but in his later times he opposed foes only with silence. He said, "I have opponents out of pure stupidity. It is easy to pardon them, for they know not what they do. Many who have failed of success became inimical to me. As I am human, my writings cannot be without faults ; and such antagonists as detected errors in me could

not annoy me. A great mass differed from me owing to different ways of thought, but very few men are in entire harmony in their conceptions; and if I may reasonably wonder at the number of my enemies, I must also wonder at the number of my friends and devotees. Public opinion deifies man and blasphemes God. Fame is as depressing as depreciation. Many strangers, who have not read or could not understand me, are resolute to admire me."

In political life and strivings he was not active; even when, after Jena, the very existence of the Weimar Duchy was seriously threatened.

Dr. Bode, after dealing with the conflicts and troubles of Goethe, ends his chapters by speaking of the *Frömmigkeit*, of the piety or godliness, of the nobly wise and supreme intellect of the poet; and this chapter, which is the last, is the longest.

Karl August said that Herder showed him religion through flashes of lightning, whereas Goethe helped him with calm abiding light. Varnhagen von Ense writes: Goethe's "heart is full of the purest, warmest love, is full of God, is genuinely pious and holy in the heart's deepest essence. He does not talk much about Christ, he does not boast of his intimacy with Him, but if Jesus had met Goethe He would have chosen Goethe as His dearest friend." Another witness tells us that Goethe regarded Jesus with such emotion that "he could not, when thinking of the Saviour, refrain from a stream of tears." He was, during all his life, a striver after the divine, and nothing pleased him more than did his discovery of some new revelation of the Godhead and of its laws. He sought after the divine idea in the spiritual and moral life of man, in the Bible, and even in theology and in the Church. To the priestly idea of hell he opposed the doctrine of the restoration and resurrection of all men; and believed that none would be cast to the waste void when God should have made the pile complete. At the time of the Jubilee of the Reformation, he thought much about Luther, and projected to write a great epic on the subject of the great Reformer; but this idea (like many others of his poetical schemes) remained unfortunately unexecuted.

He had a high respect for Louis, ex-King of Holland, and brother of Napoleon.

"During my whole life I have meant honestly by myself and other men, and, amidst all the struggles of existence, have always kept my gaze fixed on the Highest," he writes to Gräfin Bernstorff, who once wanted to "convert" him. He believed in faith united with works, and felt ever a sacred reverence for God. After the battle of

Leipzig (1813) Rochlitz said : " Let us give thanks to God, and acknowledge aloud His moral government of the world."

" Acknowledge ? " said Goethe. " Who must not do that ? But I acknowledge in silence."

" In silence ? Why that ? "

" Who can speak it aloud ? If he do, he can speak only for himself. Who shall speak for others ? And if he know that he cannot do so, it is not permissible for him to try."

His narrative of his relations with Friederike and Lili was a public confession of fault, born of penitence. In 1779 he visited first Sesenheim and then Strasburg, and obtained pardon from his two former loves, and he felt his spirit calmer for reconciliation. Lili was married when he saw her ; but Friederike never married. Goethe could give himself absolution after his return from his journey of honour to the two ladies.

Schiller asked whether Goethe, with his theories of life, could ever be a real tragic poet ; and Goethe agreed with him, because, as he said, his nature always tended to conciliation, while the true tragic spirit must ever be implacable. There is one pregnant instance of the question of the different gift and tone of the two poets.

When Schiller prepared " Egmont " for the stage, he introduced Alba, masked and cloaked, into the dungeon in which Egmont was to hear the sentence of death read to him. Schiller wanted to make Alba see the effect of the sentence, and gloat over the sufferings of the victim. It was like Fouquier Tinville going to the scaffold to watch the death of those that he had doomed to the guillotine ; but Goethe opposed Schiller's effective playwright's idea, because it made even Alba seem too cruel and too bad, and this incident was left out. Goethe says it would be difficult to realise the influence which Goldsmith and Sterne exercised upon his development. His son caused him great sorrow, and when the young man died abroad, in Italy, the father, repressing his natural grief, said only : " I knew well that I had begotten a mortal," and turned his tenderness towards the widow of the dead son, to Ottilie, who lived ever after with him in the Weimar house. " The man," he said, " who can exercise self-control does the hardest and the greatest thing." His talent was a gift ; his character was a conquest. " The best is foe to the good," and there is a wide difference between frailty and depravity. His faults were the offspring of temperament and of heredity. " Man learns through erring," and without his faults Goethe would not have been so great a man. They, the faults, called forth the energy of his self-control. He always strove and strained after good, and pressed

forward towards higher things in conduct and in belief ; and men with such lofty aims can reckon confidently upon the redemption of God. Goethe attained to true moral grandeur. There is a legend that men may be "saved" or "converted" in the flash of an instant, in a spasm of hysterics. Goethe believed and knew that true and enduring faith is a plant of slow growth and a result of patient striving. We have now passed a short time in the company of this extraordinary man, and before our fancy stands calmly that stately, ideal figure which typifies so well the soul within. Was he without faults—without sin? No ; he was human before he became superhuman, but the great thing about him is that he—whose passions at times bordered upon insanity—he who was excitable and strongly sensuous—that he should have succeeded in controlling and regulating his defects till he became sovereign and serene, and of a character as glorious as his intellect was supreme.

With some help from our learned Doctor—and from his authorities—we may, in this necessarily brief and imperfect essay, have attained to a glimpse at least of Goethe's life of every day ; we may have overheard many of his fine sayings ; and we may, in consequence, have learned to love and to revere the character, the genius, and the *Lebenskunst* of this noble man and immortal poet. For Goethe is the author of "Faust." The fact that Shakspeare and Goethe were Christians—and Protestant Christians—is a strong argument in favour of attainable revelation, and the comfort of conviction in the relations between Creator and creature. The limits of so short an article make a full picture of its hero difficult. It can suggest rather than satisfy ; but we may yet attain to some conception of the lofty supremacy of the ideal greatness of Goethe : minister, scientist, poet—and poet who ranks second only to our own Shakspeare.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE DEMON STAR.

ILLUSTRATING my remarks by a prominent example, I have endeavoured, in the following pages, to present as succinctly and untechnically as possible the leading facts connected with "the astronomy of the invisible."

The subjoined directions will enable the reader to fix upon a heavenly body of special interest since ancient times. Look horizontally a little to the east of South, and upwards for about half the distance from the horizon to the point overhead, at midnight (Greenwich time) in London—or 11.52 P.M. (local time) in Edinburgh—on November 13; two hours earlier on December 13; and still earlier as time goes on, by fifty-five minutes a fortnight, or two hours a month. The daily acceleration is 3 min. 56 sec. There will be seen a conspicuous star of a reddish tint. From this red star imagine a long straight line extending upwards with a gradual slope to the left, and a rather brighter yellowish-white star will be readily noticed. Suppose another line traced upwards from the red star, of exactly the same length and slope as the first, but on the right side of the vertical—so as to form, as it were, a gigantic capital V—and a star will be found, somewhat isolated from any other as bright as itself. It is much less bright than the red star (Aldebaran) or the yellowish-white star (Capella). This fainter star is the interesting object alluded to. It is known by the name of "Algol." Within certain limits, the farther north an observer is situated the earlier will the appearance described be seen, and *vice versa*. The difference for places in the British Isles will be very slight. At all points on the Greenwich parallel of latitude the local time for the phenomenon is the same as for London. Readers in foreign parts, generally, must be referred to star maps or a celestial globe. North of the 50th parallel of N. latitude Algol never sets: below 50 S. latitude it never rises. Those readers who have some acquaintance with the stars, will find that Sirius, Orion's Belt, Aldebaran, and Algol are very nearly in one long straight line and equidistant in the order named.

Exactly how bright Algol may appear to the eye depends upon when it is viewed. If the day and hour are taken at random, it is highly probable that the star will appear a trifle fainter than the second order of brightness—technically, of about the “second magnitude”—identical in appearance with two other stars above the upright “V” and situated respectively to the right and left of Algol, which forms with them a right angle. If, however, it be observed at any day and hour and minute noted in *Knowledge* or the *English Mechanic* as one of the periods of “minima of Algol,” it will be seen as very little brighter than the “fourth magnitude,” that is to say, at just such points of time it emits about a quarter as much light as usual. The star is, in fact, what is termed a “variable,” and, for several reasons, it ranks among the most celebrated of all these noteworthy objects. It lies in the “head of the Medusa” in the constellation of *Perseus*. In past ages it was considered by the Arabs to be a “demon star,” because at intervals it “winked” at them. Hence the specific epithet *Al Gol*, or “The Demon.” In star catalogues it is classified as *Beta Persei*. The fall in brightness is very noticeable and quite regular, the minima or times of greatest faintness being always within a few seconds of 2 days 20 hours 49 minutes apart—that is to say, any consecutive minimum happens on the next day but two, and at three hours and eleven minutes earlier in the day. If Algol was at minimum intensity at 11 P.M. on Monday, it would present the same aspect again on Thursday at eleven minutes before 8 P.M. During something like $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours its light is fading; it remains at greatest faintness for only fifteen or twenty minutes, when another $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours of increasing light restores the star to its normal appearance. This rhythmical ebb and flow of light has been observed to take place at least since 1782, when Goodricke determined the exact length of its period. The question still remained—What caused the fluctuation? It seemed wellnigh incontestable that so machine-like an effect must be referable to rotation (on an axis) or revolution (of one body round another). A small portion of the star’s surface might be less brilliant than the rest, or some kind of satellite might periodically obstruct Algol’s beams. Another general suggestion was that a star-sun might be so much flattened at its poles as sometimes merely to present a thin edge of luminous surface. The eclipse hypothesis, however, demanded a satellite so large, relatively to its primary, that, judging by analogy from our own solar system, it appeared improbable, while the other interpretations were still less easy to reconcile with previous experience.

Edgar Allan Poe, in one of his short philosophical tales, uses this expression: "It is by prominences above the plane of the ordinary that reason feels her way, if at all, in her search for the true." These striking words have a very wide range of applicability. It is encouraging to reflect that differences in manifested effects almost always contain within themselves a clue to their causes. The "fixed stars" are all so utterly separate from our own solar system that their light requires periods of years to cross the unfathomable abysses of intervening space. Speaking generally, their distances are quite immeasurable, the very few exceptions only serving to prove the general rule. Hitherto the only instrument available for use on celestial objects had been the telescope, which simply renders the luminosity of a star more intense by refracting and concentrating upon the eye a much larger amount of light than would be received without such assistance. No such effect as an increase of the object's angular dimensions is here possible. You cannot "magnify" a star. Seen through a telescope they all appear simply as so many luminous points, differing solely in respect of brilliancy or colour—one or both. Upon the face of matters, definite details of what happens in, or near to, any of the stars, or of their individual characteristics, seem absolutely unobtainable. Algor remains a single point of light in the largest telescopes.

About the year 1862, Sir William Huggins (then Mr. Huggins) was led to turn his attention to the *analysis* of starlight by means of the spectroscope. His so doing marks an epoch in the history of stellar observation. Simultaneously with the new field of observation was opened up a new and delightful field of thought. The New Astronomy was born.

The fundamental part of the spectroscope, and that upon which all its indications depend, is simply a three-cornered glass rod—in mathematical language a "triangular prism." An instrument made up of one or more such glass prisms combined with properly adjusted lenses, and having directed upon it, by means of an extremely narrow slit, a thin ribbon of the light to be examined, furnishes the data for deductions of transcendent importance. Of all the developments of physical science in the nineteenth century, it is incontrovertible that the results achieved by this fascinating instrument entitle it to rank as one of the very highest. Its revelations, and the manner in which they are made, exceed anything contained in the wildest romance. When white light passes through a prism there is produced a "spectrum"—a rainbow-like band similar to that often accidentally seen in the bevelled edge of a

mirror or in the pendants of a lustre. When any chemical element (hydrogen, sodium, iron, carbon, &c., &c.) is made excessively hot, it becomes a glowing, luminous gas. If its light shines through a spectroscope, fine coloured lines will appear at precisely the same distances apart as the correspondingly coloured portions of the spectrum. The number and positions of these lines form an unerring guide to the element which thus emits them—each separate element having its own peculiar set of lines. An ordinary or “continuous” spectrum results from an incandescent solid, liquid, or *highly compressed* gaseous mass. Such a spectrum might be termed a complete colour-scale. Each spectrum hue has its own special degree of refrangibility and therefore its own unalterable place in the colour-belt. If, before it reaches the eye, light—either from the “lines” of a gas or from a continuous spectrum—traverses a layer of very highly heated gas, but which is at a lower temperature than the glowing matter behind it, the relatively cooler vapour will nullify such bright lines and such parts of the spectrum as correspond to *its* bright lines. The consequence of the conditions just enunciated is that the spectra of our sun and the stars are, each and all—in diverse fashion—scored from end to end with dark lines, because suns are always encased in a double envelope of vapours. The outer and less intensely heated layer is termed the “reversing layer,” from the fact of its obliterating the bright lines of the still more fiercely glowing inner layer.

The rate at which light-waves rush into the eye determines the colour-sensation. Of any two spectrum-colour-sensations, that lying nearer to the violet results from more frequent etheric waves than those giving rise to the other. In every case the absolute number of impulses in a second of time is excessively, incredibly enormous—millions of millions. Doppler in 1841 foreshadowed the important truth that it mattered not by what means light-waves were made to enter the eye at any particular rate; the same colour would always result so long as the requisite number of impulses affected the retina in a given space of time. Consequently, if the distance between the eye and the source of light was not constant neither could the colour of the light perceived remain unaltered. The speed of the impinging waves would be influenced by the motion of the quivering beam as a whole, either towards or away from the eye—in such cases they must be either squeezed together or spread out. It is within the range of everyday experience that the sound of a locomotive whistle is shriller when approaching than just as it passes, and shriller while passing than as it is receding.

This is because more air-waves are carried into the ear or fewer are allowed to enter it—the number of impulses on the ear-drum in any given time determining the pitch of the sound. Huggins's use of the spectroscope on the stars afforded the first opportunity of putting Doppler's theory to a practical test. The exact positions of hundreds of dark lines in the solar spectrum had been already mapped. Such lines might be expected to appear in slightly altered positions if either the light-source or the eye were, relatively to each other, moving with a velocity in any degree comparable with that of light, which darts through space at the rate of about 186,000 miles in a second. Sir William Huggins, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, says: "At last, in 1868, I felt able to announce, in a paper printed in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society' for that year, the foundation of this new method of research, which, transcending the wildest dreams of an earlier time, enables the astronomer to measure off directly in terrestrial units the invisible motions in the line of sight, of the heavenly bodies." The observations of this prince of spectroscopists were shortly afterwards confirmed by Vogel in Germany. As time has advanced and improved methods of photography have been successfully applied to star spectra, many cases of stars approaching or receding from the earth have been determined with an accuracy of about an English mile a second. Facts of yet higher significance, however, were to be revealed. In little more than twenty years from the publication of the paper referred to, the exquisitely delicate instrument which had given astronomers an insight into the chemical constitution of the stars and had made it possible to measure their invisible movements of approach or recession, had conferred upon mankind such an extension of the last-named power as, at first, seems incomprehensible.

About the year 1883 Professor Edward C. Pickering, Director of Harvard College Observatory, U.S., showed that it was decidedly probable that a dark companion star revolved round Algol, and that it produced the variability by periodically crossing the line of sight. He further pointed out that spectroscopic examination might bring to light important details in such a case. In the year 1889 Dr. H. C. Vogel, Director of the Potsdam Observatory, near Berlin, set at rest for ever the vexed question of the "winking of the Demon Star," by proving Prof. Pickering's explanation and suggestions to be correct. "Prominences above the plane of the ordinary" were conspicuously manifest when looked for in the right direction. Dark lines in the star's spectrum, the normal positions of which admitted

of no dispute—they were known to originate from the glowing vapours of certain elementary substances—were distinctly shown by Dr. Vogel's photographs to have a uniformly increasing and diminishing backward and forward swing, now to one side and then to the other of their well-established positions in the Sun's spectrum. At every minimum of Algol, and at points very nearly $34\frac{1}{2}$ hours earlier or later (*i.e.* midway between two successive minima), the lines are in their normal places; then, during the ensuing half of the period just named, they are displaced to one side with an increasing rate of movement, till in just about $17\frac{1}{4}$ hours they attain their maximum displacement and begin to move back again. Their reversed motion becomes slower and slower, till at the end of the next similar period they have exactly reached their customary positions in the colour-band. During the succeeding $34\frac{1}{2}$ hours precisely the same successive phenomena of line-displacement recur, only on the opposite side of the normal—towards the other end of the spectrum. There was no longer any doubt that the fluctuating light resulted from periodical eclipses of this bright far-distant sun. The spectroscopic appearances clearly demonstrate that Algol itself must be revolving in a circular orbit, the centre of which is common to the path of the star and to that of some other object unknown and unseen—some “dark sun”—the circulatory motion arising from each being attracted by the other. This would cause each body to revolve round the common centre of gravity of the two. When the shift of the spectrum lines is towards the blue end (which is immediately after a minimum), the bright star is moving towards us, and so, as it were, “raining” upon our eyes—or our photographic plates—an increased number of impulses, and *vice versa*. And now we come to the most surprising revelation of all.

In virtue of a law generalised by Sir Isaac Newton from “Kepler's Third Law”—which, as enunciated by Kepler, is not rigidly exact—we are enabled to determine the distance between the components of a double sun like Algol with a very fair approach to accuracy, and to form an estimate of their combined weight—more correctly, of their attractive or gravitational force. The philosopher, whose honoured name is connected for all time with his three most justly celebrated “Laws,” found that if he selected any two planets in the solar system, and (using the same measuring units in each case) multiplied the number of time units in the period of revolution round the sun of either planet by itself (called “squaring the periodic time”), then if the number of length units in that planet's average distance from the sun was multiplied by itself *twice* (called “cubing

the mean distance"), the cubed distance of one would be just as much larger or smaller than the cubed distance of the other as the squared time of its revolution round the sun was larger or smaller than the squared time of the other. The four products formed the four terms of a "proportion." The mathematical expression for Kepler's Third Law is that in the case of the planets "the squares of the periodic times are proportional to the cubes of the mean distances." Newton's grand generalisation, which is absolutely exact and universal, requires that the united mass of any two mutually attracting and revolving bodies (undisturbed by any other) be taken into account. Let the time of revolution of the two round their common centre of gravity be squared, and the product multiplied by the united mass, and this second product set down as a dividend; then take *the cube of the distance* separating the centre of gravity of one body from that of the other for a divisor—THE QUOTIENT WILL BE INVARIABLE. It now becomes quite easy to understand that if the distance between any two mutually revolving bodies, together with the time in which they complete a single revolution, is known, so likewise is their combined weight. The fact that the light we have to deal with emanates from one member only of the pair we are considering, unfortunately introduces some uncertainty into the problem of determining their respective masses, and also their distance apart—the elements of mass and distance being interdependent. Matters would be greatly simplified if each of these closely related orbs was a shining star. How far the bright one lies from the common centre of gravity is directly calculable from its rate of movement round that centre. But antecedently we are ignorant of the star's mass (or weight). We should be without any ready clue to this, were it not for the periodical partial eclipse, which, by demanding certain conditions, renders others highly probable. Obviously, the greater the joint weight of the two bodies, the greater must be their separating distance, and *vice versa*, the first item entering directly into the dividend and the second being the cube root of the divisor of our "division sum" with its never-varying "answer." From a purely mathematical point of view we are confronted with an "indeterminate equation" of the form $\frac{a^2x}{(b+y)^3}=k$, in which x and y are unknown and a and b known quantities— k being a "constant." a represents the time required for a complete revolution; x , the total mass of the two bodies; b , the distance of one and y , of the other from their common centre of gravity: k is always the same number, providing,

of course, the same units of time and length are used. Such an equation as the foregoing admits of an infinite number of solutions. Practical considerations, however, limit the possible values of the masses of these two suns and the distance between their centres. This distance naturally divides into two portions at the common centre-of-gravity point, which must lie at about one million and sixty thousand English miles from the visible star's centre. The experienced astrophysicist who is our authority in the matter, concludes—from the amount and manner of the decrease and increase of light and the duration of the recurrent eclipse—that, in his judgment, the dark companion is somewhat smaller than the luminary. This places it farther away from the common c.o.g. than the latter—the respective distances from that point being inversely as the respective masses of the two stars. If one were twice the weight of the other, it would be half as far away from the gravitating point. Two balls, connected by a cord and flung twirling into the air, form a rough illustration of motion round a common centre. The point in the cord round which they gyrated would afford a very good clue to the relative weight of each.

Assuming similar densities and that one disc passes centrally across the other, Dr. Vogel obtains the following figures : diameter of Algol in English miles, 1,074,100; of the dark companion, 840,600; distance apart of their centres, 3,269,000. Algol is known (by the photographs) to move in its orbit with a uniform speed of 27 miles per second, which would involve a speed of 56 for the dark star. The mass of Algol is put at four-ninths, and that of the eclipsing body at two-ninths, the mass of the Sun.

Another peculiarity—more recondite than those we have been considering—remains to be noticed in connection with the Demon Star. Its investigation promises to become of extreme interest and importance. The period comprised between two successive minima, when expressed with very great accuracy, is found to be not quite constant. The accumulated tiny delays in a space of rather more than thirty years amount to considerably more than two hours—the quasi-three-day period growing by exceedingly small but increasing increments from its normal length to a maximum several seconds longer. Then by analogous gradual accelerations extending over a similar space of time the period again becomes of the usual extent. After this, the foregoing process is reversed, the period shortening to a minimum, and then—in the last quarter of a cycle of about 131 years—gradually lengthening to the normal amount. Dr. Chandler thinks Algol and its companion are probably travelling together in a circular

orbit about nineteen times as large as that of the earth round the Sun—swayed by some other unknown body ; possibly by more than one. That the period is alternately increased and diminished through the greater or less time required for the star's light to reach the earth from different points in this orbit. Observations of Algol's proper motion (*i.e.* its annually slightly altered place in the heavens), collated with spectroscopic evidence, favour this ingenious hypothesis. Analogous effects of retardation and acceleration of periodic phenomena, in the case of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, led the Danish astronomer, Roemer, in the year 1675, to discover the successive transmission of light. The measurement of stellar distances is the most surpassingly difficult of all astronomical tasks. In any future cases like the present it may prove to be greatly facilitated, for if a star's apparent movement in an orbit can be measured in angular units, and we can also determine the actual dimensions of that orbit, we have found the star's distance. It would seem very probable that light occupies at least 47 years in passing from Algol to our eyes, in which case this strange star must radiate sixty-three times as much light as our Sun, which would only appear to us as a seventh-magnitude star if it were in Algol's place—barely visible to ordinary unaided vision. Accepting the foregoing statement of its distance, Dr. Vogel's estimate of Algol's size would require that it glows forty-seven times as fiercely as the Sun.

EBENEZER BURGESS.

THE SARACENS IN SICILY.

IT is a great loss to historians interested in the beautiful island of Sicily that Professor Freeman did not live to complete, as he hoped to do, his history of Sicily down to its conquest by the Normans under Robert Guiscard. He had collected materials in great abundance for this purpose, and had he been able to put them before the world we should doubtless have had a complete sketch of the occupation of Sicily by the Saracenic invaders, which now we only know by searching through the pages of Gibbon and the other historians of the later Roman Empire.

It has been the fate of Sicily to be one of the battle-fields in two distinct periods of European history when the Semites have warred in Europe for supremacy over the Aryan nations. The Phœnician and Carthaginian power strove for its possession with the Romans, and during the ninth century of our era the whole island fell into the hands of the Saracenic Arabs, and it is with this later Semitic conquest that I now propose to deal.

In the fifth century Sicily, though it still titularly was owing allegiance to the Roman Emperors, had the fortune or misfortune to have this influence greatly weakened by the invasion of barbaric hordes who inundated the whole of the western empire and contributed largely to the destruction of the decaying influence of the successors of the Cæsars. The first stranger prince who desolated it was Gaiseric the Vandal, and then at the head of successive waves of invasion we find Odoacer the Herule and Theodoric the Ostrogoth. The power of the barbarians vanished as quickly as it came, and on passing on to the sixth century we find the island recovered by Belisarius, and the influence of Rome, which he re-established, continued (excluding the invasion of Totila the Goth) until the Saracenic conquest.

In the latter part of the seventh century it seemed as if Sicily had become thoroughly permeated with Byzantine Greek influence. It became the residence of an Emperor under Constans II., who held his court at Syracuse, and after his murder his son Con-

stantine IV. flooded the country with his Greek troops, so that for some time the island appeared to be an integral part of the Empire of the East. But by the conquest of the modern Tunis and Tripoli by the Arabs a new power had arisen in Africa, which was more dangerous to Christianity in Sicily than the weakness of the Byzantine rule. The rapid spread and sudden rise of the Arabs alarmed all Mediterranean Europe and seemed to threaten all the Latin nations, and they soon by predatory incursions showed that they had cast an envious eye over the rich lands of Sicily and were desirous of annexing it to their African Empire.

In the year 781 the Tyrant of Sicily, Elipidius, who had been Strategos under Constantine VI., having become embroiled with his suzerain, and seeing it was useless to resist, took refuge with the Saracens in Africa, and thereby gave them a fresh title to interfere with the government of the island.¹

The first serious attempt, however, which the Saracens made on Sicily, and which ended after sixty-eight years of warfare in the complete subjugation of the whole island, took place under Ziyadet Allah, who established a dynasty at Kairwan, in Tunis, and overran in turn the islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica.

The pretext they took for their invasion was the avenging of a man under authority, one Euphemios, condemned by the religious Emperor Michael the Stammerer to have his nose cut off or his tongue plucked out as a punishment for the abduction of a nun. It seems the Arabs were always called in in such cases. In Spain they, says tradition, were summoned to avenge the outraged Lady Florinde. "Si Florinde avait eu le mollet mal tourné et le genou disgracieux, les Arabes ne seraient pas venus en Espagne!"²

Under Abu Abd'alla Ased, a famous Moslem lawyer, the Saracens landed in 827 at Mazzara, and from there overran the rest of the country until they received a considerable check from the Greek population of Syracuse, but they were reinforced by a large contingent of Moors from Spain,³ which was then in great prosperity under the Ommeyad dynasty. Town after town fell, and in 831 the city of Palermo was captured after a year's siege of terrible rigour, which scarcely any of the garrison survived. The town under the name of Bulirma became the Arab capital, and was advanced like the great cities of Spain, and made worthy of its position.

The conquest dragged itself along, not too fast, but surely. The

¹ Freeman's *Sicily, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman*, p. 335.

² Théophile Gautier, *Voyage en Espagne*.

³ Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, vi. 408.

Emirs were stimulated to further exertions by express orders from the Calif, with whom the Jihad was extremely popular, a cargo of captive patrician dames being forwarded to him as each city fell into the hands of his captains.

In 858 the town of Céfalu was taken, and in the succeeding year, after a lengthy siege, Castragiovanni was surprised by the Arabs, who crept one by one through a sewer into the town. The south of Italy was invaded and Bari taken,¹ and in 877 the conquest of Sicily was made complete by the capture, under the Emir Ja'far ibn Ahmed, of Syracuse, previously the chief city of the island. The town was a good prize for the invaders; they looted from the cathedral alone five thousand pounds of silver plate, and it was said that the city yielded them a million pieces of gold as spoil; but the long and valorous defence had exasperated the Saracens, and seventy of the principal Syracusan nobles were massacred in cold blood, and a man who had been rash enough to curse the Prophet's name was torn asunder.

No sooner, however, was the conquest of Sicily by the African Moslems completed than the conquerors threw off their allegiance to the mother country. This revolt was suppressed with much bloodshed by Ibrahim ibn Ahmed, the African Viceroy of Kairwan. He played the two revolutionary parties—the Arab and the Berber—against each other, and becoming supreme put the leader of each to death. In the year 900 Palermo was again sacked with terrible cruelty, and all Sicily reduced again to the state of a vassal of Africa by the capture of Taormina.

When the power of Kairwan declined Sicily again attempted to emancipate itself, but this was checked by the successes of the dynasty of Fatimite Califs in Africa. These took Palermo, and one of their Emirs boasted that he had slaughtered more than half a million of his co-religionists. But the semi-independence of Sicily, notwithstanding this African Renaissance, became a *fait accompli* when Hassan Kelbite in 948 made the Emirate hereditary in his house, and established his family so firmly on the throne that their rule lasted for a century.

During the Moslem period, says Kington,² Palermo flourished in spite of its rebellions and consequent massacres, and Cordova was its only rival in culture in the West. It contained nine gates

¹ A succinct account of the Saracen descent on South Italy, and their defeats by Pope Leo at Ostia in 849 A.D., and at Bari in 868 by the Emperor Lewis II., is to be found in *The Dark Ages*, by C. Oman.

² *Life of Frederick II.*, by T. L. Kington.

and five hundred mosques; but Ibn Hankal complains that the citizens were "more prone to vice than virtue and could hardly be brought to keep Ramazan or Fast at all, but preferred to sit idly, old and young, at the city gates, like monks begging."

The Moslem population—the descendants of the conquerors—was chiefly composed of Arabs and Berbers. The former occupied the tract of land round Trapani and Palermo, in the north-west, while the industrious Berbers settled in the Val di Mazzara. We are told that it was the Arab population which furnished the lawyers, governors, and captains of Sicily.

As a rule the Christians—the conquered people, like those under the Moors in Spain—were very tolerantly used, but they were nevertheless under certain disabilities. They could not serve in the "Guind," or army, which was recruited solely from the Moslem nobility, and they were forced to pay the "Gesia," or poll tax, which gave them comparative toleration for their religion.

"They were forbidden also, says Mr. Kington, to carry arms, to mount horses, to build high houses, to drink wine in public, or to celebrate pompous funeral rites, and to ring bells or build new churches or cloisters.

Many of the greater monasteries had been destroyed during the Conquest, but otherwise we hear of little religious persecution. St. John of Rachetta seems to have been the only martyr of consequence, and he shared the honours of canonisation with another saint of Moslem times—Sta. Rosalia, whose chief title to fame seems to have been that she "retired to the top of Monte Pellegrino to avoid the Saracens."¹

Slavery—the mild form of slavery which the Koran authorises—was introduced into Sicily, and the number of slaves in Saracenic times was very considerable. These were chiefly confined to the Val di Mazzara, the Val di Noto being filled with vassal Christians and the Val Demone with the greater estates of the *noblesse*. The chief part of the island was Marset Allah—the Port of God—which became a place of note, but in our own days has dwindled, under the contracted name of Marsala, to a village known only for its wine trade.

The complete disintegration of the Saracenic power really commenced in the tenth century, under the Kelbite Emirs. The Harîm influences, which always in the long run weaken the stability of a Muhammedan dynasty, were at work, with their usual results, and the wars of rival pretenders were intensified by contests between the

¹ Light's *Views of Sicily*.

orthodox Sunnis and the Shia heretics, who had arrived in Sicily to create disunion. Gibbon says :

“After a reign of two hundred years the Saracens were ruined by their divisions : the Emir disclaimed the authority of the Kings of Tunis ; the people rose against the Emirs ; the cities were usurped by the chiefs ; each meaner rebel was independent in his village or castle, and the weaker of two brothers implored the friendship of the Christians.” It was at this time (1038 A.D.) that George Maniaces, governor of Lombardy, found a favourable opportunity for the recovery of Sicily on behalf of the Emperor Michael. With a body of mercenaries consisting partly of five hundred Norman knights under Guillaume de Hauteville he attacked Messina, and in a short time reduced thirteen of the principal cities. The Emir of Syracuse fell by the hand of the Norman leader in the second engagement. Had Maniaces followed up these successes, doubtless Sicily might have been freed from the rule of the Saracens, but a quarrel arose between him and his Norman allies, to whom he refused sufficient reward, and they withdrew indignant to Apulia, and Maniaces himself was recalled to Byzantium.

But Moslem power received only a very short respite by his recall. In 1060 Ben et Themnah, being dispossessed of Catania, invoked the aid of the Apulian Normans, and their help was solicited at the same time by the Christian Greeks of Messina. At this double call for assistance Robert Guiscard and Roger de Hauteville, both brothers of the former leader of the Northmen, lost no time in preparing for the conquest of Sicily. Messina they took by surprise during the fast of Ramazan, and with their band of a few hundred men gained a very decisive victory over some thousand Saracens at Castragiovanni. Two years later, however, the Saracens had rallied so much that they were able to besiege for four months the Count Roger and Eremberga, his wife, in the town of Trani.

Their distress was such that, says the chronicler, the Count and Countess “had only one cloak betwixt them, that they wore whichever most required it ;” but the Saracens were forced to raise the siege by a sudden sortie of the garrison. The next great stage in the history of the conquest was the capture of Palermo. This was a great gain to the Normans, both conquerors and conquered having been reinforced, one from Calabria and the other from Africa. The Emir of Palermo was killed before the beginning of the siege, a siege which lasted six months and was only terminated through the treachery of some Sicilian Christians in the Saracenic army. The Saracens succumbed, but on honourable terms ; their property,

religion, language, and laws were respected, and almost the only visible change was the conversion into a cathedral of the principal mosque of the city. Palermo was retained by Duke Robert, who relinquished to his brother the remainder of the island. Three years later Count Roger reduced Mazzara, the first town which the Saracens had occupied in Sicily—and in 1078 took Taormina. The next success for the Christians was the reduction of Syracuse after a sharp naval engagement in which the Emir Ben Averd was drowned, and the surrender of Girgenti and Castragiovanni by Prince Khamut, who bowed to the rising sun and became a Christian. Noto, the last town in which the Saracens held out, was handed over to Count Roger in 1089, its possessor, the widow of Ben Averd of Syracuse, being allowed to depart with her children and treasures to Africa, and then all Sicily was in the hands of the Normans.

Though now subjugated the Saracens were not yet reduced to insignificance. Their language was still the vernacular, and their people still governed by the law of the Koran. They managed to keep a certain grasp on the helm of the State, and King William the Bad was entirely under their influence. On the death of his son and namesake, styled "the Good," the Saracenic party was responsible for the election of Tancred, an illegitimate relative of the last king. Dormant under Constance, Saracenic influence became strongest under her son Frederick II. ; but an ill-fated rebellion led this Emperor to transport many of his Arabic subjects to Italy, and there, to the horror of the Popes, to found a Moslem colony at Nocera. In this colony he found his most faithful subjects in Italy, and it was most faithful also to his son, the unfortunate Manfred ; but this fidelity cost the colony its very existence, and the last spark of Sicilian Saracenic power was extinguished by the success of Charles of Anjou at the battle of Benevento.

A. FRANCIS STEUART.

BELL—A CHORUS GIRL.

THE yellow light faded and the pale grey of early evening came over the street. Out in the country beautiful tints were to be seen of crimson-edged clouds in the far west and a brightness hanging over the hill-tops ; but that was far away from this street which led (not directly, but after two or three turnings or so) into Tottenham Court Road.

Jack Newcombe had his lodgings in this street, and his sitting-room window looked towards the chilly and shadowed east.

It was the hour when "That" generally came back. Possibly the various editors to whom it was sent disposed of it during the forenoon and despatched it by an early afternoon post, so that (as it never went out of London) Jack received it about six or seven o'clock. The present time was seven o'clock on a warm evening early in September.

Jack Newcombe was now a clerk in a tea warehouse. "That" was the story he had written—one of many—but the pet offspring of his brain.

Five years ago Jack had gone up to Oxford from a happy and prosperous home and with a good public school education. It was an old story. The firm failed, his father died, ruined and heart-broken. The little money that was left was needed for the widow and younger children. Jack said at once he must shift for himself, and the uncles and aunts (a swarm of these always rise up on such occasions) seemed to think he certainly ought to do so.

The widow took her young family down into Devon—the home of her youth. The elder girls had now procured posts as governesses and were helping the younger ones. One of the boys had gained a scholarship. They knew Jack had obtained a good situation and was cleverer than any of them. Judging by his letters he was doing very well indeed.

Poor Jack !

He had won such distinction for essay writing at school, he was so certain what his career was to be, that he set small store by his

"good situation" and lost it by giving his attention to literary work instead of giving it to his employers. He had not told his family he was now only in a tea warehouse, but he put off his home visit.

He had been so confident that when "That" was completed triumph must come. It was now a year since it was finished. A year of restless waiting and bitter disappointment. The hopefulness of youth reviving, then a repetition of the anguish.

Now he was no longer surprised to see it come back. There was a sort of dull throb at his heart when the maid-of-all-work brought up the well-known roll. The calmness of despair was coming, though he was barely twenty-five.

He sat looking wearily at it. Even supposing it did not possess proof of the original genius he had at first believed in, yet it was so undeniably better than hundreds upon hundreds which were published and gained some kind of notoriety.

Fate was against him. In proud self-confidence he had ventured the combat—this was to be the end of the struggle.

A knock came at his door.

"Come in," he cried, and looked round as the door opened,

He started in surprise, for certainly it was an unlooked-for visitor who entered—a girl, whom he remembered to have met sometimes on the staircase, and who lived with her old mother on the third floor. She was a good-natured-looking girl of the thick-fringed, untidy type. With her the business of life seemed always to commence at the end of the day, so he concluded she was connected with some music-hall or theatre.

"Do you want anything?" he asked, rising and confronting her.

She kept the door-handle in one hand, and shyly held out the other with a small piece of pink paper.

"Well?" he questioned, surprised at the shyness in one of her stamp.

She blushed right up to the thick light fringe. "It's a ticket for the 'stalls,'" she said. "We get 'em sometimes this time of year, and I thought you'd look'd lonesome of late, and it might cheer yer up, and do yer good. I'm on there now in the chorus. 'Deed I've got a little part to myself just now whiles one's away that does it general."

He blushed almost as much as she did. He was a brown-haired grey-eyed, good-looking young fellow, thin, but of interesting appearance. He knew this too, and had a nervous dread that this young person had taken a fancy to him and was about to open a campaign.

Perhaps he was not so much master of the situation as he should have been at his age. His 'Best Girls' had hitherto been the heroines of his favourite romances. Also he was slightly conceited (notwithstanding his rejections at shrines more obdurate than Cupid's), and there is a form of conceit which helps a young man to keep straight.

But Bell belonged to a class generally quick at thought-divining. She seemed to guess by instinct his half-formed idea.

"Bless yer, it's just friendly like—yer needn't be afraid," she said reassuringly; "I've got my young man in the chorus with me; I thought it 'ud cheer yer up. They say it's very good t'other side of the lights."

She was more at her ease now, but he was redder than ever at the way she had hit off his hesitation.

"It's very kind indeed of you," he said, feeling that sympathy was not to be despised.

"No, it ain't. I'll look for you to-night."

He felt it would be churlish not to accept, and the girl was evidently pleased that he did so. She went off with a friendly nod, catching the torn lace of her shabby black dress on the latch as she turned.

"No harm. It's always doin' that," she turned to say, laughing.

It was a long while since he had afforded himself even a shilling for the gallery; his resources were more than pinched. He had always obliged himself to send a certain sum home from the "good salary," and now that same sum amounted to half what he earned at the tea warehouse; but he sent the same that his family might suspect nothing.

He smoked a good deal, for that lessened his appetite. But to-day his dinner had consisted of a crust of bread and an egg of "uncertain date."

Living on the whole of his present salary would have been difficult, but living on half of it, with the rent of his two rooms to pay, certainly meant something like starvation.

Of course he had been very foolish. He had had confidence in himself. Self-confidence with full pockets is highly commendable, but with empty pockets it may often be esteemed folly.

"Perhaps the theatre will take my thoughts off '*that*,'" he said to himself as he threw the unhappy MS. into an empty drawer.

At any rate he felt he must go.

The piece was bright and amusing, if not very first class, but

Jack Newcombe was conscious of little but glaring light, loud music, and intense heat. His friend of the chorus smiled at him under her flowery hat, but he did not recognise her disguised with painted cheeks and flowing wig.

When he rose at the end of the performance he felt sick and giddy ; he stumbled along with the crowd into the fresh air, but the walk home seemed interminable. When he reached the doorstep he felt himself staggering and falling——

“ Take care, Mr. Newcombe, ’ere lean on me. Yer took bad, I can see,” cried a voice behind him, and a strong arm prevented his falling.

It was his friend of the morning who was returning from the theatre accompanied by her “ young man.” They had started thence considerably later, but had walked at a much brisker pace than poor Jack.

“ Seems to me yer friend’s drunk, Bell,” said her lover of the chorus.

“ Hold yer tongue, Will ; he ain’t,” retorted the girl. “ Starved more likely by what I’ve seen of ’is dinners lately. Lend a hand and help him up the staircase. If he don’t come round soon yer’d better go for a doctor.”

They supported Jack to his room, where he went off into a dead faint from which he did not recover until some time after the doctor was fetched. Will suggested the hospital, but when he came to himself Jack faintly murmured that he should be better soon, and the doctor said it was a case for nourishment and fresh air.

“ Have you any friends in the country to whom you could go for a few days ? ”

“ O yes,” replied Jack, bent on making this the doctor’s only visit. “ My family live in Devonshire, I can go to them.”

Something in the brave style of the answer compared with the poverty around struck the doctor, and he guessed what the real reason for the reply might be. He looked at the thin face, shabby black coat, and white hands of his patient.

“ I will send round a bottle of wine by my boy, it will do him more good than medicine, and I will call again to-morrow,” he said to Bell as he went out.

But by the morrow Jack was too ill for the wine. He was tossing on his uncomfortable bed far worse than the doctor had expected to find him, and Bell was his self-constituted nurse.

Her old mother laughed at her. “ You’ll get nothin’ for yer pains, girl,” she said. “ Young gents like that are slippery customers. Better ’a stuck to Will.”

And Will said :

"If yer going to take up with him, Bell, I may as well go to Nancy Grey for company, but you'll be sorry for it in the end."

"Shut up, both of yer," said the girl wrathfully. "I'm not agoin' to leave 'im dyin' for either of yer. You'd think as 'ow a girl ain't got a thought in her 'ead but for marryin'."

To do her justice her action was prompted by pure pity and womanly sympathy. Such feelings may abide in the breast of a chorus-singer even if her lot has been cast in the humblest walks of life. It is hard to credit such sentiments accompanied by bad grammar, coarse habits, and vulgar manners. Both lover and mother suspected her motives, so perhaps it was not wonderful if the doctor did so too.

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There was a faint crimson from the autumn sunset, and the glow touched Bell's untidy blonde hair as she sat at the foot of Jack's bed about a week later. There was a softened look on her face—a look of awe and sorrow. It was not a hard face though the skin was coarse; it was hardly a pretty one, but it had always been good-natured-looking and now it was something more. For the pale-fringed blue eyes had a depth of tenderness in them that gave them a beauty they had hitherto lacked.

She lifted them and looked at the white, white face on the bed. She knew it was the face of a dying man.

She had brought down the patchwork quilt from her own bedroom and spread it over the little iron bedstead. She had swept the shabby carpet and put things a bit straight. Just now he wanted nothing, and she was sitting down waiting—waiting for what?

"It must be dreadful to lie with nothin' but death before yer," she muttered to herself with a shudder, and tears rose in the light-blue eyes which had not done much weeping of late years—perhaps more through lack of time than through lack of feeling.

The thought seemed to stifle her, and she rose and went into the little sitting-room adjoining and gazed out of the window, which looked on to the street.

After a moment she gave a sudden start back with a sort of gasp.

Will was passing with Nancy Grey hanging on his arm, and on Nancy's head was the very hat (with white and blue feathers) which Will had promised to buy *her*—Bell—when they admired it together in Holborn a fortnight ago.

The sight of one's sacrifice calmly accepted is often overwhelming to the most heroic. Poor Bell had never desired the rôle of heroine (unless on the stage). She was not handsome, and knew perhaps that her "chances" would be limited. Will had really meant business, and that was more than every chorus admirer did.

"P'raps I'll never get a place of my own, or the ring," she gasped with a sob. But through the doorway she caught sight of the pale figure on the bed.

"It's worse for 'im. He's got to die. I'm glad if I've helped to make him a bit comfortable," she said to herself slowly and quietly. Then she returned to her seat at the foot of the bed.

A minute afterwards the doctor entered.

"Just the same, I fear, Bell," he said after a glance at the poor patient. "Have you looked again among his papers to see if you can find any letters or anything to give a clue to his family's address?"

"Yes, sir; but there's nothink but the sort of thing I gave yer—stories, poems, and the like."

"Ah, yes! Poor fellow! That long manuscript I showed to my brother, who is editor of a magazine. He says it shows great talent, and he would gladly pay some cash down for it if I thought it right to let him have it. Poor fellow! I dare say he's been struggling to get a pound or two for his writings, and perhaps sending them to the wrong places, or to where they happen to be overcrowded."

Bell hardly comprehended all the doctor's observations. Her thoughts were on the impossibility of finding the Devonshire address.

"Wish we'd ask'd 'im afore he got so bad," she cried.

"Indeed I do," said the doctor, who was a fair-bearded, kindly man, barely middle-aged. "I hardly expected this unconsciousness to come on so soon. He has lain in this state for three days; I fear there will be no awakening from it. Shall I send in a nurse to-night to be with you?"

"No, thank yer. I shall be all right. Tony (the landlady's boy) will wake and run for you if he's worse."

"You do not go to the theatre at night now?"

"No," she answered shortly.

If she had been a gentle-faced, ladylike girl, he might have asked more questions—if she was right to give up her calling in life, indeed her daily bread, for this. But for a chorus singer to give up her nightly engagement to attend on a young man above her in

social position was a state of things which admitted of other construction. The doctor shrugged his shoulders and left.

There was a great pity at the girl's heart, but no other sentiment. What she had of that passion was given to Will.

And Will was another's—so was her engagement at the theatre.

The doctor looked back to say: "I went round to the tea-place to-day to see if they knew the address of his people; but they didn't. Try to make him say, if he comes round at all."

"Yes," she answered. "I'll try. I tried last night; but he only rambles."

"Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Soon the evening glow faded and the night began.

It was a dreary night. A slight wind rose and blew up the clouds, and there was an autumn chill in the air. By the doctor's order she had lit a little fire in the patient's room, but the grate in that bedroom was not accustomed to a fire and it burned sulkily. She sat in a low chair by it, half dozing till after midnight, and then waking in a state of fear and apprehension.

She looked with dread at the still figure on the bed. He no longer tossed and muttered, but she knew that only meant that *it* was coming nearer, that mysterious *it*, the thought of which seemed so awful in this midnight loneliness.

The cheap night-light guttered in the saucer on the washstand. She tried to make it burn better, and then started at the shadow of her own hand above it. She thought there was a sound at the door, and stood shivering and listening, breathing more freely when the sound of something passing in the street seemed to reassure her of the fact of the outer world.

She had never before experienced such feelings, nor had she heard of "overwrought nerves." All she could say to herself was that it "was *that dreadful* to be alone now *it* was really coming, and she'd half a mind to wake the old woman."

The recollection of the condition in which her mother generally went to rest (thanks to their proximity to a small "public") turned her back as she was going towards the door. In the still silence there was a solemnity into which she dared not summon unhallowed vice. No idea like this took form in her brain, but the instinct was there all the same. She turned back.

A sound from the bed startled her. She rushed to his pillow, for there was consciousness in his eyes and he was trying to speak.

"Tell me, what is it?" she asked. It was hardly a relief to see him thus, for she saw too how near the end was.

He half raised himself. "I know you've been very good to me," he said. "I've known you about when I couldn't say anything."

"No, I haven't been good," she answered, nothing else occurring to her to say.

"Yes, you have. Thank you—and God bless you for it," he gasped weakly. "I've nothing I can give you—I know I'm dying."

"Can't you tell me where your mother and sisters are livin'? Somewhere in Devon, ain't it?"

"Yes—Knoll Cottage—Little Lynn—near Exeter. Write it down." He spoke between short breathings.

She wrote it down laboriously by the flare of the night-light. "I'll send directly the morning comes," she said.

"It will be too late," came faintly from the bed. "Still they must come—afterwards."

After what?

She went to his bedside.

"Have you any message for them?" she asked.

"My love, especially to my sister Milly. It will nearly break her heart she was not here——"

A long silence. Then he spoke again.

"She's to have all the papers—they're no good—but she'll like them."

"The doctor took some to look at. 'E said 'e'd a brother, an editor, who thought a lot of that long thing you'd written and wanted to buy it. He took 'em to see if there was any address of your people on 'em. Oh! What's the matter?"

For on the dying face was a look of the deepest mental anguish, the lips parted, the young man sank back, his thin hands clasped, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Oh! my God! And I have died for it," he murmured.

"Oh! please don't take on. They shan't go if you don't like. I'll have 'em all back," cried poor mystified Bell.

"No—no. If he'll publish them—listen Bell—you are to have the money. Oh! can't I get better? Can't you send for the doctor?"

The feeble, heart-rending wail caused her to break into sobs.

"I'll wake Tony and send him," she said.

"No. Don't leave me. It's no use." He had clasped her hand in his, and the energy and entreaty had alike died out of his voice. "Give me some water," he faintly said.

She held the glass to his lips. All the colour had gone from his face, it was whiter than ever. "You're very good," was all he murmured. She gently laid his poor head down and raised the pillows. No lady's hand could have done it more tenderly.

A faint grey light was coming into the room, for it was about half-past four o'clock. It seemed to increase the sadness and mark out every useless remedy that stood on the little wooden table and rough shelf. She went quietly out and despatched Tony for the doctor, and then went back to watch and wait.

But at her heart was a feeling of peace she had never known before, and, as the tears coursed down her face, she murmured :

"I'm so glad I stayed, though Will's gone and I've lost the place."

She knew it was coming now. He had sunk again into the stupor, though his lips moved unconsciously. She thought she caught the words, "Thank you," and "Love to Milly."

Presently the breathing grew more fitful. Then there were two or three long sighs and his head sank down.

The grey morning dawned, but it brought no more disappointment to him.

The doctor returned with Tony and found Bell sitting quietly at the foot of the bed gazing at the still, lifeless form of departed youth and hope.

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When the weeping mother stood at the bedside the evening of the following day, Bell was there, guarding the lifeless clay with a sort of animal-like tranquillity. The sight of her added to the unhappy lady's affliction, for the girl's old mother had met her on the stairs and enlarged on how her "darter 'ad nursed 'im when none of 'is own kith and kin came near 'im, and it ought to be remembered and somethink be done for 'er, as she'd lost 'er place at the theatre along o' it."

The landlady silenced her and urged Mrs. Newcombe to pass on, but neither doctor nor landlady could give a satisfactory account of poor Bell's presence there; and that, with the unexpected poverty of the surroundings, added to the poor widow's anguish.

The inevitable uncle who accompanied Mrs. Newcombe on this sad occasion questioned Bell as to her business, addressing her as "young woman," and eliciting no reply at all. The girl merely rose, and with one last glance at that still figure left the room.

"It will be best," said the uncle, when, after some time, he had persuaded his poor sister to come into the little sitting-room—"it will be best not to let Milly come here."

She, sobbing, acquiesced.

"There is no need," he continued in his well-judged magnanimity, "even to let her hear anything concerning her poor brother which would add to her natural distress."

"Don't—don't let me see that wretched girl again!" sobbed Jack's mother. "There's a sovereign; give it to the old woman."

To do the doctor justice, he spoke of Bell's attention and kindness up to the last, but when the uncle shook his head he thought best to drop the subject, for, after all, what did he know of Jack's affairs prior to his illness? So he spoke of the fame which might have belonged to the poor boy, and of what the editor had said of the story—the promise and talent it had shown. Verily a spirit sigh might have thrilled the smoke-laden atmosphere.

They laid him to rest by his father in Kensal Green Cemetery, and a girl in shabby black watched the proceedings at a respectful distance from the mourners. When the service was over Mrs. Newcombe and her brother had a sorrowful lunch at an hotel. (The uncle had paid expenses on the mournful occasion, and thereby earned a right to express long-standing doubts concerning poor Jack!) Then the two drove to the Great Western terminus *en route* for Devon.

Bell wandered about the cemetery until nearly evening, when she returned to town and wearily climbed the stairs up to her lodging. She paused for a moment by those dark rooms *he* had owned. For an instant she fancied she heard the weary sigh which had first touched her heart and caused her to offer the theatre ticket.

She knew it was fancy and she went on up to her rooms. In the front apartment her mother lay upon a shabby couch, in a condition incidental to the receipt of Mrs. Newcombe's sovereign.

Bell looked at her with a curious glance of horror—almost as if this very normal condition of things struck her in some new light. She felt as if she had seen that which had awakened in her some strange fear of vice and depravity.

Will was going to marry Nancy, and her engagement at the theatre was lost. On the morrow she must try to "get taken on somewhere," she said wearily to herself as she sank into a chair and turned away from the figure on the couch.

Two big tears rolled down her cheeks, and presently she rose and looked out at the man lighting the lamps in the darkening street. She watched until the shadows closed in, and it was night again.

E. M. RUTHERFORD.

TABLE TALK.

REISSUE OF THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."

RAPID progress is being made with the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,¹ and before the spring of the present year has ripened into summer the whole of what is to be called the tenth edition will presumably be in the hands of the public. In front of me as I write are Volumes V., VI., and VII. (XXIX., XXX., and XXXI. of the completed work), which contain the portion of the alphabet between Glarus and Previsa in Janina, European Turkey. Seldom has progress so rapid and effective been so noiselessly accomplished. Like the machinery with which the work deals, the movement is smooth, easy, and—except by its results—scarcely perceptible. The task now nearing completion is a wonderful product of combined labour, and counts among the most striking and honourable results of the co-operation which, until years comparatively recent, was imperfectly understood; and the owner of the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia* may plume himself upon the possession, not only of "a new, distinctive, and independent library of reference," but of the Apologia of the day for its own existence and work. The great creative manifestations of the busiest and most scientific of the ages are explained by those whose labours have made it what it is. In encyclopædias, as in other things, there is no absolute finality; but the man of to-day, whatever be the line in which his energies manifest themselves, is to be congratulated on possessing the latest record of development and knowledge.

FIFTH OF THE NEW VOLUMES OF THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."

THE prefatory essay to the fifth volume, by Mr. Benjamin Kidd, is upon the application of the doctrine of evolution to sociological theories and problems. This involves a new departure in English modes of thought; sociology, in spite of the frequency with which, since the days of Auguste Comte, it has come into mention,

¹ The *Times* and A. & C. Black.

having not previously, as I believe, achieved full exposition in an English encyclopædia. Far too abstruse for me to deal with is the question. Sociology, however, which is now studied in connection with Darwinism as expounded by Mr. Wallace, is likely to be treated independently when its place in the alphabet is reached. Another subject neither less important nor less novel is the great question of "Heredity," which is discussed by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, Lecturer on Biology. For the most curious and complex problems of our existence explanation is here to be sought; but the points discussed are once more beyond the reach of one who has only a sentence or two in which to discuss a book. "Hypnotism," by Dr. Shadwell, opens out another dark corner into which much light is not yet likely to be poured. "Income Tax," by Sir H. G. Murray, comes too near home for altogether dispassionate survey. The same may perhaps be said of "Influenza"—which, again, is in the hands of Dr. Shadwell. "Inebriety" and "Irrigation" are matters which have assumed great importance within recent years. "Italy" and "Japan" deserve to be closely studied. It is pleasant to find Mr. Austin Dobson writing on his favourite subject of Hogarth, and the late Sir Walter Besant discussing Richard Jefferies. Colonel Watson, C.M.G., speaks of Gordon with much judgment and some reticence. Mr. F. W. Hodge has an important contribution on that rapidly disappearing race, the Indians of North America.

CONTENTS OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

TO furnish a synopsis of what is being and has been done is a task beyond the powers of a mind less encyclopædic than is the work itself. I can but, following out what has previously been said, indicate a few heads of highest importance under which the latest advance is chronicled. Lord Davey, F.R.S., for England, and the Hon. Dr. Simeon E. Baldwin, Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, Connecticut, for America, are responsible for the account of the recent changes in the "Law" of their respective countries—changes which, in the case of the machinery for the administration of the English law, are of the utmost importance. They are described, indeed, as revolutionary by one of the most temperate and judicial minds of the day. The same authority declares that procedure, thanks to the steps towards the pursuit of law and equity, has been simplified, and technicalities have been reduced to "a dangerous minimum." Technical knowledge is necessary to understand the extent to which recent legislation has influenced the status and emoluments of counsel. Especially important is what is said

about County Courts, the progress towards codification, and other matters. Geographical articles stand apart, and bring up questions of highest political significance. Among the matters of most widespread importance treated in Volume VI., all of which are in the hands of admitted experts, are Local Government, London Mammalia, Martial Law (by the Deputy Judge-Advocate-General), Medical Education, Medical Jurisprudence, Metallurgy, Methodism (written partly by the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes), the Moon, the Mormon Church, and Morocco. These are of very different length, and, in a sense, of different value ; but are alike authoritative, and, so far as modern knowledge extends, final.

CONTENTS OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

IN the seventh (thirty-first) volume the article that first arrests attention is that on Newspapers. No fewer than eight writers take part in this, the most generally known being Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, who writes on the Halfpenny Press, and Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who deals with Illustrated Journalism. It has been found possible to separate newspapers from other periodicals, and the bulk of the space is naturally accorded to the great morning newspapers of various countries. Rather curiously, the *Gentleman's Magazine* finds mention under Illustrated Journalism, reference being made to the map of the country round Carlisle given in 1746 to illustrate the Scottish rising in 1745. In the same volume was a portrait of the Duke of Cumberland. In 1747 the *Gentleman's* gave a bird's-eye view of Genoa to illustrate the rising there ; and in 1751 an obituary notice of Edward Bright of Malden, Essex, who weighed 42½ stones, was accompanied by a portrait. Among the discomfiting signs connected with journalism are named, directly or by implication, the tendency to American methods, and the demand for personal information concerning public characters. With these things may be classed the colossal ignorance which seems to form an essential part of the equipment of the journalist—and not seldom of the reader. Motor Vehicles find naturally their mention for the first time in the new volumes, and abundant illustrations of them are afforded. Sir W. Martin Conway, president of the Alpine Club, dwells on the dangers that attend mountaineering. Dr. G. Hogarth, Director of the Cretan Exploration Fund, deals with Mycenæan Civilisation, a subject of profound interest to scholars. Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace explains the nature, aims, and procedure of Nihilism. Parliament is, or was, in the hands of the late Sir Archibald Milman. Mr. Tedder's paper on periodicals constitutes a brief—too brief—supplement to

newspapers. Among papers of profound interest for various causes may be mentioned geographical and political contributions such as are found under Newfoundland, New Guinea, New South Wales, Orange River Colony, Polar Regions, &c.; subjects such as Pathology, Physiology, Photography, in which a fine record of advance is supplied; and political subjects such as National Debt, Poor Laws, and Population. In the later volumes, as in the earlier, the illustrations, especially the reproductions of pictures, are an attractive feature.

A SUGGESTION TO DICTIONARY-MAKERS.

ARE the laws regarding dictionaries as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians? It appears to be granted that geographical names of certain classes are not to be given, while others indicating mere abstractions, such as the termination "isms," may find a place, as well as the latest abominations of the uncultivated journalist. In the latest number of the great English Dictionary issued by Dr. J. A. H. Murray and his coadjutors, which embraces the letter Q, I seek in vain for the word "Quirinal." This is, of course, as much a place-name as Westminster Abbey or the British Museum. Yet it is not always used as such. Is it not at times expressive of regal as distinguished from papal rule, and is not the Quirinal opposed to the Vatican, which no one would think of omitting? I have read within a week or two the words "accredited to the Quirinal," and I can fancy many needing an explanation of the phrase. Of course, if we include Quirinal, we should also include "Escorial"; to which I say, Why not? The purport of a dictionary is to supply information, as well as to explain the derivation of words and furnish their history. I throw out this suggestion, since I had myself occasion to consult the dictionary for Quirinal—and found it not. I am not seeking to oppose my opinion to that of the scholars to whom we owe a book which I regard with unmixed admiration as a treasure the equivalent of which no other country can claim.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1903.

MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

By G. B. O'HALLORAN.

AS the revenue cutter "Argus" dropped anchor in the roads outside Watermouth for the fifth time in January in the notable year 1740, the populace of that tiny community sent up, in accordance with custom, a subdued shriek of laughter. But the merry faces took on an expression of orderliness and respect when the warship's gig drew in to the shore and landed Lieutenant the Honourable Peter Crackthorpe upon the quay. The Honourable Peter's official rank was no indication of his age, which hovered on dubious wing somewhere in the altitudes of the fifties; nor, on the other hand, was his age a sign of naval ability. Severe of aspect, haughty in demeanour, with carriage erect to the angle of defiance, he stood confessed a martinet of martinets. The men of the "Argus" regarded their commander with a lively awe, and related each to the other most convincing stories of Lieutenant Crackthorpe's unsparing devotion to useless minutiae. He possessed, indeed, a very lust of punctilio, and his transference to so lowly a position as captain of the "Argus," which was consecrated to the task of chasing smugglers and spreading terror of the law amongst the jolly freetraders of the East Anglian coast, was the direct outcome of an incident whose details came to the ears of the Lords of the Admiralty in an unembellished edition. Somewhat previously, to the date of his removal to the "Argus," family influence had been so far exerted in the nation's benefit as to procure the gazetting of the

gallant Mr. Crackthorpe to the command of a sloop of war. It is true he had not long obtained his lieutenantcy, but friends at court had shown the necessity of introducing fresh blood, especially of the Crackthorpe hue, for every one knows that the Honourable Peter was only brother to the most noble the Marquis of Gonscilly. The sloop of war was quickly in commission, and, as luck would have it—the Crackthorpes had thrived for generations on luck—within twenty-four hours the crew of a miserable French fishing boat caught poaching in English waters hauled down their flag at early dawn, in submission to the English warship, after the latter had driven her stem into the little smack, which then quickly prepared to founder. Now Commander Crackthorpe, who at the commencement of the chase was sleeping the sleep of rewarded merit, had been awakened in order that he might take his proper position on this momentous occasion ; but a determination to complete his toilet before appearing on deck bade fair to deprive the second in command altogether of his senior officer's presence and aid. As soon as the collision took place several rope ladders were flung out over the side to the Frenchmen, who began climbing up with much eagerness, as their own boat lay foundering alongside. But the Honourable Peter had not only determined to finish his toilet, he had also determined to be in at the death, and was unwilling to forego a single ray of the glory which awaited him on the quarter-deck. At this juncture, therefore, he sent strict orders not to allow the prisoners to place foot on the deck until he himself was there to receive them, with the result that half a dozen poor wretches were clinging desperately to the rope ladders, at the top of which stood marines with fixed bayonets to prevent them advancing, and below which the deep sea yawned.

"Must receive my prisoners like a gentleman, sir," he said to the midshipman in attendance. "Dignity of the King's service has to be upheld, and, begad, I'll uphold it." And presently he stumped up on the quarter-deck, in gold braid and glinting scabbard, to accept "like a gentleman, sir, and in a manner to advance the dignity of the King's service, sir," the unconditional surrender of six drenched, dejected, harmless fisher folk from Brittany, who had taken, maybe, a couple of herrings inside the three-mile limit.

It was this and similar instances which procured for the Honourable Peter the pseudonym of "Prince of Punctilio" amongst the officials at the Admiralty. The Naval Lords cast about them for a safe place in which to hide the Prince, that is to say, a place where punctilio could do little harm even if it did no good. And so it was

decided that Lieutenant Crackthorpe should take command of the revenue cutter "Argus," and spend the rest of his professional days in chasing the lawless smuggler.

In the time of these events there was no village along the whole East Anglian coast line so notorious for its illicit traffic in spirits as Watermouth, and no man in Watermouth better loved than that rebel to the law, Black Zam. His name in full was Samuel Treherne, and he hailed from a small seaport in the west country, which he some ten years ago had been obliged to quit, as the revenue officers of that neighbourhood were strongly averse to Zam's methods of earning an honest living by free trade. Treherne brought with him a rich experience of the sea and a thick west-country vernacular in which the letter "s" had never been done justice, so that when this mariner spoke of a "hizzing zarpent" the phrase lost all that piercing force which the sibilants are meant to endow it with. He called himself "Zam," and the Suffolk people christened him Black Zam, out of respect for his umbrageous beard; and this was the man whom Lieutenant Crackthorpe kept a sharp look-out for as he stepped starchily along the Watermouth quay on his way to the "Loyalty Arms." Arrived at the tavern—for the shabby little inn could hardly be called more—the officer entered the taproom with a clinking sword, and was there greeted with the most profound expressions of respect by mine host Huckle Davy. Huckle was always ready to be loquacious, and the officer wore a thin smile which encouraged the tavernkeeper to talk genially.

"Goo' morn', sir," said Huckle, rubbing his bony hands together. "Fine morn', sir, if it don't rain, as my father used to say. My father was a hoомorous man, sir."

The Lieutenant's thin smile gave place to a thick frown, and Huckle's geniality took a chill.

"Your father be damned, master Davy—as most likely he is. I don't require your jokes until I ask for them, sir."

"No, m' lord. Ax pardon, m' lord," said Davy; and "m' lord," open to every attack of adulation, was mollified and relented.

"Now look here, Davy, my good fellow, I want two minutes' private talk," and he looked meaningly at a jerseyed figure standing apart, endeavouring to finish a large tankard of ale without attracting too much attention.

The landlord of the "Loyalty Arms" turned on the humble customer. "Out you go, Jimmy Brail, and sharp!—Quit now!—hiding there in the corner to listen to State secrets w'at m' lord was

just agoin' to let me into. You're a miserable tike at best, and got no manner o' right to remain in the room when a nobleman comes in on business."

Jimmy Brail, the most harmless of mortals, essayed to expostulate, but before this outburst of authority—for Davy was the autocrat of the place—the poor man dwindled out of the door, looking at the half-finished mug.

"He hasn' got the pluck of a fiel' mouse, m' lord, and I don' b'lieve he'd run a ha'porth o' risk to save his life. He's frightened to go to sea, he is, and no better than a beach loafer."

"Cut this balderdash," said the officer; "and now we're alone, pay attention. Where is he?"

"Who, m' lord? Jimmy Brail?" asked Davy, with innocent blue eyes.

"*Not* Jimmy," said the officer; "Treherne, I mean. You know I have never set eyes on him yet."

"He was past the house, sir, not two minutes afore you come, sir, and maybe even now within a stone's throw of us. Quick, sir, there he is!" And Davy, who was now peering up the street through the window, speedily brought Mr. Crackthorpe to his side. "Just agoin' roun' the corner opposite the shore windlass—in a brown smock and top boots. That's him, sir."

The eager gaze of the Lieutenant dashed about from one brown smocked figure to another in the long-deferred hope of fixing indelibly on his memory the form and appearance of that arch smuggler Treherne. But brown smocks and top boots seemed to be the universal dress.

"I'm right glad you got a good sight of him, m' lord," said Huckle. "You'd know him anywhere now, sir, I'se warrant."

"Ye-e-s, certainly," replied the Lieutenant uncertainly.

"Once seen nev' to be forgotten, sir, as my hoomorous old father used to say. And I s'pose now your lordship would wish to know when he intends making the next trip to Flushing?"

"That's precisely my wish, Davy. What's your news?"

"Well, m' lord, after a power of trouble I larnt from them as knows that he's goin' to be quiet the whole of this week, this bein' Monday, and he p'poses gettin' away for a cargo on Sunday next. And it's awful to think that when we are all worshippin' in the temple these godless men will be settin' out on their lawless errand."

Lieutenant Crackthorpe drummed on the pane with his fingers. He was not too much deluded with Davy's religious attitude, nor did

he bind himself to accept implicitly the publican's statements. He turned suddenly upon mine host.

"Come, my man," he said briskly, "I've heard quite differently from another quarter, and I put you on your oath whether your version about Treherne's next trip is true or not. I am determined to make sure of my ground, for I was once deceived before in a similar case." Davy looked incredulous.

"Well, m' lord," he replied, rubbing his hands, "I wouldn' go so far as say on my oath it's true or ontrue. 'Cause the inf'mation's not first han' to me. I larn'd it on'y yes'day from Mrs. Baxter who come in 'mediately after breakfast on her way up to Squire's for the weekly wash, where she's been employed reg'lar since the death of old John Baxter; and she's got four children, the eldest a fine little chap now gettin' two shillin's a week from the butcher at Canebury-by-Marsh——"

"Damnation, sir!" broke in the Lieutenant. "How the devil do Mrs. Baxter and her brats concern me or the King's service? Cut it short, I say, or, great ged, I will cut your drivelling windpipe short." And he looked Neronic.

"Beg pardon, your Grace; but seein' your Grace put me on my oath I'm bound in justice to myself to give the full particulars, else I couldn' swear to it. It's a weight on my conscience. But if the particulars are too long for your lordship to listen to, and your lordship consents to take me off my oath"—his lordship at once took him off—"I would go so far as to say that it's true in so far as havin' no special reference to nothin', but otherwise, bein' second or third hand news, the truth might ha' got warped as it passed from han' to han', that is to say from mouth to mouth, until there you are, your Grace!" Huckle Davy finished his peroration with a fine manner of simplicity.

"Yes, there I am, Huckle, in just about the same place as I was before." And though his words were testy, Mr. Crackthorpe loved to be addressed as "your Grace" (a fact which Master Davy had learned long ago), and he swiftly succumbed to the assault upon his vanity.

"The chief point to remember, m' lord, is that the skipper always makes a northerly cast as he returns home with his cargo. He thinks there's less risk of capture that way. And now, sir, m' lord, havin' parted with this valliabile piece of information, p'raps I might claim a little on account."

The officer's face gloomed over. "I can't do it just now, Davy. Fact is"—in a whisper—"the Government has sent me a hint that I

have dispensed the Secret Service money with too free a hand, and have not received value in exchange. D'ye understand? Now I'll tell you what we'll do. You shall have ten golden sovereigns the moment I am in a position to proclaim Treherne and his gang prisoners of the King. Great ged!" he continued, evading the full oath, "the sun is on the meridian. Good day to you, master Davy. I must get back to my ship." And the great man strode stiffly out of the tavern, and walked back to the quay under the visual guns of the loitering population of Watermouth.

The cool air outside chilled the lieutenant back to his normal condition, and he soon came to the conclusion that Huckle Davy was a flatterer and a liar; that in this instance, as in many a previous one, his information had been diametrically opposed to fact. Very good. Turn the matter about, and what should an intelligent officer do? Why, take it for granted that the "Gentle Pilgrim"—Black Zam's fast trading sloop—would sail this very night for Holland, and instead of making a northerly cast on her return trip she would certainly make a southerly one. So Lieutenant Crackthorpe put out to sea on this theory, and for three days without success thrashed across the North Sea hither and thither through mist and shine in search of the famous smuggler.

The naval officer's theory was correct, for that very night Black Zam laid the head of the "Gentle Pilgrim" on her path to Flushing, picking the way with consummate skill in the darkness. Twenty-four hours later Flushing was reached in a favouring breeze, and a score of barrels labelled "coal tar" were taken on board and stowed away. The whole cargo was snugly arranged in a very short time with that ease and expedition which can only be acquired by long practice. When the twilight of evening arrived, the "Gentle Pilgrim" stole away from Flushing harbour, and, once outside, put on a press of canvas and sped on her dangerous course for England. She carried no lights, but ran the gauntlet of all perils.

In the early morning a strong breeze had sprung up which increased by noon to a moderate hurricane, and the "Gentle Pilgrim" plunged her bows into the billows or rose like a bird on their crests. Though the day was dull, it was possible to see great distances, and it may have been about two o'clock in the afternoon that a small group on the fo'c's'le became aware of a wreck whose masts were standing well up above the sea-level. It lay almost direct ahead, and speculation became active as to what the wreck might be, and if the crew was still aboard of her. One fellow,

who had his eye glued to a spy-glass for a steady spell, at length dropped it with the exclamation :

"By Gawd ! It's the King's men. Idiot Crackthorpe and his crowd of marines stranded on the North Dogger Bank."

"Gimme the glass, Jock," cried another, seizing it. There was a holding of breath while the spyer took his observations.

"It is—sartain—them—blue uniforms—gold ep'lettes—white briches—holdin' their guns by one han'—an' the riggin' by t' other. They've got their rights at last, an' we've got the laugh. Curse 'em, let 'em wash, say I." And he passed the spy-glass to another.

"Let 'em swim !" said a third. "It's no affair of ours, Billy !" he continued. Then turning to the man at the wheel he shouted, "Put the helm up a bit, an' give 'em a wide berth."

But a calm deep voice suddenly rose above the excitement, saying : "Poot t' helm *doon* and keep her to coorze. An' thiz az well—the negzt time 'ee attempt to obey that hizzing zarpent I'll tie boath of 'eere negs in one, an' drop 'ee overboard. An' before we think of hoam, lads, we jutz got to zave they poor zoulz on the zandz. That'z the negzt lay."

Black Zam had spoken, with the result that the whole crew fell to heaping on the helmsman and his friend, the hizzing zarpent, the most opprobrious epithets of a smuggler's vocabulary.

It was indeed the unlucky "*Argus*" which had grounded on the edge of the Dogger at low water of a spring tide. The timbers were wrenched and leaking ; the small boat had been carried away. One mast had already gone by the board, and the poor drenched sailors and marines were clinging to the rigging, cold and half exhausted. They had been in this plight since early morning, and it was with a thrill of joy that they at length perceived the approach of the trading sloop, which was now answering their signals of distress. It was quite impossible to render assistance with such a high sea running, so the "*Gentle Pilgrim*" stood by for some five hours till the gale blew itself out and the sea abated to such an extent as to allow the sloop to man and lower her boat. The "*Argus*" was now rapidly breaking up, and it was necessary to get the men off without further delay. Commander Crackthorpe was himself the last to leave his ship, and he had certainly been of real service in supporting the courage of his men by begging them and bidding them to meet their fate in a way becoming the King's service—"as dignified messengers, my lads, from King George (God bless him !) to King Death." He even went the length of shaking hands with every man jack of his crew.

"Great ged," he suddenly exclaimed, turning round to gaze at the steersman of the smuggler's jolly-boat, in which he was the last to take his place. "Surely, sir, I had the pleasure of meeting you at the 'Loyalty Arms,' Watermouth, a few mornings ago? Your name is Jimmy Brail, and I must beg you—yes, by ged, beg you—to believe that my opinion of your courage does not—no, sir—does *certainly* not coincide with Master Davy's!" And the old fellow looked uncommonly complimentary as he delivered the last few words.

Having arrived safely on board the sloop there was a scene of friendly confusion, for the deck of the little vessel was inconveniently crowded by the addition of the hands of the "Argus." Hospitality was not wanting, and very speedily Black Zam procured an unnaturally large keg of spirits, and was soon administering the cordial with a liberal generosity to the wretched survivors of the wreck. The effect of the spirits was magical, and the poor devils who had clung half frozen to their dismembering ship, facing for several hours the horrors of the sea, were now plucked back from their demoralisation and reinstated as rational and comfortable beings.

Lieutenant Crackthorpe's turn came last, for it was impossible to get him to touch any sort of refreshment before the wants of his men had been attended to. Meanwhile, however, he was taking his observations. He remarked upon the sloop's crew, and he pondered on the presence of Jimmy Brail, who, from the way he had handled the jolly-boat, was anything but a landlubber. And gradually there arose in his mind the idea that his saviours were possibly the notorious smugglers from Watermouth; but this was a conclusion he did not wish to become positive about unless under compulsion, as he foresaw the very awkward predicament of honour in which such a conclusion would place him. He therefore accepted the glass of hollands, of which he stood in dire need well concealed, with the precautionary remark: "I trust, captain, that these spirits are not illicitly obtained, for you must know that I, as an officer of His Majesty's service, could on no account suffer myself to taste a drop of it—no, begad, not a single drop if that were the case. You can assure me, I hope, that they are not contraband?"

"Zert'nly not gontyban', az fur az I know," Treherne began explaining, holding his black beard in his left hand to help the flow of thought and language.

But the Lieutenant did not or would not hear more. His conscience cleared like a crystal, and he gladly swallowed the sweet potion to the health of the "captain," whom, by the way, he had

not recognised as Black Zam. Indeed, how should he, as his vision had never consciously rested on that individual?

Out of respect for his distinguished guest, Treherne had paused in his broken reply until the glass had been drained and returned with thanks. Then, resuming the thread, he continued:

"Gontryban' is as may be—perhaps that's foreign lingo. But if ye be azkin' me whether the zpiritiz be dooty free I'm bounden to say yez." And the jolly freebooter made the confession with no show of shame.

Now the Lieutenant had half expected what was coming, and found reason to congratulate himself on having outflanked his own conscience by manœuvring the spirits down his throat on a misunderstanding. This manœuvre had given him the opportunity of fortifying the body against possible contingencies, he thought, and meanwhile the hollands were spreading a comfortable glow which should make him more capable of dealing with the circumstance which now considerably modified the situation from his point of view. His eye wandered to the stern rail of the sloop, and there he saw in bright gold letters the legend "The Gentle Pilgrim." That clenched it. Then his eye wandered to where his marines were crowded together in the fore part of the ship—a goodly crowd, with guns and dry powder, outnumbering by many the "Gentle Pilgrims." He considered the point. It was an awkward situation indeed, but he realised in a twinkling that he was master of it. Then with an impetuosity which was worthy to precede reflection he called his men sharply to attention, and they lined up on the deck straight and tall, while every one stood silent. His voice fell solemnly on the ship thus, as he turned to the black-bearded skipper:

"It is my duty to inform you that certain facts have come to my knowledge within the last few moments which compel me to proclaim you, Samuel Treherne, and all your men here, prisoners of the King."

It was silent before, but now the silence froze hard and grew solid. Men could not believe their ears, and waited as if to receive a repetition of the incredible. And the silence might have continued for ever—indeed, some who were present and profess to know say it certainly would, had not a bland, persuasive voice risen up from the back of the crowd and precipitated itself full on the ear of the "master of the situation."

"If that's a fact, m' lord, I'll take ten guineas of your lordship to complete the bargain." And the businesslike Davy advanced, rubbing his hands, through an avenue made for him by the "Gentle Pilgrims."

It was too much even for Lieutenant Crackthorpe, and the ridiculousness of the affair forced him to relax his severity in a guffaw of genuine laughter which had contagious consequences.

"I'll settle my debt with you, Davy, you hopeless hypocrite, at a later date, and you shall have what I promised without fail. But in the interests of accuracy I would remind you, my friend, that the terms were pounds, not guineas," a point about which Master Davy was regularly rallied for the rest of his life by his friends at Watermouth.

All this time Black Zam had pulled his beard as it had never been pulled before. At length he spoke :

"I doan' zee thiz at all. Why, mun, zuppoze I had left 'ee on the wrack, what then ? 'Ee doan' think, do 'ee, az I zaved 'ee zo 'z 'ee could make uz prisoners ?"

"Not at all, Treherne, not at all," returned the Lieutenant. "But a man must do his duty, and if he don't—great ged—he's no man. I think I know my duty, and as an officer of the King (God bless him !) I am obliged, you understand—it's all so clear, you see. On the other hand you must—yes, begad, you must—believe in my gratitude for your timely help."

"I be dommed if I 'eer h'ard of gratitood loike that'n, to make a man prisoner after he's zaved 'ere loife."

Lieutenant Crackthorpe's adhesion to duty was now beginning to give way before his better feelings. He saw the monstrous ingratitude of doing an injury to those who had so generously conferred a lasting benefit upon him and his at great risk to themselves. It is true that the object of his life had recently been to capture this very gang of freetraders, and here they were in the hollow of his hand. Still, duty has its limitations, and shall not, with a manly man, be allowed to transgress its boundaries. So he made a temporary shuffle in this way.

"Gentlemen," he began graciously, "I have thought over this matter a second time, and although the facts I referred to do legally—yes, by heaven, legally—incriminate all who are concerned with the present voyage of this boat, still, upon other considerations which I need not enter into, I do for the present suspend the power which I have to arrest you, and declare instead that my previous proclamation is hereby revoked and cancelled."

This then was the Lieutenant's method of confessing that he had made a monstrous mistake of the head, and that his gracious Majesty the King must rest content without this batch of prisoners. Though the reversal of the decision was possibly not competent

to affect His Majesty's habitual placidity, yet this sudden change of front was naturally received by the crew of the "Gentle Pilgrim" with a feeling akin to suspicion, and they felt uneasy as to the ultimate result as they watched the hard-browed Lieutenant pacing a plank on the weather side of the ship plunged in deepest thought. He evidently had a mental nut to crack which was of the hardest, and, judging from the expression of his face, when cracked found not to contain the sweetest of kernels.

This deep mood of thought remained on the officer for an hour or more, during which time the "Gentle Pilgrim" drew steadily nearer to her port.

At length the quay was reached, and there stood the astonished population of Watermouth, breathlessly waiting for the solution of the amazing problem which faced them. King's men and free-booters all together in a smugglers' boat—what could it mean?

The "Gentle Pilgrim" was soon made fast to her moorings, whilst the silent crowd of spectators retired a little to make room for the marines to draw up on the landing-stage. These were followed by the crew of the "Argus," who took up a position in the immediate rear. Lastly Lieutenant Crackthorpe leapt ashore and stood at the head of his men, all facing the little sloop as she swayed gently at her hawsers. Treherne and his companions saw that the decisive moment had come, and they simultaneously turned their gaze on the Lieutenant, who at once commenced to address them :

"Captain Treherne, for myself and in the name of the crew of the 'Argus,' I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the help which you and your brave comrades have rendered us, and I beg you to forget that I ever—ever—eh, eh—presumed—yes, presumed, why not?—presumed to use my power against you in return for your—for your—courage and kindness. Had I acted with strict fairness to my Government I should of course have acted with—with—what you might perhaps call ingratitude to you, and I chose therefore to—to—that is to say—exactly as I have chosen. And, now, gentlemen, having got myself into this predicament there is nothing left me but to surrender myself to my Admiral to be court martialled for having failed to do my duty. Men of the 'Argus,' right face, quick march!" And the marines, shouldering their muskets, for once followed their commander with something of sympathy as he led them stiffly away through the applause of the people.

CRETE UNDER THE VENETIANS

(1204-1669).

OF all the Levantine possessions acquired by Venice as the result of the Fourth Crusade, by far the most important was the great island of Crete, which she obtained from Boniface of Montferrat at the cost of 10,000 marks of silver. At that time the population of the island, which in antiquity is supposed to have been a million, was probably about 500,000 or 600,000.¹ Lying on the way to Egypt and Syria, it was an excellent stopping-place for the Venetian merchantmen, and the immense sums of money expended upon its defence prove the value which the shrewd statesmen of the lagoons set upon it. Whether its retention was really worth the enormous loss of blood and treasure which it involved may perhaps be doubted, though in our own days the Concert of Europe has thought fit to spend about thrice the value of the island in the process of freeing it from the Turk. What distinguishes the mediæval history of Crete from that of the other Frank possessions in the Near East is the almost constant insubordination of the Cretan population. While in the Duchy of Athens we scarcely hear of any restlessness on the part of the Greeks, while in the Principality of Achaia they gave comparatively little trouble, while in the Archipelago they seldom murmured against their Dukes—in Crete, on the other hand, one insurrection followed another in rapid succession, and the first 160 years of Venetian rule are little else than a record of insurrections. The masters of the island explained this by the convenient theory, applied in our own time to the Irish, that the Cretans had a double dose of original sin, and the famous verse of Epimenides, to which the New Testament has given undying reputation, must have been often in the mouths of Venetian statesmen. But there were other and more natural reasons for the stubborn resistance of the islanders. After the reconquest of Crete by Nikephóros

¹ Stavrákes, *Στατιστική τοῦ πληθυσμοῦ τῆς Κρήτης*, 183 sqq. ; Pashley, *Travels in Crete*, ii. 326.

Phokás, the Byzantine Government had sent thither many members of distinguished military families, and their descendants, the *Archontes* of the island at the time of the Venetian invasion, furnished the leaders for these perennial revolts.¹ Moreover, the topography of Crete is admirably suited for guerilla warfare ; the combination of an insular with a highland spirit constitutes a double gage of independence, and what the Venetians regarded as a vice the modern Greeks reckon as a virtue.

Even before the Venetians had had time to take possession of the island, their great rivals, the Genoese, had established a colony there, so that it was clear from the outset that Venice was not the only Latin Power desirous of obtaining Crete. The first landing of the Venetians was effected at Spinalonga, where a small colony was founded. But, before the rest of the island could be annexed, a Genoese citizen, Count Henry of Malta, one of the most daring seamen of his age, had set foot in Crete at the instigation of Genoa, and invited the Cretans to join his standard. A larger force was then despatched from Venice, which drove out the Maltese adventurer, who appealed to the Pope as a faithful servant of the Church, and continued to trouble the conquerors for some years more. In 1207 Tiepolo had been appointed the first Venetian Governor, or Duke, as he was styled, of Crete ; but it was not till the armistice with Genoa in 1212 that the first comprehensive attempt at colonisation was made, and the organisation of a Cretan Government was undertaken. According to the feudal principles then in vogue, which a century earlier had been adopted for the colonisation of the Holy Land, the island was divided into 132 knights' fiefs (a number subsequently raised to 200, and then to 230) and 408 sergeants' or foot-soldiers' fiefs, and volunteers were invited to take them. The former class of lands was bestowed on Venetian nobles, the latter on ordinary citizens ; but in both cases the fiefs became the permanent property of the holders, who could dispose of them by will or sale, provided that they bequeathed or sold them to Venetians. The nobles received houses in Candia, the Venetian capital (which now gave its name to the whole island), as well as pasture for their cattle, the State reserving to itself the direct ownership of the strip of coast in which Candia lay, the fort of Temenos and its precincts, and any gold or silver mines that might hereafter be discovered. The division of the island into six parts, or *sestieri*, was modelled, like the whole scheme of administration, on the arrangements of the city of Venice, where the *sestieri* still survive. So close was the analogy

¹ Paparrhegópoulos, *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους*, v. 5.

between the colonial and the metropolitan divisions that the colonists of each *sestiere* in Crete sprang from the same *sestiere* at Venice—a system which stimulated local feeling. At the head of each *sestiere* an official known as a *capitano* was placed, while the government of the colony was carried on by a greater and a lesser Council of the colonists, by two Councillors representing the Doge, and by the Duke, who usually held office for two years. The first batch of colonists was composed of twenty-six citizens and ninety-four nobles of the Republic, the latter drawn from some of the best Venetian families. But it is curious that, while we still find descendants of Venetian houses in the Cyclades and at Corfu, scarcely a trace of them remains in Crete.¹ As for ecclesiastical matters, always of such paramount importance in the Levant, the existing system was adopted by the newcomers. Candia remained an archbishopric, under which the five bishoprics of the island were placed; but the churches were occupied by the Latin clergy, and that body was required, no less than the laity, to contribute its quota of taxation towards the defence of the capital.

The division of the island into fiefs naturally caused much bad blood among the natives, who objected to this appropriation of their lands. In 1212, the same year which witnessed the arrival of the colonists, an insurrection broke out under the leadership of the powerful family of the Hagiostephanitai. The rising soon assumed such serious proportions that Tiepolo called in the aid of Duke Marco I. of Naxos, whose duplicity in this connection was narrated in the November number of this magazine. In addition to these internal troubles, the Genoese and the Count of Malta again became active; but the Venetians wisely purchased their acquiescence in the existing state of things by valuable concessions, the chief of which was the recognition of Genoa's former privileges of trade with the Empire of Romania. Five years later, however, a fresh Cretan insurrection, due to the high-handed action of the Venetian officials, caused the proud Republic of St. Mark to admit the necessity of conceding something to the islanders. The ringleaders received a number of knights' fiefs, and became Venetian vassals. But a further distribution of lands in the parts of the island hitherto unconfiscated kindled a new revolt. The rebels, seeing the growth of the Empire of Nice, offered their country to the Emperor Vatatzes if he would come and deliver them, while the Duke summoned the reigning sovereign of Naxos to his aid. The latter withdrew on the

¹ Hopf, in Ersch und Gruber's *Allgemeine Encyklopädie*, vol. 85, pp. 221–2, 241–3, 312–4; Paparrhegopoulos, v. 52.

approach of the Nicene admiral, who managed to land a contingent in the island. Long after the admiral's departure these men held their own in the mountains, and it was eight years before the Venetians succeeded in suppressing the rising. On the death of Vatátzes, the Cretans seemed to have lost hope of external assistance, and no further attempt was made to throw off the Venetian yoke till after the fall of the Latin Empire of Romania. Meanwhile, in 1252, a fresh scheme of colonisation was carried out; ninety more knights' fiefs were granted in the west of the island, and the town of Canea, the present capital, was founded, on or near the site of the ancient Cydonia; ¹ one half of the new city was reserved to Venice, and the other half became the property of the colonists.

After the recapture of Constantinople by the Greeks, the value of the island became greater than ever to the Venetians. Three years after that event we find the Doge Zeno writing to Pope Urban IV. that "the whole strength of the Empire" lay in Crete, while at the same time the revival of the Greek cause, both on the Bosporos and in the Morea, led to an attack upon it by the Byzantine forces. But Venice had less difficulty in coming to terms with the Emperor than in managing her unruly subjects. In 1268 the Venetian colonists rose under leaders who bore the honoured names of Venier and Gradenigo, demanding complete separation from the mother country. The harsh policy of the Republic towards her colonies was an excuse for this outbreak; but no further attempt of the kind was made for another hundred years, when the descendants of the Venier and the Gradenigo of 1268 headed a far more serious rebellion. Another Greek rising now followed, this time organised by the brothers Chortátzai, but the Venetians had now succeeded in winning over a party among the Cretans, including Aléxios Kallérges, the richest of all the *Archontes*. This man used all his local influence on the side of the Government; yet even so the rebellion continued for several years, and at times threatened to gain the upper hand. One Venetian Governor was lured into the mountains, surprised, and slain; another was driven behind the walls of Candia, and only saved from capture by the fidelity of the Greek inhabitants of that district. At last adequate reinforcements arrived, the Chortátzai were banished from the island, and the castle of Selino was erected to overawe the rebels in their part of the country. Peace then reigned for a few years, and the conciliatory policy of the next Governor earned for him the title of "the good" Duke from the Cretan subjects of the Republic.

But the calm was soon disturbed by a fresh outbreak. In 1283

¹ See Pashley, i. 11-17, on this point. He identifies the two places.

the same Aléxios Kallérges who had been so valuable an auxiliary of Venice in the last rising inaugurated a rebellion which, arising out of the curtailment of his own family privileges, spread to the whole island and lasted for sixteen years. The home Government made the mistake of under-estimating the importance of this movement, which it neglected to suppress at the outset by the despatch of large bodies of men. As usual, the insurgents operated in the mountains, whence the Venetians were unable to dislodge them, while the Genoese laid Canea in ashes in 1293, and tried to establish relations with the insurrectionary chief. But Kallérges was not disposed to exchange the rule of one Italian State for that of another, and, as he saw at last that he could not shake off the Venetian yoke single-handed, he came to terms with the Governor. His patriotic refusal of the Genoese offers had excited the admiration of the Venetians, who were ready to make concessions to one whom Genoa could not seduce. He was allowed to keep the fiefs which the Angeli had granted in the Byzantine days to his family, he was created a knight, and his heirs received permission to intermarry with Venetians—a practice absolutely prohibited as a rule in Venetian colonies. It is pleasant to be able to record that both parties to this treaty kept their word. Kallérges on his death-bed bade his four sons remain true to Venice; one of his grandsons fought in her cause, and his descendants were rewarded with the title of patricians—at that time a rare distinction. These frequent insurrections, combined with the horrors of plague and famine, do not seem to have permanently injured the resources of the island, nor were the ravages of corsairs, fitted out by the Catalans of Attica in the early part of the fourteenth century, felt much beyond the coast. At any rate, in 1320 such was the prosperity of the colony that the Governor was able to remit a large surplus to Venice after defraying the costs of administration. But the harsh policy of the Republic gradually alienated the colonists as well as the natives. A demand for ship-money caused a fresh rebellion of the Greeks in 1333, in which one of the Kallérgai fought for, and another of them against, the Venetian Government. Eight years later a member of that famous Cretan family, forgetting the patriotic conduct of his great ancestor, entered into negotiations with the Turks; but he was invited to a parley by the Venetian Governor, who had him arrested as a traitor and thrown in a sack into the sea. This act of cruelty and treachery had the effect of embittering and prolonging the Cretan resistance, so that the Venetians soon held nothing in the island except the capital and a few castles. At last the arrival

of overwhelming reinforcements forced the rebel leader, Michael Psaromélingos, to bid his servant kill him, and the rebellion was over. The death of this chieftain has formed the subject of a modern Greek drama, for the Greeks of the mainland have always admired, and sometimes imitated, the desperate valour of their Cretan brethren. On the Venetians this revolt made so great an impression that the Duke was ordered to admit no Cretan into the Great Council of the island without the special permission of the Doge—an order due as much to the fears of the home Government as to the jealousy of the colonists.

But the most significant feature of this insurrection was the apathy of the Venetian vassals in contributing their quota of horses and men for the defence of the island. Somewhat earlier, the knights had been compelled, in spite of their vigorous protests, to pay the sum which, by the terms of their feudal tenure, they were supposed to expend upon their armed followers, direct to the Exchequer, which took care to see that the money was properly applied. Many of the poorer among them now found themselves unable to provide the amounts which the Government required, and so became heavily indebted to the Treasury. It was the opinion of Venetian statesmen that Crete should be self-supporting, but it at last became necessary to grant a little grace to the impoverished debtors, some of whom had shown signs of coquetting with the Turks. Thus the discontented Venetian colonists, who had been born and trained for the most part in an island which exercises a strong attraction on even foreign residents, found that they had more grievances in common with the Greeks than bonds of union with the city of their ancestors. More than a century and a half had elapsed since the first great batch of colonists had left the lagoons for the great Greek island. Redress had been stubbornly refused, and it only needed a spark to set the whole colony ablaze.

In 1362 a new Duke, Leonardo Dandolo, arrived at Candia with orders from the Venetian Senate to demand from the knights a contribution towards the repair of the harbour there. The knights contended that, as the harbour would benefit trade, which was the interest of the Republic, while their income was exclusively derived from agriculture, the expense should be borne by the home Government. As the Senate persisted, the whole body of knights rose under the command of two young members of the order, Tito Venier, Lord of Cerigo—the island which afterwards formed part of the Septinsular Republic—and Tito Gradenigo, entered the Duke's palace, and put him and his councillors in irons. Having arrested

all the Venetian merchants whom they could find, the rebels then proclaimed the independence of Crete—how often since then has it not been announced!—appointed Marco Gradenigo, Tito's uncle, Duke, and elected four Councillors from their own ranks. In order to obtain the support of the Greeks they declared that the Roman Catholic ritual had ceased to exist throughout the island, and announced their own acceptance of the Orthodox faith. In token of the new order of things the Venetian insignia were torn down from all the public buildings, and St. Mark made way for Titus, the patron saint and first bishop of Crete.¹ The theological argument was more than the Greeks could resist, and the descendants of Catholic Venetians and Orthodox *Archontes* made common cause against Popery and the tax-collector.

When the news reached Venice, it excited the utmost consternation. But, as no sufficient forces were available, the Republic resolved to try what persuasion could effect. A trusty Greek from the Venetian colony of Methóné was sent to treat with the Greeks, while five commissioners proceeded to negotiate with the revolutionary Government at Candia. The commissioners were courteously heard; but when it was found that they were empowered to offer nothing but an amnesty, and that only on condition of prompt submission to the Republic, they were plainly told that the liberty recently won by arms should never be sacrificed to the commands of the Venetian Senate. Nothing remained but to draw the sword, and the home Government had prudently availed itself of the negotiations to begin its preparations, both diplomatic and naval. All the Powers friendly to Venice, the Pope, the Emperor Charles IV., the King of France, and the Queen of Naples, even Genoa herself, forbade their subjects to trade with the island, and the Pope, alarmed at the apostasy of the colonists, addressed a pastoral to the recalcitrant Cretans. But neither papal arguments nor an international boycott could bend the stubborn minds of the insurgents. It was not till the arrival of the Venetian fleet and army, the latter under the command of Luchino dal Verme, the friend of Petrarch, who had warned him, with the inevitable allusions to the classic poets and to St. Paul, of the "untruthfulness," "craft," and "deceit" of the Cretans, that the movement was crushed.

The armament was of considerable size. Italy had been ransacked for soldiers, the Duchy of the Archipelago and Eubœa for ships, and Nicolò Spezzabanda, the regent of Naxos, hastened to assist his Venetian patrons. Candia speedily fell, and then the commissioners

¹ Zinkeisen, *Geschichte des osmanischen Reiches in Europa*, iv. 611 et seq.

who accompanied the military and naval forces proceeded to mete out punishment to the chief insurgents without mercy. Marco Gradenigo and two others were beheaded on the platform of the castle, where their corpses were ordered to remain, under penalty of the loss of a hand to any one who tried to remove them. The same bloody and brief assizes were held in Canea and Rethymno ; the most guilty were executed, the less conspicuous were banished. Tito Venier was captured by Venetian ships on the high sea, and paid for his treasonable acts with his head ; his accomplice, Tito Gradenigo, managed to escape to Rhodes, but died in exile. The property of the conspirators was confiscated by the State.

Great was the joy at Venice when it was known that the insurrection had been suppressed. Three days were given up to thanksgivings and festivities, at which Petrarch was present, and of which he has left an account. Foreign powers congratulated the Republic on its success, while in Crete itself the new Duke ordered the celebration of May 10 in each year—the anniversary of the capitulation of Candia—as a public holiday. But the peace, or perhaps we should say desolation, of the island was soon disturbed. Some of the banished colonists combined with three brothers of the redoubtable family of the Kallérgai, who proclaimed the Byzantine Emperor sovereign of Crete. This time the Venetian Government sent troops at once to Candia, but hunger proved a more effective weapon than the sword. The inhabitants of Lasíthi, where the insurgents had their headquarters, surrendered the ringleaders rather than starve. Then followed a fresh series of savage sentences, for the Republic considered that no mercy should be shown to such constant rebels. While the chiefs were sent to the block, the whole plateau of Lasíthi was converted into a desert, the peasants were carried off and their cottages pulled down, and the loss of a foot and the confiscation of his cattle were pronounced to be the penalty of any farmer or herdsman who should dare to sow corn there or to use the spot for pasture. This cruel and ridiculous order was obeyed to the letter ; for nearly a century one of the most fertile districts of Crete was allowed to remain in a state of nature, till at last in 1463 the urgent requirements of the Venetian fleet compelled the Senate to consent to the recultivation of Lasíthi. But as soon as the temporary exigencies of the public service had been satisfied, Lasíthi fell once more under the ban, until towards the end of the fifteenth century the plain was placed under the immediate supervision of the Duke and his Councillors. It would be hard to discover any more suicidal policy than this, which crippled the resources of the colony

in order to gratify a feeling of revenge. But it has ever been the misfortune of Crete that the folly of her rulers has done everything possible to counteract her natural advantages.

A long period of peace now ensued, a peace born not of prosperous contentment but of hopeless exhaustion. The first act of the Republic was to substitute for the original oath of fealty, exacted from the colonists at the time of the first great settlement in 1212, a much stricter formula of obedience. The next was to put up to auction the vacant fiefs of the executed and banished knights at Venice, for it had been resolved that none of those estates should be acquired by members of the Greek aristocracy. The bidding was not very brisk, for Crete had a bad character on the Venetian exchange, so that, some years later, on the destruction of the castle of Tenedos, the Republic transported the whole population to Candia. There they settled outside the capital in a suburb which, from their old home, received the name of *Le Tenedee*.¹

We hear little about Crete during the first half of the fifteenth century, which was so critical a time for the Franks of the mainland. The principal grievance of the colonists at that period seems to have been the arrogance of the Jews, against whom they twice petitioned the Government. It was a Jew, however, who, together with a priest, betrayed to the Duke the plot which had been concocted by a leading Greek of Rethymno in 1453 for the murder of all the Venetian officials on one day, the incarceration of all other foreigners, and the proclamation of a Greek prince as sovereign of the island. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in that year, followed as it was by the flight of many Greek families to Crete, induced the Venetians to take more stringent precautions against the intrigues of their Cretan subjects. An order was issued empowering the Duke to make away with any suspected Cretans without trial or public inquiry of any kind. We are reminded by this horrible ordinance of the secret commission for the slaughter of dangerous Helots which had been one of the laws of Lycurgus. Nothing could better show the insecurity of Venetian rule, even after two centuries and a half had passed since the conquest. Another incident, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, shows how savage was the punishment meted out to the insurgents, with the approval of the authorities. At that period the Cretans of Selino, Sphakiá, and the Rhiza, not far from the latter place united their forces against their Venetian masters under the leadership of the *Paterópouloi* clan. The three insurgent districts were formed into an independent Republic, of

¹ Cornelius, *Creta Sacra*, ii. 355.

which a leading Greek was chosen Rector. The Venetians of Canea, under the pretext of a wedding feast at the villa of one of their countrymen at the charming village of Alikianóu, lured the Rector and some fifty of his friends to that place, seized the guests after the banquet, and hanged or shot him, his son, and many others in cold blood. The remainder of the rebels were rigorously proscribed, and a pardon was granted to those alone who produced at Canea the gory head of a father, a brother, a cousin, or a nephew.¹ Nor were the foes of Venice only those of her own household. The Turkish peril, which had manifested itself in sporadic raids before the fall of Constantinople, became more pressing after the loss of the Morea. Appeals were made by the inhabitants for reinforcements and arms, and at last, when the capture of Eubœa by the Turks had deprived them of that valuable station, the Venetians turned their thoughts to the protection of Crete, and resolved to restore the walls of Candia. Those who saw, like the author, those magnificent fortifications before the sea-gate was destroyed can estimate the strength of the town in the later Venetian period. Unfortunately, those ramparts, which afterwards kept the Turks at bay for twenty-four years, could not prevent the dreaded Barbarossa's ravages on other parts of the coast. In 1538 that great captain appeared with the whole Turkish fleet—then a very different affair from the wretched hulks which are now a terror only to their crews—landed at Suda Bay, laid all the adjacent country waste, and nearly captured Canea. Thirty years later, this raid was repeated with even greater success, for Rethymno was destroyed, and soon the loss of Cyprus deprived Crete of a bulwark which had hitherto divided the attention of the advancing Turk. Venice was, at length, thoroughly alarmed for the safety of her great possession, and she took the resolve of introducing drastic reforms into the island. With this object an experienced statesman, Giacomo Foscarini, was sent to Crete in 1574 as special commissioner, with full powers to inquire into, and redress, the grievances of the islanders. Foscarini, well aware that his task would be no easy one, endeavoured to excuse himself on private grounds; but his patriotism prevailed over all other considerations, and he set out for Crete with the intention of increasing the resources of the island and at the same time protecting the inhabitants against the oppression of those placed over them. In accordance with this policy, he issued, as soon as he had landed, a proclamation, urging all who had grievances against any Venetian official to come without fear, either openly or in secret, before him, in the certainty of obtaining justice and redress.

¹ Pashley, ii. 150–156.

He then proceeded to study the condition of the country, and it is fortunate that the results of his investigation have been preserved in an official report, which throws a flood of light on the state of Crete during the latter half of the sixteenth century.¹

At the time of Foscarini's visit the island was divided up into 479 fiefs, 394 of which belonged to Venetians, who were no longer subdivided into the two original classes of knights and sergeants, or foot soldiers, but were all collectively known as knights. Of the remaining fiefs, thirty-five belonged to native Cretan families, twenty-five to the Latin Church, and twenty-five to the Venetian Government. None of these last three classes paid taxes or yielded service of any sort to the Republic, though a rent was derived from such of the State domains as were let. As might be guessed from the frequent repetition of Cretan insurrections, the condition of the native Cretan aristocracy was one of the most serious problems in the island. When Venice had adopted, somewhat reluctantly, the plan of bestowing fiefs on the Greek leaders, twelve prominent Cretan families had been selected, whose descendants, styled *Archontópouloi*, or *Archontoromaíoi*, formed a privileged class without obligations of any sort. As time went on, the numbers of these families had increased, till, shortly before Foscarini's visit, they comprised at least 400 souls. But, as the number of the fiefs at their disposal remained the same, a series of subdivisions became necessary, and this led to those continual quarrels which were the inevitable result of the feudal system all over Greece. A hard and fast line was soon drawn between the richer "sons of the *Archontes*," who lived a life of idleness and luxury in the towns, and the poorer members of the clan, who sank into the position of peasants on their bit of land, without, however, losing their privileges and their pride of descent. The latter quality involved them in perpetual feuds with rival families equally aristocratic and equally penniless, and the celebrated district of Sphakiá, in particular, had even then acquired the evil notoriety for turbulent independence which it preserved down to the end of the nineteenth century. Shortly before Foscarini appeared on the scene, a Venetian commissioner had paid a visit to that spot for the express purpose of chastising the local family of the Páteroi, whose hereditary feud with the family of the Papadópouloi of Rethymno had become a public scandal. Both the parties, the latter of whom still has a representative in an illustrious family resident at Venice, were of common stock, for both were branches of the ancient Cretan clan of the Skordíloi. But they hated one another with all the bitterness of

¹ Zinkeisen, iv. 629-723.

near relatives ; revenge was the most precious heritage of their race ; the bloody garment of each victim was treasured up by his family, every member of which wore mourning till his murder had been wiped out in blood ; and thus, as in Albania to-day, and in Corsica in the days of Mérimée, there was no end to the chain of assassinations. On this occasion the Sphakiots, who could well maintain the classic reputation of the Cretan bowmen, were completely crushed by the heavily armed troops of Venice. Their homes were burned to the ground, those who resisted were slain ; those who were captured were sent into exile at Corfù, where they mostly died of cruel treatment or home-sickness, the home-sickness which every true Cretan feels for his mountains. The survivors of the clan were forbidden to rebuild their dwellings or to approach within many miles of their beloved Sphakiá. The inhospitable valleys and rough uplands became their refuge, and winter and lack of food had been steadily diminishing their numbers when Foscarini arrived at Sphakiá to see for himself how things were in that notorious district.

Sphakiá lies on the south coast of the island, almost exactly opposite the Bay of Suda on the north. Foscarini describes it as consisting of "a very weak tower," occupied by a Venetian garrison of eleven men, and a small hamlet built in terraces on the hills. The wildness of the scenery was in keeping, he says, with the wildness of the inhabitants, whose bravery, splendid physique, and agility in climbing the rocks he warmly praises. Their appearance suggested to him a comparison with "the wild Irish," and they have certainly vied with the latter in the trouble which they have given to successive Governments. Their long hair and beards, their huge boots and vast skirts, the dagger, sword, bow and arrows, which every Sphakiot constantly carried, and the unpleasant odour of goats, which was derived from their habit of sleeping in caves among their herds, and which clung to their persons, struck the observant Venetian in a more or less agreeable manner. Yet he remarked that, if they were let alone and not agitated by family feuds, they were a mild and gentle race, and the peasant spokesman of the clan seemed to him one of nature's noblemen. With this man Foscarini came to terms, promising the Páteroí a free pardon, their return to their homes, and the restoration of their villages, on condition that they should furnish men for the Venetian galleys, send a deputation twice a year to Canea, and work once annually on the fortifications of that town. The Sphakiots loyally kept these conditions during the stay of Foscarini in the island, their district became a model of law and order, while their rivals, the Papadó pouloi,

were frightened into obedience by the threats of the energetic commissioner. He further organised all the native clans in companies for service in the militia under chiefs, or *capitani*, chosen by him from out of their midst and paid by the local government. This local militia was entrusted with the policing of the island, on the sound principle that a former brigand makes the best policeman. Disobedience or negligence was punished by degradation from the privileged class of free *Archontópouloi*, and thus the military qualities of the Cretans were diverted into a useful channel, and a strong motive provided for their loyalty.

The next problem was that of the Venetian knights. It had been the original intention of the Republic that none of their fiefs should pass into Greek hands. But as time went on many of the colonists had secretly sold their estates to the natives, and had gone back to Venice to spend the proceeds of the sale in luxurious idleness. When Foscarini arrived, he found that many even of those Venetians who remained in Crete had become Greek in dress, manners, and speech. More than sixty years earlier we hear complaints of the lack of Catholic priests and of the consequent indifference of the colonists to the religion of their forefathers, so that we are not surprised to hear Foscarini deploring the numerous conversions of the Venetians in the country districts to the Orthodox faith through the want of Latin churches. In the town of Candia, where the nobles were better off, they still remained strict Catholics, and this difference of religion marked them off from the Orthodox people; but their wives had adopted Oriental habits, and lived in the seclusion which we associate with the daily life of women in the East. In Canea, which was a more progressive place than the capital, things were a little more hopeful, but even there education was almost entirely neglected. In the country, owing to the subdivision of fiefs, many of the smaller Venetian proprietors had sunk to the condition of peasants, retaining neither the language nor the chivalrous habits of their ancestors, but only the sonorous names of the great Venetian houses whence they sprang. All the old martial exercises, on which the Republic had relied for the defence of the island, had long fallen into abeyance. Few of the knights could afford to keep horses; few could ride them. When they were summoned on parade at Candia, they were wont to stick some of their labourers on horseback, clad in their own armour, to the scandal of the Government and the amusement of the spectators, who would pelt these improvised horsemen with bad oranges or stones. Another abuse arose from the possession of one estate by several

persons, who each contributed a part of the horse's equipment which the estate was expected to furnish. Thus the net result of the feudal arrangements in Crete at this period was an impoverished nobility and an utterly inadequate system of defence.

Foscarini set to work to remedy these evils with great courage. He proceeded to restore the old feudal military service, with such alterations as the times required. He announced that neglect of this public duty would be punished by confiscation of the vassal's fief; he abolished the combination of several persons for the equipment of one horse, but ordered that the small proprietors should each provide one of the cheap but hardy little Cretan steeds, leaving the wealthier knights to furnish costlier animals. By this means he created a chivalrous spirit among the younger nobles, who began to take pride in their horses, and 1,200 horsemen were at the disposal of the State before he left the island. He next turned his attention to the remedy of another abuse—the excessive growth of the native Cretan aristocracy owing to the issue of patents of nobility by corrupt officials. Still worse was the reckless bestowal of privileges, such as exemptions from personal service on the galleys and from labour on the fortifications, upon Cretans of humble origin, or even upon whole communities. The latter practice was specially objectionable, because the privileged communities exercised a magnetic attraction upon the peasants of other districts, who flocked into them, leaving the less favoured parts of the island almost depopulated. Quite apart from this cause, the diminution of the population, which at the time of the Venetian conquest was about half a million, but had sunk to 271,489 shortly before Foscarini's arrival, was sufficiently serious. It is obvious that in ancient times, Crete with its "ninety cities" must have supported a large number of inhabitants; but the plagues, famines, and earthquakes of the sixteenth century had lessened the population, already diminished by Turkish raids and internal insurrections. In 1524 no fewer than 24,000 persons died of the plague, and the Jews alone were an increasing body. Against them Foscarini was particularly severe; he regarded the fair Jewesses of Candia as the chief cause of the moral laxity of the young nobles; he absolutely forbade Christians to accept service in Jewish families; and nowhere was his departure so welcome as in the Ghetto of Candia. The peasants, on the other hand, regarded him as a benefactor; for their lot, whether they were mere serfs or whether they tilled the land on condition of paying a certain proportion of the produce, was by no means enviable. The serfs, or *pároikoi*, were mostly the descendants of

the Arabs who had been enslaved by Nikephóros Phokâs, and who could be sold at the will of their masters. The free peasants were overburdened with compulsory work by the Government, as well as by the demands of their lords. In neither case was Foscarini sure that he had been able to confer any permanent benefit upon them. At least, he had followed the maxim of an experienced Venetian, that the Cretans were not to be managed by threats and punishments.

He concluded his mission by strengthening the two harbours of Suda and Spinalonga, by increasing the numbers and pay of the garrison, by improving the Cretan fleet and the mercantile marine, and by restoring equilibrium to the budget. The Levantine possessions of Venice cost her at this period more than they brought in, and it was the desire of the Republic that Crete should, at any rate, be made to pay expenses. With this object, Foscarini regulated the currency, raised the tariff in such a way that the increased duties fell on the foreign consumer, saw that they were honestly collected, and endeavoured to make the island more productive. But in all his reforms the Commissioner met with stubborn resistance from the vested interests of the Venetian officials and the fanaticism of the Orthodox clergy, always the bitterest foes of Venice in the Levant. In dealing with the latter, Foscarini saw that strong measures were necessary; he persuaded his Government to banish the worst agitators, and to allow the others to remain only on condition that they behaved well. Then, after more than four years of labour, he returned to Venice, where he was thanked by the Doge for his eminent services. He had been, indeed, as his monument in the Carmelite church there says, "Dictator of the island of Candia"; but even his heroic policy did "but skin and film the ulcerous place." Not ten years after his departure we find another Venetian authority, Giulio de Garzoni, writing of the tyranny of the knights and officials, the misery of the natives, the disorder of the administration, and the continued agitation of the Greek clergy among the peasantry. So desperate had the latter become that there were many who preferred even the yoke of the Sultan to that of the Catholic Republic.¹ The population of the island, which Foscarini had estimated at 219,000, had sunk in this short space of time to about 176,000. Numbers of Cretans had emigrated to Constantinople since Foscarini left, where they formed a large portion of the men employed in the Turkish arsenal, and where the information which they gave to the Turks about the weakness of

¹ Pashley, ii. 285.

the Cretan garrison and forts filled the Venetian representatives with alarm. Yet Venice seemed powerless to do more for the oppressed islanders; indeed, she inclined rather to the Machiavellian policy of Fra Paolo Sarpi, who advised her to treat the Cretans like wild beasts, upon whom humanity would be only thrown away, and to govern the island by maintaining constant enmity between the barbarised colonists and the native barbarians. "Bread and the stick, that is all that you ought to give them." Such a policy could only prevail so long as Venice was strong enough to defend the colony, or wise enough to keep at peace with the Sultan.

The latter policy prevailed for nearly three-quarters of a century after the peace between Venice and the Porte in 1573, and during that period we hear little of Crete. The quaint traveller Lithgow,¹ who visited it in the first decade of the seventeenth century, alludes to a descent of the Turks upon Rethymno in 1597, when that town was again sacked and burned; and he remarks, as Plato had done in "The Laws," that he never saw a Cretan come out of his house unarmed. He found a Venetian garrison of 12,000 men in the island, and reiterates the preference of the Cretans for Turkish rule, on the ground that they would have "more liberty and less taxes." But while he was disappointed to find no more than four cities in an island which in Homer's day had contained ninety, he tells us that Canea had "ninety-seven palaces," and he waxes eloquent over the great fertility of the country near Suda. It is curious to find, nearly three centuries ago, that Suda bay was eagerly coveted by a foreign potentate, the King of Spain, of whose designs the astute Venetians were fully aware, and whose overtures they steadily declined.

The time had now arrived when the Cretans were to realise their desires, and exchange the Venetian for the Turkish rule. The Ottoman sultans had long meditated the conquest of the island, and two recent events had infuriated Ibrahim I. against the Venetians. The Near East was at that time cursed with a severe outbreak of piracy, in which there was little to choose between Christians and Mussulmans. While the Venetians had chased some Barbary corsairs into the Turkish harbour of Valona, on the coast of Albania, and had injured a minaret with their shots, they had allowed a Maltese squadron, which had captured the nurse of the Sultan's son, to sail into a Cretan harbour with its booty. The fury of the Sultan, whose affection for his son's nurse was well known, was not appeased by the apologies of the Venetian representative. Great

¹ Lithgow, *Travels*.

preparations were made for an expedition against Crete, and Ibrahim constantly went down to the arsenals to urge on the workmen. All over the Turkish empire the word went forth to make ready. The forests of the Morea were felled to furnish palisades, the naval stores of Chalcis were emptied to supply provisions for the troops. All the time the Grand Vizier kept assuring the Venetian baily that these gigantic efforts were directed not against the Republic, but against the knights of Malta. In vain the Mufti protested against this act of deception, and pleaded that, if war there must be against Venice, at least it might be open. The Capitan-Pasha and the war party silenced any religious scruples of the Sultan, and the Mufti was told to mind his own business. As soon as the truth dawned upon the Venetians they lost no time in preparing to meet the Turks. Andrea Cornaro, the new Governor of Crete, hastily strengthened the fortifications of Candia and of the island at the mouth of Suda bay, while the home Government sent messages for aid to every friendly State, from Spain to Persia, with but little result. The Great Powers were then at each other's throats; France was quarrelling with Spain, Germany was still in the throes of the Thirty Years' War, England was engaged in the struggle between King and Parliament, and it was thought that the English wine trade would benefit by the Turkish conquest of Crete. Besides, the downfall of the Levantine commerce of Venice was regarded with equanimity by our Turkey merchants, and the Venetians accused us of selling munitions of war to the infidel. It was remarked, too, that Venice, of all States, was the least entitled to expect Christendom to arm in her defence, for no other Government had been so ready to sacrifice Christian interests in the Levant when it suited her purpose. Only the Pope and a few minor States promised assistance.

In 1645 the Turkish fleet sailed with sealed orders for the famous bay of Navarino. Then the command was given to arrest all Venetian subjects, including the Republic's representative at Constantinople, and the Turkish commander, a Dalmatian renegade, set sail for Crete. Landing without opposition to the west of Canea, he proceeded to besiege that town, whose small but heroic garrison held out for two months before capitulating. The principal churches were at once converted into mosques; but the losses of the Turks during the siege, and the liberal terms which their commander had felt bound to offer to the besieged, cost him his head. At Venice great was the consternation at the loss of Canea; enormous pecuniary sacrifices were demanded of the citizens, and titles of nobility were sold in order to raise funds for carrying on the war.

Meanwhile, an attempt to create a diversion by an attack upon Patras only served to exasperate the Turks, who became masters of Rethymno in 1646, and in the spring of 1648 began that memorable siege of Candia which was destined to last for more than twenty years. Even though Venice sued for peace, and offered to the Sultan Parga and Tenos,¹ as well as a tribute, in return for the restoration of Canea and Rethymno, the Turks remained obdurate, and were resolved at all costs to have the island, "even though the war should go on for a hundred years." And indeed it seemed likely to be prolonged indefinitely. The substitution of Mohammed IV. for Ibrahim I. as Sultan, and the consequent confusion at the Turkish capital, made it difficult for the Turks to carry on the struggle with the vigour which they had shown at the outset. The Venetian fleet waited at the entrance of the Dardanelles to attack Turkish convoys on their way to Crete, while the Ottoman provision-stores at Volo and Megara were burned. But these successes outside of the island delayed, without preventing, the progress of the Turkish arms. In fact, the Venetian forays in the Archipelago, notably at Paros and Melos, had the effect of embittering the Greeks against them, and, as a Cretan poet wrote, the islanders had to suffer, whichever side they took. In Crete itself, an ambitious Greek priest persuaded the Porte to have him appointed Metropolitan of the island, and to allow him to name seven suffragans. The Cretan militia refused to fight, and even the warlike Sphakiots, under the leadership of a Kallérge, did little beyond cutting off a few Turkish stragglers. At last they yielded to the Turks, whose humane treatment of the Greek peasants throughout the island, combined with the unpopularity of the Latin rule, frustrated the attempt to provoke a general rising of the Cretans against the invaders. Nor was a small French force, which Cardinal Mazarin at last sent to aid the Venetians, more successful. Both sides were, in fact, equally hampered and equally unable to obtain a decisive victory; the Venetian fleet at the islet of Standia, and the Turkish army in the fortress of New Candia, which it had erected, kept watching one another, while year after year the wearisome war dragged on. Then, in 1666, a new element was introduced into the conflict. The Grand Vizier, Ahmed Köprili, landed in Crete, resolved to risk his head upon the success of his attempt to take Candia.²

¹ Zinkeisen, iv. 789, 808. Like the British Government in 1819, the Turks did not know what Parga was.

² To this period belongs the fountain at Candia, described by Pashley (i. 203), and still standing. An inscription on it states that it was erected by Antonius Priolus in 1666, "when the war had been raging for four lustres."

For two years and a half Köprili patiently besieged the town, with an immense expenditure of ammunition and a great loss of life. Worse and worse grew the condition of the garrison, which was commanded by the brave Francesco Morosini, who was destined later on to inflict such tremendous blows upon the Turks in the Morea. A ray of hope illumined the doomed fortress when, in June 1669, a force of 8,000 French soldiers under the Duc de Navailles, and fifty French vessels under the Duc de Beaufort, arrived in the harbour, sent by Louis XIV., at the urgent prayer of Pope Clement IX., to save this bulwark of Catholicism. But these French auxiliaries met with no success. Four days after their arrival, the Duc de Beaufort fell in a sally outside the walls, where the author saw his monument still standing in 1898.¹ His colleague, the Duc de Navailles, soon lost heart, and sailed away to France, leaving the garrison to its fate. His departure was the turning-point in the siege. The houses were riddled with shots, the churches were in ruins, the streets were strewn with splinters of bombs and bullets, every day diminished the number of the defenders, and sickness was raging in the town. Then Morosini saw that it was useless to go on fighting. He summoned a council of war, and proposed that the garrison should capitulate. A few desperate men opposed his proposition, saying that they would rather blow up the place and die, as they had fought, like heroes among its ruins. But Morosini's opinion prevailed, the white flag was hoisted on the ramparts, and two plenipotentiaries—one of them an Englishman, Colonel Thomas Anand—were appointed to settle the terms of capitulation with the Grand Vizier, who was represented at the conference by a Greek, Panagiótes Nikoúses, the first of his race who became Grand Dragoman of the Porte.² Köprili insisted upon the complete cession of Crete, with the exception of the three fortresses of Suda, Spinalonga, and Grabusa, with the small islands near them; but he showed his appreciation of the heroic defence of Candia by allowing the garrison to march out with all the honours of war. On September 27 the keys of the town were handed to him on a silver dish, and on the same day, the whole population, except six persons, left the place. There, at least, the Greeks preferred exile to Turkish rule, and one of Köprili's first acts was to induce fresh inhabitants to come to the deserted town by the promise of exemption from taxes for several years.

¹ Zinkeisen, iv. 992. Admiral Spratt (*Travels in Crete*, i. 43) erroneously calls it that of Hassan Pasha.

² Paparrhegópoulos, v. 522.

The cost of this siege, one of the longest in history, "Troy's rival," as Byron called it,¹ had been enormous. The Venetians, it was calculated, had lost 30,985 men, and the Turks 118,754, and the Republic had spent 4,253,000 ducats upon the defence of this one city. Some idea of the miseries inflicted by this long war of a quarter of a century may be formed from the fact that the population of Crete, which had risen to about 260,000 before it began, was estimated by the English traveller Randolph, eighteen years after the Turkish conquest, at only 80,000, of whom 30,000 were Turks. Even before the siege it had been said that Crete cost far more than it was worth, and from the pecuniary standpoint the loss of the island was a blessing in disguise. But a cession of territory cannot be measured by means of a balance-sheet. The prestige of the Republic had been shattered, her greatest possession in the Levant had been torn from her, and once more the disunion of the Western Powers had been the Turk's opportunity. Both the parties to the treaty were accused of having concluded an unworthy peace. Every successful Turkish commander has enemies at home, who seek to undermine his influence ; but Küprili was strong enough to keep his place. Morosini, less fortunate, was, indeed, acquitted of the charges of bribery and malversation brought against him, but he was not employed again for many years, until he was called upon to take a noble revenge for the loss of Candia.

Venice did not retain her three remaining Cretan fortresses indefinitely. Grabusa was betrayed by its venal commander to the Turks in 1691 ; Suda and Spinalonga were captured in 1715 during the Turco-Venetian War, and the treaty of Passarowitz confirmed their annexation to Turkey.²

So, after 465 years, the Venetian domination came to an end. From the Roman times to the present day no government has lasted so long in that restless island ; and the winged lion on many a building, the old galley arches on the left of the port of Candia, and the chain of Venetian fortresses remind us of the bygone rule of the great republic. But the traveller will inquire in vain for the descendants of those Venetian colonists whose names have been preserved in the archives at Venice. Rather than remain in Crete, most of them emigrated to Corfu or to the Ægean islands, or else returned to Venice—reluctantly, we may be sure, for Crete has ever exercised a strange fascination on all who have dwelt there. Now that

¹ *Childe Harold*, iv. 14.

² Von Hammer, *Geschichte des osmanischen Reiches*, vi. 573, vii. 182 ; Tournefort, *Voyage du Levant*, i. 62.

Crete is once more emancipated in all but the name from the Turk, it is possible to compare the Venetian and the Ottoman rule, and even Greeks themselves, no lovers of the Latins in the Levant, have done justice to the merits of the Republic of St. Mark. The yoke of Venice was at times heavy, and her hand was relentless in crushing out rebellion. But a Greek writer of eminence has admitted that the Venetian administration in Crete was not exceptionally cruel, if judged by the low standard of humanity in that period.¹ Some persons, on the strength of certain striking instances of ferocious punishment inflicted on those who had taken part in the Cretan risings,² have pronounced the Venetians to have been worse than the Turks. But in our own day the Germans, who boast of their superior education, have exterminated the inhabitants of a South Sea island as vengeance for the murder of one missionary. It should be reckoned to the credit of Venice that she, at least, did not attack the religion, or attempt to proscribe the language, of her Greek subjects, but sternly repelled the proselytising zeal of the Papacy, so that the Orthodox Church gained more followers than it lost. The permission accorded in Crete to mixed marriages tended to make the children of the Venetian colonists good Cretans and lukewarm Catholics, where they did not go over to the Orthodox creed. The Greeks were given a share in the administration, trade was encouraged, and many of the natives amassed large fortunes. At no time in the history of the island was the export of wine so considerable as during the Venetian occupation. So great was the wine trade between Crete and England that Henry VIII. appointed in 1522 a certain merchant of Lucca, resident in the island, as first English Consul there—the beginning of our consular service. Various travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries allude to this traffic, and Ben Jonson, in his play of "The Fox," talks of "rich Candian wine" as a special vintage. In return, we sent woollens to the islanders, till the French managed to supplant us.³ Nor was learning neglected under the Venetians. The 15th and 16th centuries produced many Cretans of distinction. One became a famous engineer, two others gained renown as printers at Venice and Rome; one Cretan author edited the Moral Treatises of Plutarch; another, Joánnēs Bergíkios, wrote a history of his native island in Italian. It was a Cretan of Venetian origin, Vincenzo Cornaro, who wrote the romance of "Erotókritos," which was "the most popular reading of the Levant from the 16th to the 19th century," and in which Heraklēs, "king of Athens," his lovely daughter Aretoúsa, and

¹ Stavrákes, 138 sqq.² Pashley, ii. 150-156.³ *Ibid.* i. 54.

her lover Erotókritos are the principal figures, amidst a crowd of princelets obviously modelled on the Frankish dukes and marquises of mediæval Greece. Other novelists were produced by the island, but when Crete fell all the lettered Cretans left, and with their departure the romantic spirit in literature, which they had imbibed from the West, ceased.¹ A Greek school had been founded at Candia in 1550, and many young Cretans went to Italy for purposes of study.² Compared with the present day, when the island has just emerged from the deadening effect of 229 years of Turkish rule, its civilisation was materially more advanced in Venetian times. The Venetians made roads, bridges, and aqueducts; the Turks created nothing, and allowed the former means of communication to decay. Yet, as we have seen, Venice was never popular with the Cretans, and the reason is perfectly obvious to those who have observed the Greek character. Be the material advantages of foreign domination never so great, the Greek resents being governed by those of another race and creed, especially if that creed be Roman Catholicism. The history of the Ionian Islands under the British Protectorate, of Cyprus under the existing arrangement, of the Morea under the Venetians, of Athens and of Naxos under the Latin dukes, all point the same moral. The patriotic Greek would rather be free than prosperous, and most Greeks, though sharp men of business, are warm patriots. That is the lesson of Venetian rule in Crete—a lesson which Europe, after the agony of a century of insurrections, has at last taken to heart by granting the Cretans autonomy.

WILLIAM MILLER.

¹ Paparrhegópoulos, v. 602–604.

² Stavrákis, 139–141.

"FRANTIC FEAR."

FEAR is one of the most singular and one of the most terrible of the emotions which take hold of, and at times dominate, the minds and bodies of men and animals. Its expression in irrational and grotesque forms is apt occasionally to provoke the merriment of bystanders, but in itself it contains no comic element. It is a tragedy in miniature, a freezing up, and then an eruption of the passions, an earthquake of the soul. Probably no living being with a brain to understand and nerves to transmit the dictates of the brain is devoid of fear in all circumstances. Certain leaders of men bear the reputation of being absolutely fearless ; but it will be found on inquiry that these dauntless heroes are usually soldiers, and that for the most part their nerves of steel have won them fame in the clash and thrust of sabre and lance, and amid the storm of shot and shell of battlefields. It is notorious that men distinguished for their bravery often tremble when first they stand in face of an enemy ; but discipline and use, together with pride of race and position, overmaster the incipient terror, until at last they go into action as calmly as into a mimic combat.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in his "Soldiers of the Queen," which closes the "Jungle Book," has graphically shown how the troop horse, the baggage mule, the gun bullocks, the camel and the elephant, which are under certain conditions impervious to fear, are all thrown into paroxysms of terror by unexpected or apparently trivial adversaries. Men and animals have joints in their armour, and he who at one time will meet death without flinching, at other times is prostrated by physical fright or becomes a moral coward. The horse is perhaps an extreme example of this combination of reasonable courage and unreasoning dread, being at one moment the embodiment of dauntless recklessness, and at another the incarnation of abject terror. The first quality has never been depicted in loftier or more picturesque language than in the Book of Job.

"He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength ;
He goeth out to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not dismayed ;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The flashing spear and the javelin.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage ;
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
As oft as the trumpet soundeth he saith, ' Aha !'
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting."

And yet this magnificent creature, whose high bearing is not exaggerated in this description, is the only quadruped known which, in a fit of nervousness at perhaps a few leaves blown by the wind, loses control of the will and rushes at full gallop to destruction. It is possible that his nervousness has been increased by intercourse with that bundle of nerves called Man, for, as far as I know, this abandonment to what Collins terms "frantic fear" has not been observed among horses in a wild state. It seems to be a product of the higher culture.

Fear is to a large extent a question of race, having been almost eliminated by centuries of evolution in the tiger, and wrought into the very marrow of such creatures as the rabbit. The chiefs of many savage tribes are distinguished by physical superiority, as well as by the possession of the quality of supreme courage, the latter being to some extent the offspring of the former. The chiefs are better fed than their followers, and are therefore in a better physical condition, and this accentuates the tendency in the naturally brave to acquire a noble spirit and a contempt of craven fear. Not without cause was it said in the song of Moses that "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." The chiefs are well fed, predominant and free, and therefore they are fearless.

The subjective cause of the emotion we call fear is hard to find, and although many volumes have been written on the subject it is doubtful if they have furnished much illumination. We can only say that the emotions are the result of an appropriate response of the brain to extraneous sights, sounds, and tactile impressions. It is as easy to ask "What is life?" as to inquire "What is mind?" and the answer to one question is as easily furnished as to the other. In other words, it is practically beyond the solution of finite beings, or, if solved, the solution is not intelligible to the ordinary mind. When we seek for objective reasons for the presence of fear we tread on firmer ground.

Danger braces one nature to meet it unflinchingly, while in

another it relaxes the very sinews of life. But the danger to be operative must be recognised, and much of the happiness of animals lies in the fact that they are often unconscious of the presence of deadly peril. A mouse thrown into the cage of a carnivorous serpent appears quite unconcerned, and at last unwittingly provokes the attention of the reptile by running over its scaly coils. On the other hand, monkeys, which of course are far higher in intellectual power, have an intense dread of serpents, dead or alive, knowing by instinct and experience their dangerous character. Small birds mob hawks with great pertinacity, trusting in their numbers to secure safety, but single birds appreciate the peril and disappear from the vicinity of the raptorial intruder. Fear of danger or of pain causes the frightened ones, whether they be men or beasts, to crouch into the smallest space the body will allow, to hide when opportunity offers, and to run if escape be possible. The writer when a boy was once impudent enough to open the door of the house of a village shoemaker, and to shout some opprobrious remarks. His triumph was short-lived, for the shoemaker suddenly appeared, and the terror-stricken culprit only just managed to escape unharmed. For months after, whenever he was compelled to pass that blameless tradesman's house, he walked sedately until within a convenient distance, and then, with a dash which would have done credit to a champion athlete, spurted past the terrible door, only recovering breath and courage when far away on the other side.

The unknown is a prolific parent of fear, especially among the ignorant and in remote and sparsely populated countries. A foreigner, and even a stranger, is looked upon with suspicion, his movements are invested with mystery, and his designs are set down as mischievous. Readers of Dr. A. R. Wallace's "*Malay Archipelago*" will remember a diverting passage which tells that in the island of Celebes he excited terror both in man and beast. Wherever he went dogs barked, children screamed, women ran away, and men stared as though he were some strange and terrible cannibal monster. Even the buffaloes broke loose from their halters at his appearance, and rushed away in headlong flight; so that, to avoid a catastrophe, he had to turn aside into the jungle and hide himself until they were out of sight. Again, in Borneo, he says, a girl about ten years of age, who had just brought a bamboo of water from the river, threw it down with a cry of horror and alarm the moment she caught sight of him, and then turned round and jumped into the stream. Inanimate objects can inspire intense fear, as well as strange and therefore, it is supposed, dangerous persons. I have

just been watching the movements of a cat gazing for the first time at a couple of rabbits, which, to be sure, were revealed to her in an unnatural fashion. The rabbits had been placed head downwards in a deep waste-paper basket, from which only their hind legs protruded. Probably the cat would have seized the animals if they stood upon their feet and lived and walked, and would have stolen them from the larder had life been extinct, if their whole length were visible ; but this uncanny apparition of four furry legs upside down was more than her nerves could bear. She sniffed, recoiled, arched her back and growled, and finally rushed out of the room. Legs which suddenly sprouted wrong side up from the familiar waste-paper basket were things to be dreaded and shunned.

Lonely buildings, gloomy recesses of forests, dark caves, and the like are avoided and feared. The writer has indelible memories of an ordeal he was compelled to undergo when a boy. It was his fate to spend parts of many nights alone at a solitary spot by the side of a tidal river, where every splash of the ripples against the black boats, every plunge of a water-rat, and every creak and groan of the rigging of deserted vessels seemed to speak of awful mysteries and to suggest weird and nameless enemies. After this dismal preparation a mile of country had to be crossed, consisting of narrow lanes and a pathway through the fields. By the side of one part of the lane stood a wretched tumble-down barn, which the nocturnal traveller invested with formless terrors. For some reason he never attempted to run past the barn, but, with nerves quivering and hair erect, steeled himself to walk slowly along, his head automatically turning on its pivot so as to keep his face towards the dreaded spot. In curious contrast with this resolution to keep the eyes turned towards the foe, was the fact that the hands were always thrust deep into the pockets so that not an atom of them might be visible.

The unexpected is always a source of fear, the nerves and the brain apparently requiring an appreciable space of time to accommodate themselves to sights and sounds. A sudden commotion has the same effect upon the nerves that a hurricane has upon telegraph wires and poles. A remarkable instance of this is afforded by fishes, especially on a night when the sea sparkles with phosphorescence. A stamp of the foot on the bottom of a boat floating over a shoal of pilchards sends every one downwards, leaving behind ten thousand trails of living light. There is absolutely no danger, but the unexpected concussion demoralises all within its range. A common method of upsetting the nerves of timid persons, and even of startling the stout-hearted, is that of filling a paper bag

with air and suddenly shattering it between the hands. A sublime example of the same principle was once witnessed by the writer. A steamer laden with excursionists had just reached a landing-stage in the dim light of evening, when without any warning a tremendous peal of thunder fell from the sky. So awe-inspiring was this unexpected discharge of celestial artillery that there was a moment's death-like silence, and then a simultaneous shriek.

A cynical person once observed that he had seen too many ghosts to believe in them. Ordinary frail humanity, however, is unable to display this sublime composure in the presence of the supernatural, whether it takes the form of more or less substantial apparitions, or is merely a mysterious impalpable intruder. Animals are subject to nervous fear in the neighbourhood of objects, or supposed objects, which they cannot understand; and a shudder has been seen to pass through a dog set before a portrait placed on the ground, and therefore on a level with its line of vision. Most men are ready to defy ghosts—when they are out of sight, but few have the stoical courage of an individual of the last century, who is said to have found a ghost in his arm-chair, and to have extinguished the unwelcome visitor by sitting upon it. Savages recognise and fear the supernatural, whether it be visible or invisible, as is shown, for example, by the fact recorded by Professor Moseley, that a chief of the Admiralty Islands and his warriors were terrified beyond measure by a squeaking doll which threw its arms and legs about; and by the system of "taboo," under which property is entrusted to the protection of invisible deities. What is described in the Bible as "the fear of God" partakes more of the quality of reverence than of abject terror, and cannot be dealt with here.

Dreams are often a source of fear, especially in youth, when the untutored and fertile imagination recoils in the night hours from fierce fires, which send up their flames and heat through the lattice-work forming (for those occasions only) the bottom of the bed, and from giants and dragons which emerge from noisome dens to seize and feast upon trembling wayfarers. The animate foes which inspire dread in visions of the night often differ strangely from those which appear terrible or dangerous in the day, and they are met with quite a different sort of courage, the truth being that in dreams we are what we wish to be. The orator then wins his greatest triumphs, the inventor achieves his greatest success, the brave soldier easily wins his Victoria Cross, and the coward acquits himself like a hero.

Fear is a complex emotion, so acting upon both body and mind that it is difficult to say of any particular effect that it belongs to the

physical or mental category. But beginning with the mind, or, to be more accurate, with its instruments, the brain and the nerves, fear passes on to all the extremities of the body, stopping, retarding, or accelerating their proper action. Thus, many cats taken to new houses are almost instantaneously attacked by vomiting and purging, while the digestive processes in human beings are, out of sheer nervousness, hastened to the point of acute disease. Real or supposed danger causes faintness, especially in women; and even a monkey has been known to faint at the sight of a dead snake.

Sudden overmastering fear paralyses the tongue so that no cry for help can be uttered, and the limbs so that for the moment they cannot be used in flight. In many animals fear induces a state which simulates death, and the evil is turned to good by the fact that absence of motion is in itself a source of safety. A common effect of fear is a chill perspiration which bursts out over the body, accompanied by a movement of the flesh and the raising of the hair. When the efficient cause is long-lived, the hair sometimes loses its colour and becomes blanched. The writer once passed through a field in intense darkness, quite unconscious that any other living beings were inside the hedge. Suddenly the ground shook, and a peal of thunder seemed to arise from the earth. The traveller's heart stood still, cold drops started from every pore, and the flesh of his scalp perceptibly moved. It was only the simultaneous flight of a troop of horses, but for a moment it was paralysing. This curious and instantaneous response of the nervous system to outside influences, and even to subjective "visions," was noted long ago by Eliphaz the Temanite. "Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up."

The closeness with which body and mind are linked is shown by the fact that fear can be kept at arm's length by the presence of some other sentient being. Grown-up persons are not afraid of walking on lonely paths so long as they have company, even when the company is only that of a little child, or of a dog too frail to render substantial assistance. When the companion is powerful, confidence is complete. "Are you not afraid?" my little nephew was asked, on going out of doors for the first time in the dark. "Not with you, father," was the instant response.

JOHN ISABELL.

A CYNIC'S LOVE-LETTERS.

CHARMING Mrs. Beatrix Esmond, interrupting that tirade against parsons—bishops, bonzes, or fakirs—to submit her little stockinged foot to her colonel's homage, was far from suspecting that "the horrid Irish wretch" who had just served as illustration for her youthfully sweeping denunciations was capable of an ardour and tenderness equalling even that of the lover who would be "papist to her Pope." One is apt to imagine that a sensation of diamond-cut-diamond must have piqued Mrs. Beatrix of a Sunday at court, detecting, for all Jonathan Swift's natural fluency of compliment, the indifference of a man to whom another woman had already taught Love's motto—"We, and the world." Harsh, biting, terrible as the Irishman showed himself to all else, to one black-haired woman living among the canals and willows near Laracor he was tender, fervent, lovable.

Among the books of all ages which come under Forster's term "microcosms of human life," Swift's "Journal to Stella" ranks high. Pepys's diagrams of a sordid little soul in the setting of his picturesque century, Marie Bashkirtseff's applications of an egoistic scalpel to individuality, are rivalled, in even the minor points of detail and colour, by the Journal, which "has no parallel in literature for the historical importance of the men and events that move along its pages," and, in the matter of personal revelation, are surpassed by these letters, which for three years "received every fear, hope, or fancy in its undress." Stella learns that Patrick—who irresistibly reminds one of the orthodox Irish servants of the plays—is gone out, and the fire has followed his example, and his master cannot find his nightgear; that a letter must be interrupted because Swift's hands are starving while he writes in bed; she is anxious over that ill-omened dizziness which Lady Kerry's letter was powerless to cure: but she knows also the secret of the authorship of the "Rod of Sid Hamet," ascribed by the town to Prior; she is familiar with every fluctuation of the negotiations, conducted through Swift, with the Harley Ministry, for the restoration to ecclesiastical purposes of the

firstfruits of Irish benefices ; she is relied upon for intelligent sympathies at Anne's vacillations between Whigs and Tories. For, in that night of desolation when Stella lay dead, worn out with the mortifications, unrest, and passionate craving bred of "the life by stealth" which since her eighteenth year had existed between herself and Swift, the man whose will had inflicted such exquisite suffering threw on paper, in burning words, a tardy acknowledgment of what the dead woman had been to him. "I cannot call to mind," he says, "that I ever heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, and affairs. Her advice was always the best. She had a gracefulness more than human. The truest, most virtuous, and most valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blest with." The eulogy seems to break off with an exhausted sigh, a childlike pathos of exclamation at the headache which—did Swift think?—would but a few hours ago have stirred Stella with that maternal solicitude which mingles indissolubly with a woman's love. Stella is avenged by the inexorable champion Death ; the promised avowal, the lack of which had turned what should have been the sweetness of her life into its corroding bitterness, is choked, as it were, back on the Dean's lips by the dying woman's sigh, "It is too late !"

That the affinity of souls can, in the mould of circumstances, assume the guise of friendship instead of love is an incontrovertible fact ; but in the case of Swift and Stella biographers in vain try to decide the nature of the bond between them. That any tainted passion was involved in it is impossible to imagine in the face of Swift's national and individual purity, even without Mrs. Dingley's sympathetic but perpetual chaperonage, and the womanly delicacy evidenced by Stella's martyrdom of silence. Perhaps Richard Ashe King, in his brilliant essay, "Swift in Ireland," makes the most chivalrous and most probable suggestion : that the man who at thirty had resolved—the resolution reads more as an act of renunciation—"not to be fond of children, or to let them come near me hardly," had already set his flintlike will against entailing the doom of insanity on child of his ; yet the words that the Dean's housekeeper overheard wrung from him, in the "white-hot agony" of seeing Stella die, "My dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned !" point almost inevitably to the form, at least, of marriage—which poor Vanessa, with the sharp-sightedness of love, had long ago dimly divined—having passed between them. One is thrown back on Swift's constitutional reserve, and that Moloch selfishness, manifested in the episode with Vanessa, ruthlessly cultivated, and, in a moment

of passion, as ruthlessly dashed aside, to explain why, if united even platonically to the woman he loved, almost every page of the *Journal* testifies, as Swift *could* love, he yet should subject the delicate submissive soul to the *peine forte et dure* of the judgment of an essentially vulgar world.

The square yellow sheets of the *Journal*—the first addressed to *Mrs. Dingley, at her Lodgings, over against St. Mary Church, near Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland*—purport to be written to the “two young women,” the M. D. (my dears) of Swift’s familiar phraseology, but their endorsement in Stella’s writing shows a quiet certainty as to who was their inspiration. Swift “will pay for M. D.’s letters at St. James’s Coffee-House, that he may have them sooner” than the rest of his mail, forwarded to the Cockpitt, near Whitehall; but it is Stella about whom Swift is “almost crazed to think she should strain her little dear eyes,” Stella who is playfully scolded for her blunders at ombre in the Dublin card parties. Dingley is asked “Will *Stella* make a figure in a little country church?” It was the age of letter-writing, and Swift writes as he speaks, ranging from State business to playful apostrophes to the “nauti-nauti-nauti dear girls”—he “*dares* not say nauti without dear”—amusingly broken sometimes by the yawn, conveying, one fancies, a like contagion to Stella reading, “Pa-a-a-st twelv-v-e o’clock, and so good night!” The “little language,” defaced though it has been by pragmatcal editors, is not without a pathos of its own, the coaxing prattle of the nursery recurred to, as is sometimes the case, between man and woman for whom love has created all things new. “Nite, deeleast logues”—the consonants come as though softened in kisses—“a sousand melly new eals to deeleast richar M. D.”¹—the pen must have trembled in Swift’s hand as he sat obliterating such erotic cypher after Stella’s death. If here and there the coarse outspokenness of his times jars on a later century’s refinement—

Yet your critic’s right you waive it,
Whirled along the fever flood,
For its touch of truth shall save it,
And its tender rain shall lave it,
For at least you read *Amavit*
Written there in tears of blood.

The *Journal*—begun when Swift, in the character of accredited agent of the “firstfruits” negotiations, was forced to desert the hollies and fish-ponds of his living at Laracor—possesses the tone of

¹ “A thousand merry New Years to dearest, charming little M. D.”

that firelit hour in the home life, when the man, returned from breasting the world without, relaxes his mood as he reviews his day in the restfulness of a sympathetic atmosphere. From the outset of this residence in London dates Swift's rise to power, "clutched at" as he was by the Whig party (ruined by the Churchills' disgrace and the impeachment of Sacheverell) and courted by Harley as the only redoubtable Whig writer. Notwithstanding the press of work involved by political pamphleteering, editing of the "Examiner," the Tory organ, through the conduct of which Swift rendered himself indispensable to the Tory party, and incessant "going traipensing," "good boys must write to naughty girls," Stella's commissions of chocolate, palsy waters, and handkerchiefs are faithfully fulfilled. "Friendships are all monsters but M. D.'s." Swift declares, vexed at the suspicion, evinced by Addison and Steele, of his kindly efforts to save the latter's office of stamped paper, after the unlucky "Tatler" which ungrateful Dick had indited against Harley, author of much of his fortunes. The popular *chaney* mania has bitten Stella, and her requests, only "some salad-dishes and plates," are to be granted, in spite of the mock-sardonic protest, "I suppose you have named as much as will cost £5." Irish wit scintillates through the pages, as in the pun that hit the fancy of Jocasta's beau, when the quack doctor in the street hard by sets out his sign *To cure egoes* ("agues"), and Swift, observing the inscription, cries, "Sure, not by a *spell*!"

M. D. are invited to *smoke* (notice) the politics, which the clever busy statesman finds that "he can write much easier to them than to any one else." The quick generosity which formed one of Swift's most lovable points is apparent in the picture he draws of the Duke of Marlborough, "covetous as Hell and ambitious as the Prince of it," yet "worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes," so that the Irishman flouted by him in his heyday swears that "it pities him," and would fain throw his influence with the Ministry on the side of the fallen rival. The weakness ingrain in Stuart blood is apparent in the one-sidedness of Anne's judgment, warped by the lifelong habit of credulous submission to the most plausible adviser. Red-haired Abigail Hill is the favourite now, and she doubtless makes merry with her marionette majesty over Mrs. Freeman's desperate offer, never to come into her quondam dearest Mrs. Morley's presence, "if they will let her keep her employments." No wonder that the backstairs atmosphere should sicken Swift, proud, vindictive Celt, who in the rising springtide of his success wishes he "were this moment with M. D. at Dublin."

The letters are as long and as frequent as ever to "the little

monkies mine," the girls dimpling over Stella's malicious patriotism in setting "London, England," on her sheets, in answer to Swift's address of "Dublin, Ireland," or laughing over their bohea at the story of the linnet destined by Patrick as an offering to Mrs. Dingley, "a bird who does not know he is a bird, and seems to have neither hope nor fear," notwithstanding commodious quarters in the coal-closet. Yet such comedy seems but the curtain-raiser to the tragedy of Vanessa, the first hint of which is read so unsuspectingly by Stella in the lodgings over against St. Mary Church. A "bam" on the part of a pretty madcap and an older aunt summoned Swift to the house of the mutual friend, Mrs. Vanhomrigh, whose eldest daughter—archly receiving the divine coming in hot haste to read prayers—little guessed that it would have been well for her if the friend's "bite" of her fatal illness had proved reality. The cutting short of the young life would have been the more merciful lot. Fate had another in store for Vanessa, that of straying in blind alleys till the burdens of shattered illusions and wasting suspense crushed out even the capability of living from the woman. To the last her figure wanders like a ghost through the yew arbour and box-edgings which had been the setting of her happier days in the house near Celbridge, where, for love's sake, the English-bred girl had made her home.

"Stella's little handwriting" seen on the glass case of the coffee-house, provokes Minister Harley to ask "how long Swift had learnt the trick of writing to himself;" awakening fond reminiscences of the days in the Temple household, when the tall, blue-eyed, young secretary was "little M. D.'s" writing-master. Stella's spelling sometimes comes in for mischievous hits: the *aile* Swift "supposes means ale"—the *Wiggs* that think he has turned Tory, "which Wiggs and *wat* do you mean? Pray, Stella, explain those two words, what do you mean by *villian* and *dainger*?" "A full and true account of Stella's new spelling" is given at the foot of one letter, corrected, one sees, in the original, by herself, with that childlike submissiveness to criticism characteristic of the women with whom love has cast out self.

Yet mentions of visits to Mrs. Vanhomrigh become more and more frequent, inspired, they may have been, by that paradoxical sense of honour apparent in some men, adhering scrupulously to some one nicety of conduct, though setting all others at defiance. A naïve hint of jealousy in Stella is answered by Swift's assurance that the "Van.'s" *are* of consequence; he meets "all the drabs of quality" with them, but he slides off the subject by a recommenda-

tion to M. D. to walk in the green of St. Stephen, where the walks are finer gravelled than the London Mall.

Guiscard's attempted assassination of Harley quenches all playfulness for some days in the Journal, but with the news of his mending "Presto is pert" again, and recommends the new paper, the *Spectator*, to the attention of "his saucy Gog and Magog," as superior to even Steele's former "Tatlers." An instance of the volcanic sensitiveness of the nature to which Stella's normal sweet submission must have come as balm, occurs at this time, caused by a fancied coldness in Secretary St. John's manner. "I warned him," writes Swift, "never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy, that I had felt too much of that in my life already" (meaning from Sir William Temple), "that I expected every great Minister who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour, for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour worth it." But the recollection of Stella's birthday softens the chafed spirit. "God Almighty, . . . send her a great many birthdays, all happy, healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together and never asunder again except by chance." One of the unconscious touches which continually evince the familiarity of intimate relations is given by Swift's enclosure of a note on his Laracor agent, that Stella may travel to the Bath, "do something for her living," as he playfully expresses the hope that English air may correct the disorder, which masculine perceptions fail to recognise as the heart-sickness of hope deferred.

The affair of the "firstfruits" was unconscionably protracted, notwithstanding the creation of Harley as Earl of Oxford and Lord Treasurer. Presumably to hasten events, Swift passes some days at Windsor, through the avenues of which the Queen hunts past, driving herself in the one-horse chaise which she employs in chasing the stag. An amusing picture is given of the drawing-room, where Anne looked round on the silent courtiers "with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her." The toast and maid of honour who stands with her hat off as her Majesty drives by is no rival of Stella's; she gallops with Swift over the country, but he does not like her, "though she be a toast and drest like a man."

The "firstfruits" negotiations are at last successfully concluded, but Swift has tasted the sweets of power and lingers in London, although Hester Vanhomrigh will journey to Ireland to seek her

fortune in more senses than one. All alarm of a Whig return to power passes over, in spite of Prince Eugene's advent at Court, his reception at which, notwithstanding the little black-avised hero's failure at borrowing a long periwig among his valets and footmen, appearing sinister to the Tories. Yet an impression of the faint strain of coldness, which Scott ascribes to the latter half of the *Journal*, seems gradually to steal on the sympathetic reader. It is not to be ignored, in spite of intervals of exaggerated use of the "little language," and an increase of the groups of the capitals ending many letters, which Lecky compares "to the shrivelled petals found between the leaves of some old romance," unmeaning in themselves, yet provoking a "dim wonder what was the message they carried to the eyes which brightened as they saw them." Messages to Dingley are sown more thickly through the pages; Swift becomes something pointed in his allusions to his "*two* dood dallars;" one inclines to suspect an excusable jealousy in Stella from the *Journal's* injunctions not to quarrel with poor Dingley, not to be angry because the ivory snuff-rasp has been sent to *her*—sure, is not Stella's green silk apron as good? Did Vanessa's twenty-year-old charms temporarily bewitch Swift's heart? or is such apparent playing fast and loose to be ascribed to the arrogance which the consciousness of inspiring affection imparts to some characters, not, one would say, of wholly the higher type?

To the woman's heart, silently absorbing the Nessus poison of its slighted love, the sorrow of the Duchess of Hamilton over the news of her husband's murder by, rather than duel with, Mohun and Macartney, probably went unheeded. Nevertheless, even to us to-day, conversant with Thackeray's powerful delineation of Beatrix Esmond's stony defiance to fate, the real picture of the anguish to which the only pang that could be spared was keeping the noise of "the Grub Street screamers with their broadsides" from the young widow's ears, is instinct with a sharp pity.

Quaint vignettes of the time abound in the *Journal*, sketched by the keen observer for the delectation of the stay-at-homes. The million lottery drawn at Guildhall, where "the jackanapes of blue-coat boys" presiding at the wheels "gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands to the company;" Christmas Day at Court, when the Knights of the Garter wear their collars; the Twelfth Day cakeshops, with booths "two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar and stuck with streamers of tinsel." Mrs. Dingley follows the fashion when she requires a great piece of Brazil tobacco to "rasp" into the

snuff she affects ; and doubtless she and Stella were vastly fain to have been of the party with whom Swift went "trapesing to see the sights," a varied programme, from the lions at the Tower to the lunatics at Bedlam, concluding with a puppet-show, and where "the ladies were all in mobs—undressed—and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped."

The old order was changing ; and yet the past to our century had scarcely ceased to be the present, yielding the foreground of the stage, perhaps, yet still distinct in its outlines as the Ghost in "Hamlet," before the broadening light of a fuller day blurs it into intangibility. A daughter of Oliver Cromwell's is fellow sponsor with Swift at a christening ; John Evelyn's little friend, that Duchess of Grafton married at twelve years of age to one of Charles II.'s sons, is Swift's hostess of an evening, and is somewhat unchivalrously described by him as looking "like a madwoman in the great high head-dress of a fashion fifteen years back," yet showing "great remains of beauty." Yet that the yeast of the rights of the individual is already penetrating the mass of society is amusingly evidenced by Patrick's canvassing among his acquaintance of "gentlemen's gentlemen" for votes on behalf of that black Pompey, who, by virtue of his master's relationship to Mr. Masham, designs to stand Speaker for the footmen in attendance at the Houses of Parliament, who had formed themselves into a deliberative body, debating the same points with their masters.

Sedan-chairs are yet general in town (Stella is asked, would she not call the shilling fares, *thirteen pennys* ?), though they must make a clutter in narrow streets, for Swift's chairmen jostle "a great fellow against a wall," one of the side glasses is broken, and the cargo falls a-scolding, being "plaguily afraid" his "honour" might be called upon to make good the damage.

The brutality of an age which gave birth to the Mohocks gloats over the raree-show made of Guiscard's gashed corpse "pickled in a trough ;" on the Chelsea road Patrick and his master must interpose in the fight between the seaman and the drunken parson, fit to be the instrument of some Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. The Venetian Ambassador's "monstrous rich gilt coach" rolls to royal audiences at Kensington through the town scented with haymaking ; duels are still fought in Tuttle Fields with sword and pistol, but "a kind of a fashion to walk" has got as far as several young lords—many young fellows have got "swingeing strong shoes" on purpose. Women with old satin and taffeta cry their wares of a morning ; faith, there is nothing new under the sun, for the modern cinematograph has

been forestalled by "the famous moving picture, where the ships sail in the sea, discharging their cannon under a great sky with moon and stars."

Stella may gather together her letters now into some Japan cabinet, filled already with eye lotions and half-drawn sampler patterns, ivory card markers and bottles of Hungary water. The writer is coming home to her, hardly disguising his reluctance to return to Ireland, poorly enough rewarded for three years' faithful service by the deanery of St. Patrick's. Daily intercourse, opportunities for the tender motherly services without which he once declared himself "as helpless as an elephant"—will these compensate for the lifelong heart-sickness that casts ever-deepening shadows over her? Proud, uncomplaining, the woman must run her career, till at the end she sinks upon the arena, her life drained from her by the bleeding of the soul-wounds dealt her by the man whom she had been fated to love.

K. L. MONTGOMERY.

NOTE.—To obviate confusion, the names *Stella* and *Presto* are used in this article, following the custom of various editors, although they were not apparently used by Swift till some years later than the actual date of the Journal, in the original of which *Stella* is usually alluded to as *P p t* ("poor pretty thing," or "poppet"). Swift also designates himself by P. D. F. R. or F. R. (apparently "poor dear foolish rogue," or simply "foolish rogue").

THE NIECES OF MAZARIN.

IT has often been said that the Papacy is the most democratic institution in the world. Any baptized Christian man is eligible to it. There is some truth in the saying ; for though usually the priest chosen to occupy a position that made him the equal, and more than the equal, of secular princes came of a family of long-standing wealth and power, there were in all ages exceptions enough to show that in the Sacred College an able man could "break his birth's invidious bar" and become "the centre of a world's desire." In the two centuries covered by Ranke's History we meet with four pontiffs at least—Pius IV., Pius V., Sixtus V., and Innocent XI.—whose origin was humble. A man thus taken up out of the dust to be set with the princes of his people would generally carry with him one or more relatives, a nephew or a brother-in-law, who would share his elevation and become the founder of a great political family. But no relatives of a Pope ever had a more strange and dazzling elevation than those of a member of the Sacred College who never became Pope—Giulio Mazzarini, the son of the Sicilian man of business of the great Roman family of Colonna, who received a good education from his father's patrons, and, when still a lad, was taken by Cardinal Colonna as *valet de chambre* (we may say "gentleman of the bedchamber") on his embassy to the Court of Madrid. He did some useful diplomatic work in Spain, and afterwards served as a soldier, again under a Colonna, and won some distinction in the Valteline war. The profession of arms was probably that which would have suited him best, and he is said to have rejoiced in the many opportunities of a temporary return to it that his stormy career afforded. But his good looks, his good temper, his invincible gaiety, which carried him through one or two very awkward crises, in which the gambling spirit, which was characteristic of him through life, involved him, fitted him also for diplomacy ; and we find him in 1634, at the age of thirty-two, and already in minor orders, nuncio at Paris, where he pleased Richelieu and by his influence was made a cardinal. In or about the same year two of his sisters were

married to Roman gentlemen, the elder to Girolamo Martinozzi, the younger to Lorenzo Mancini. The marriages were thought brilliant for portionless girls, and we may probably conclude that the prospect of their brother's advancement counted in their favour. Of Martinozzi's family we know little, except that they were counts at Fano; but the Mancini genealogy went back to the fourteenth century and was authentic enough to satisfy so stern a precisian in such matters as St-Simon. Lorenzo Mancini was all his life a dabbler in astrology, but he would hardly have ventured, in casting the horoscopes of his five daughters, to predict that one of them would, but for her uncle's misplaced prudence, have been queen of Charles II. of England, while another would conceive, and nearly achieve, the design of sharing the throne of the Grand Monarque himself.

Late in 1642 Richelieu died, and six months later, in May 1643, Louis XIII. The King had appointed Mazarin, as the friend of Richelieu and inheritor of his ideas, his successor as Minister; and on the King's death Anne of Austria, the Regent for her son, then only five years old, continued him in that position. She was a weak and vain woman, and soon fell completely into the power of the brilliant Italian ecclesiastic, as clever as he was handsome and magnificent. At one time De Retz tells us that he was advised by Madame de Chevreuse to attempt to supplant Mazarin in the Queen's favour. She said to him: "*Faites seulement le rêveur quand vous êtes auprès de la Reine; regardez continuellement ses mains.*" She was very vain of her hands, and by nature, De Retz again tells us, "*très coquette.*" Buckingham's affected adoration of her is one of the commonplaces of history and romance. Mazarin was just the man to utilise this vanity for his own advancement—to pose as her distant and humble adorer; but we need not suppose he was secretly married to her, as his enemies said, though, as he was not in priest's orders, his marriage would not have been impossible.

No public man was ever more traduced than was Mazarin in the political strife that followed on his advancement; his luxury and magnificence were the constant theme of satire in verse and prose, sometimes witty, sometimes coarse. He was reproached with his pictures and statues, with the artists brought over to decorate his hotel, the *soins galants* he gave to his person and his dress, the pomades that idle Italian monks had taken three years to compound for making his hands white, the lemonades and pastry and fancy bread named after him, his scented gloves, and the apes he so loved, scented like himself.

Among the articles of luxury sent to him from Italy were three

nieces, still of schoolroom age, the eldest only thirteen. The Cardinal probably thought that young Italian ladies, beautiful and clever, which the girls promised to become, would be an additional attraction to the pictures and statues and all the other luxuries of the new palace he was building. They came in 1647. Madame de Motteville ("Petitot," t. 37, pp. 270-4) tells us of the almost royal honour with which they were received, and describes their appearance. The eldest of the three, Laura Mancini, was a pleasing brunette of twelve or thirteen. Olympia Mancini, the second, was also dark, "with a long face and pointed chin, and small bright eyes that gave reason to hope that her fifteenth year, if she reached it, might give them some *agrément*." Anna Maria Martinozzi, the third, was blonde, with beautiful features and gentle eyes. She and Olympia were of the same age, between nine and ten. The Queen saw them as soon as they arrived, and thought them pretty. Madame de Motteville thought that the Cardinal affected indifference to them; she heard Marshal de Villeroy speculating on the fine castles, the *rentes*, the jewellery and plate and dignities, these little maidens, now so poor, would soon possess. They were brought to the Palais Royal, where their uncle was established with the Queen, and were educated with the King, who was of the same age as Olympia. The Queen herself presided over their devotions, and frequently took them with her on her visits to the nuns of Val de Grâce.

The words spoken by Villeroy show that he thought the girls were brought to Paris to make great marriages that would give the Cardinal powerful allies in his very slippery position—that of a foreign favourite in a court seething with turbulent ambitions. The same suspicion was present to others—to Condé, for instance, who, after the first Fronde, when still on the side of the Queen and Cardinal, had forced the latter to promise not to marry any of his nieces without his consent. The *Mazarinades*, the bitter political lampoons that during all these years were showered upon Mazarin, did not spare his three little nieces, the "Mazarinettes." It was natural to compare to his pet apes the nieces who had "bidden adieu to their beggarly kinsfolk to make the best matches they could with Candales or Richelieux or grand-masters of artillery."¹

Elles avaient fait leurs adieux
A leurs parents de gueuserie,
Pour s'accoupler, à qui mieux mieux,
Aux Candales, aux Richelieux,
Aux grands maîtres d'artillerie.

The Duc de Candale was son of the Duc d'Epemon by a natural daughter of

In 1651, when this lampoon was written, the first marriage of a niece of the Cardinal had probably already taken place. Laura Mancini, at the age of fifteen, was married at Bruhl, near Cologne, to which Mazarin had retired with his family when Condé had obliged the Queen to dismiss him. Her husband was the Duc de Mercœur, whose brother, the Duc de Beaufort, had been the darling of the common people of Paris at the time of the first Fronde, and nicknamed "Le Roi des Halles." The two Dukes were sons of the Duc de Vendôme, a natural son of Henri IV., and Condé furiously denounced the *mésalliance*, while a *Mazarinade* appealed to all the world to lament "that a grandson of Henri IV. should take to wife the daughter of a coachman, who used once to sell plaster," a libel on the respectable Roman gentleman who represented the ancient family of Mancini. The Parlement of Paris, then governed by Condé and hostile to Mazarin, ordered "ladite Mancini" not to enter the kingdom as Mercœur's wife. Mercœur was loyal to his engagement: unlike his father and his brother, he was of a peaceful disposition, "gentle, pious, and tranquil." These were not qualities to make a mark in the world of intrigue in which he was thrown, and we need not be surprised to learn that he was treated with contempt in the Court. His son, the great soldier, Marshal Vendôme, was asked by Philip V. of Spain how he came by his great talents, coming from so mediocre a father, and replied: "C'est que mon esprit vient de plus loin," meaning from his great-grandfather, Henri IV. He might equally well have imputed his talents to the Mazarin blood that flowed in the veins of his mother.

The Duchess of Mercœur died at the age of nineteen, after four years of married life, during much of which her husband was away serving with the army in Provence or Italy. She was a virtuous and saintly lady, who spent most of her time in devotion and works of charity. The Duke, her husband, after her death, became a priest, and died Cardinal Legate in France.

The next of the nieces to marry was Anna Maria Martinozzi, the blonde cousin of the Mancini. The Cardinal had at first designed her for the same Duc de Candale I lately mentioned, the gayest and handsomest and best-dressed young man in the Court, at whose

Henri IV., whom good looks and courage enabled to play a conspicuous part in fashionable life till an early death cut short his butterfly existence. Had he lived he would probably have married Hortensia Mancini, whose actual husband, the ridiculous and tyrannical Duc Mazarin, is the "grand-master of artillery" referred to. I do not know of any project of marrying one of the nieces to the Marquis de Richelieu.

early death a few years later more than one fair lady is said to have sacrificed her love-locks. But Candale had no desire to fetter his liberty by marriage, and, as the Cardinal had younger nieces, preferred to wait till one of them had grown up; all he desired was an alliance with the Cardinal, and he was indifferent which niece became his wife. The Cardinal was quite willing to agree, and a new *prétendant* was at hand in Conti, Condé's younger brother, a real prince of the blood without the bar sinister. The persons aggrieved were first the poor girl, who had to exchange the gallant and beautiful Candale for a little hunchback, who was said to be of uncertain disposition, with alternate fits of devotion and debauchery; and secondly Condé, who had been furious at the notion of the blood of the Mazzarini mingling with that of Henri IV., and now had to reconcile himself to his own brother's connection with the same family. However, Conti, in hopes of the office of Constable or one of the great provincial governments, pressed on the marriage, which took place in 1654. It did not turn out so badly as it might have done; for the lady, who, besides beauty and gentleness, had much wit and sense, but had been up to her marriage an "honest pagan"—she was only seventeen—was converted in consequence of a dangerous illness, and became a Jansenist saint, reforming her toilet and renouncing her "ajustements," and devoting her life to good works, not only visiting the poor, for whom she sold 60,000 crowns worth of jewels in a year of scarcity, but being the "patronne militante" of the weak and oppressed before the King, with whom she had great influence. As Conti's character also, after long oscillations, rested in the end on the side of devotion, the two lived an exemplary life in Guienne and Languedoc, where he was governor, till he died in the odour of sanctity, leaving her a widow at the age of twenty-nine. She also died in 1672, when she was but thirty-five, of apoplexy. Madame de Sévigné gives a touching account of her sufferings and death, a death "*cruelle pour tout autre, mais heureuse pour elle qui ne l'a point sentie et qui étoit toujours préparée.*"¹ There is much to be read about both Prince and Princess in the fifth volume of Ste-Beuve's "*Port Royal.*"

The first two of the Cardinal's nieces with whom we have made acquaintance have been saints; the same cannot be said of any of the others, least of all of Olympia Mancini, the third of the first detachment, who came to France in 1647. We have seen the unfavourable report that Madame de Motteville made of her personal charms when she was a little girl of ten, with a brown face

¹ Letter of February 5, 1672, ii. p. 316, éd. of 1818.

and pointed chin, but with bright eyes that gave some promise of improvement by the time she was fifteen, the age at which these Italian girls were held to arrive at womanhood. When she was eighteen and a married woman, the same critical observer gives us another portrait of her. "Her age," she says, "her embonpoint, her beautiful arms and hands, la faveur et le grand ajustement donnèrent du brillant à sa médiocre beauté." From the nursery she had been brought up with the King, and from an early date there had been speculation whether she would win his heart. Besides the brilliancy lent to her moderate beauty by her skill in dress, she was clever and witty, and in particular skilled at the ballets and comedies that the young King delighted in getting up. There can be little doubt that the Cardinal thought a royal marriage possible; he may even have contemplated without repugnance a less regular relation, such as those the King very soon began to form. The Queen-mother, Madame de Motteville tells us, did not distress herself at the King's attachment to Olympia, but would not suffer his friendship (*amitié*) for her to be spoken of even in joke, as a thing "qui pouvoit tourner au légitime;" "her greatness of soul had horror for such a degradation." But others did not scruple to talk of a marriage. Queen Christina of Sweden, who was then no longer Queen, but going about France in *casaque* and *justaucorps*, and had amongst her other eccentricities something of the match-maker, in order to pay court to the Cardinal, had praised Olympia's charms to the King, and expressed to others the opinion that it would be wrong not to marry at once two young people who suited one another so well. Lesser people followed her example: Loret, the Court poet, celebrated this divine Olympia, whose power "could engrave its mark upon the heart of monarchs," and when she afterwards married, referred in an epithalamium to the darts from her fair eyes with which Love had wounded even our gods.¹

But the Cardinal, like many others at the French Court, relied much on astrology, and the horoscopes were against a marriage between the King and Olympia. The lady herself may have shared her uncle's beliefs, but more probably her own shrewdness showed her in time that nothing would come of Louis' partiality for her. She accordingly set to work in earnest to find herself a husband. She would have accepted Conti; but Conti, wisely guided, preferred her beautiful and amiable cousin; the Prince of Modena, a sovereign prince, also preferred a younger cousin, Laura Martinozzi; Armand

¹ See the passages from Loret's *Muse Historique* quoted in Renée, *Les Nièces de Mazarin*, pp. 179-182.

de la Meilleraie, the grand-master of artillery, who was destined to make her sister Hortensia miserable and himself ridiculous, refused at first Olympia's hand, which the Cardinal pressed upon him, and afterwards, when he wished to change his mind, was rejected by her with a scorn that was creditable to her high spirit and ready wit.

Olympia was fortunate in escaping all these suitors and being married, when still little over eighteen, to Prince Eugène Maurice of Carignan, of the House of Savoy, who was also Comte de Soissons, and a prince of the blood in France by right of his mother, a Bourbon princess. He was a good soldier, who had fought with distinction under Turenne, but had not the reputation of being intellectually brilliant, though he is probably to be credited with the authorship of one of the most famous witticisms ever spoken. At least, Madame de Sévigné, without apparently intending to quote the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," says in a letter of 1680: "I am as much astonished as the Comte de Soissons when it was explained to him that he was speaking prose." After his marriage he was generally at the French Court, where Olympia, now known as Madame la Comtesse, held the most important post open to a lady at the Court, that of "*surintendante de la Maison de la Reine*," and was in the most intimate and confidential relations with the King. Her husband was devoted to her, and only too indulgent, turning a blind eye to the many scandals in which she was involved, and of which we can read in the Sévigné correspondence. He died in 1673. In 1680 she got into serious trouble, not on account of any of her *galanteries* that had been the talk of the Court, but through the taste for astrology and magic that she inherited from her father and shared with her uncle the Cardinal. Four years before this time Parisian society had been horrified by the poisonings for which the Marquise de Brinvilliers had suffered. Since her trial there had been much talk of *poudre de succession*—that is, the poison that opened to expectant heirs a short road to their inheritances—and a special court called "*Chambre ardente*" had been set up for trying and sending to the stake poisoners and witches. A woman named La Voisin was one of those who had met with punishment, which she at least seems to have richly deserved, from this court. She was a midwife, whose profession was not only to bring into the world babes who had no lawful title to a place there, but to remove them from it quietly and surely. But, besides these atrocities, she also told fortunes and practised palmistry and crystal-reading and clairvoyance, and in this capacity had been visited by many fine ladies and gentlemen of the Court, amongst others by the Comtesse de Soissons and her

sister the Duchesse de Bouillon. There is no reason to suppose that these great ladies were guilty of anything worse than a silly superstition, that was widely prevalent in England as well as France, as readers of the Grammont Memoirs will remember. Madame de Sévigné said of them : "Il ne paraît pas qu'il y ait rien de noir aux sottises qu'on leur impute ; il n'y a pas même du gris brun."¹ But enquiries as to whether a sick husband would die or recover, or for philtres to bring back a lover who had forsaken you, may easily assume a criminal aspect. The Duchesse de Bouillon, confident in her innocence, submitted to an interrogatory and was not arrested. Olympia does not seem to have been more guilty ; but when La Voisin had examined the lines of her hand and told her she had been loved by a great prince, she had been tempted to ask if his love could be regained, and the sorceress had added that she said, if he did not return to her, he would repent. There was danger in this, and she was conscious that Louvois, the most powerful minister, and Madame de Montespan, the reigning mistress, were for private reasons her enemies. The King, though inclined to view the whole matter *en noir*, so far remembered his old companion as to give her a hint to leave the country. Madame de Sévigné tells us what followed at the Hôtel de Soissons. "She was playing basset on Wednesday ; M. de Bouillon" (the Duke, her brother-in-law) "entered ; he begged her to come into her boudoir, and told her she must leave France or go to the Bastille. She did not hesitate ; she made the Marquise d'Alluye" (who had been to La Voisin's with her) "leave the game ; they did not appear again. The hour of supper came ; it was said that Madame la Comtesse was supping in town. Every one went home, persuaded there was something extraordinary. Meanwhile there was a great packing-up ; money and jewellery were taken ; the lacqueys and coachmen were put into grey jackets ; eight horses were put to the carriage. She placed beside her inside the carriage the Marquise, who, they say, did not wish to go, and two maids in front. She told her people not to distress themselves about her ; that she was innocent, but these wicked women had taken pleasure in naming her ; she wept ; she went thence to the house of Madame de Carignan" (her mother-in-law), "and left Paris at 3 o'clock in the morning. It is said that she is going to Namur ; you will believe that no one intends to follow her."² It was believed in Paris that the King had said to Madame de Carignan that he would one day have to give account to God and his people for his leniency in letting

¹ Letter of January 31, 1680, vi. p. 137, éd. 1818.

² Letter of January 26, 1680, vi. pp. 132-3, éd. 1818.

the Countess escape. What he meant by this has never been explained.

The Countess never returned to France ; for thirty years she was a wanderer. We hear of her, in Madame de Sévigné's letters, in the Low Countries or at Hamburg. Everywhere her reputation as a poisoner had preceded her ; the great inns refused to take her in, the gates of towns even were shut against her, and she had sometimes to sleep on straw in any hut where she could get shelter. At Brussels she had to take refuge in the Béguinage from a mob of three thousand persons wanting to tear her in pieces. But she managed to stay six years in the Low Countries, the Prince of Parma, who was governor there, protecting her from the popular hatred. Then she passed into Spain, where she had many friends. She took with her her son Eugène, who was already distinguished enough to warrant her in hoping to get him made a grandee and a knight of the Golden Fleece. He was small, sickly, and slightly deformed, and had been intended for church preferment ; Louis XIV. called him the Little Abbé. But he cared for nothing but soldiering, and after the peace of Nimeguen went with the young Prince of Conti and other French gentlemen to serve against the Turks on the Danube. When his companions returned to France, he was induced to stay in the Imperial service and renounce his French allegiance. Louis XIV. is said to have been angry and remarked, "Ne trouvez-vous pas que j'aie fait là une grande perte ?" and his words were only too true, for the Little Abbé grew up to be the great Prince Eugène, who twenty years after this was helping Marlborough to crush the power of France. He is the second great warrior we have met with among the descendants of the Mazzarini. His mother's career at the Spanish Court, that Court of Charles II. of which Macaulay has given us so gloomy a picture, was as adventurous as any part of her life. In time she became high in the favour of the Queen Louise, daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, Charles I.'s daughter, who had been associated with Olympia in many an escapade at the French Court twenty years before. The Queen was, like her mother, lively and *spirituelle*, delighted with French gaiety that contrasted with the gloomy *morgue* of the Spanish court ; and she attached herself closely to Madame de Soissons. So when, in 1689, the poor Queen died after a short illness in a manner that suggested poison, Spanish ill-will towards France revived all the stories that had been told in Paris nine or ten years before, to the effect that the Countess had been a magician and a poisoner. When St-Simon was ambassador at Madrid, thirty years after the

Queen's death, he was told a circumstantial story of a cup of iced milk given to her in very hot weather by the Countess of Soissons, and he was always ready to believe a tale of poisoning, especially if it incriminated one of the parvenu family of Mazarin. But the Queen's death seems to have been explicable enough without poison; and if it was due to poison, there were many about the Queen more liable to suspicion than the Countess of Soissons, who had much to lose by Louise's death. Neither Rebenac, the French ambassador, nor Madame de Sévigné mentions the Countess as suspected.

She appears to have left Spain after the Queen's death, and perhaps kept out of the Spanish dominions for some years; but in 1692 and again in 1695 we find her mentioned as a leader of high society at Brussels, and there she died in October 1708, an old lady of seventy-one or seventy-two. Prince Eugène, then at the height of his military glory, had come from camp to Brussels to see her in the July before. The death-bed of the old pagan must have been cheered by the knowledge of the successive blows by which her son was avenging her wrongs upon the friend of her childhood, who had for so long been her relentless enemy. His enmity lasted after her death; for the Court of Versailles was not allowed to wear mourning for her.

The second detachment of nieces that arrived in France (in 1653) consisted of Laura Martinozzi and Maria and Hortensia Mancini. The first two were then just fourteen, Hortensia under ten. They were all kept for eight months at Aix *pour se façonner*, and were then for two years in the convent of the Filles Ste. Marie at Chaillot, near Paris. Of Laura Martinozzi much need not be said. We have no description of her person or of her disposition while in the bloom of youth. She had been a very short time in the Louvre when she was married at Compiègne to Alfonso, the heir-apparent of the Duchy of Modena. The young man was married to her by proxy, and had never seen her till she arrived at Modena as his wife. His father, the reigning Duke Francis, was one of the best generals in the service of France, and, needing Mazarin's alliance against Spain, was anxious to have one of the nieces—he would not have cared which—as his daughter-in-law. His son, however, seems, like Conti, to have fought shy of Olympia Mancini, who was mortified at two Martinozzi cousins being preferred to her. About a year after Laura's marriage her father-in-law died, and her husband did not long survive him. When he died, in 1662, the Duchess Laura became regent for her son, and for twelve years governed the duchy

with a firm and gentle hand. She leant constantly on the French alliance, and was a very devout person. When relieved of the regency she retired to Rome, and ended her days there in 1687. Only two events made her regency famous: first, a war she declared against another lady, the Regent of Mantua, for the possession of two little islands in the Po, as to which the grave and learned Muratori, himself a subject of Modena, makes himself merry at the general expectation of some terrible feat of arms by these "new Amazons," till the Spanish governor of Milan was ordered to snuff out the flame; and secondly the marriage of her daughter Mary Beatrice to James, Duke of York, an ill-omened alliance that brought little happiness to the bride, and was one of the remote causes of much disaster to France, that her mother loved so well.

Maria Mancini is a remarkable person, who was very near playing an important part in history. When she at first appeared at the Louvre, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, the same candid critic, Madame de Motteville, who had given a portrait of her sister Olympia described Maria as tall and so thin that her neck and arms seemed fleshless, brown and yellow in complexion; "her great black eyes, having as yet no fire, appeared coarse [*rudes*], her mouth wide and dull, and except her teeth, which were fine, she might then have been called absolutely ugly."¹ And the picture of her mind, which another acute observer gave, was scarcely more amiable. Madame de la Fayette saw "no charm in her person, and very little in her cleverness, though of that she had an infinity, but of a bold, resolute, violent kind, licentious and far removed from every sort of civility and polish." Somaize, in his "*Dictionnaire des Précieuses*," the adroit flatterer of all the ladies frequenting the Hôtel de Rambouillet, while gliding over her personal charms, enlarges on her intellect: "She is ignorant of nothing; has read all good books, writes with an ease that cannot be imagined and in a style that makes the forty barons" (*i.e.* the French Academy) "confess that, though a foreigner, she knows all the Attic delicacy of the language;" and he ventures to add that Heaven has given her not only a mind fit to excel in letters, but one capable of reigning over the hearts of the most puissant princes in Europe.² A poet attached to the same coterie celebrated her as "*la perle des Précieuses*."

It is probable, from the portraits of her that we possess, that Madame de Motteville exaggerated her plainness. It is certain that

¹ *Collection Petitot*, xxxix. p. 400.

² See the passages quoted at pp. 22 and 23 of *Louis XIV et Marie Mancini* by Mons. R. Chantelauze, the scholar who has written so much on De Retz.

she had improved in beauty by 1658, when she was nineteen ; and there is no reason to suppose that her mental qualities were less conspicuous than Somaize painted them. Whether they would have won the King's heart by themselves may be doubtful ; what really took him captive was, as no doubt has often happened in other cases, the discovery that she was in love with him. It was natural enough that the beauty and grace of the young King, which we can believe, making all allowance for flattery, to have been consummate, should have vividly impressed a young girl fresh from the cloister, brought into intimate relations with him amid scenes that seemed to her like paradise. When in 1658 he contracted in the camp in Flanders a fever that soon brought him to death's door, when half the courtiers were turning to the Duke of Orleans, and Mazarin was stowing away his treasures in the vaults of Vincennes, her despairing and evidently genuine grief showed all the Court how things stood. When Louis recovered, his gratitude to her was unbounded. Soon he began to study with her. Till now he had cared for little but tournaments and pageants ; she introduced him to the Italian poets, that she had read in the convents, and to French romances and Corneille's tragedies, which she read aloud with a "voix passionnée amoureuse ;" she first gave him a taste for art. We are told that she was greedy of instruction with "toutes les curiosités," that she could hold her own in conversation with politicians, philosophers, and soldiers, with Lyonne, St-Evremond, La Rochefoucauld and Turenne. She taught the King to admire the generous sentiments and loftiness of spirit that animate the political maxims in Corneille's plays. Mlle. de Montpensier (la grande Mademoiselle) testifies to the great improvement in the King's tone from the time of his falling in love with Maria. 'Till then he had been not only frivolous in his tastes, but for one who was afterwards so imperious strangely subservient to his mother and the Cardinal. Either the serious studies to which he began now to devote himself, or more probably the influence of Maria's enthusiastic affection, awoke in him the sense of his great position as the ruler and the embodiment of a great nation, and have therefore made him, notwithstanding failings from which his successors and posterity have suffered much, a grand and imposing figure in history, which few Frenchmen can regard with indifference or dislike.

Mazarin was not quite a great enough man to welcome the growth of this independence of spirit in the King. But, on the other hand, he did not catch at the chance of marrying his niece to the King. It may have been that he did not think a marriage with

Maria would have made the King more subservient to him. None of the nieces or nephews of the Cardinal regarded him with affection. "It is inconceivable," says the Duchess Mazarin in her Memoirs, "that a man of this merit, after having worked all his life to raise and enrich his family, should have received from them, even after his death, nothing but marks of aversion. But if you knew with what rigour he treated us in all things, you would be less surprised at this. Never had any one manners so gentle in public, and so rough in the home circle; and all our whims and our inclinations were contrary to his." Maria's mental power and high spirit made her the least likely of all to submit to his dictation. But better motives also must have led Mazarin in the same direction: gratitude to the Queen-mother, to whom he owed everything, who was bent on her son marrying a Spanish princess of her own house; duty to France, whose interest made the King's marriage necessarily a matter of *haute politique*. France was at war with Spain, over whom she had lately won a great victory at Rocroi; and Spain was straining every nerve to get allies against France. Savoy, lying between France and the Duchy of Milan—the latter a Spanish possession of precarious tenure—was an important ally for either France or Spain, and the Duchess Regent of Savoy, Christine, Henri IV.'s daughter, though sympathising with France, was prepared so far to listen to the overtures of Spain as to induce Mazarin to purchase her fidelity. The price at which he might purchase it was the marriage of the young Louis XIV., her nephew, to her daughter Marguerite. The first step to this was to be a meeting between the King and the Princess at Lyons, and this came off in November 1658. The King was accompanied by his mother, by Mazarin and no less than four of Mazarin's nieces—the Countess of Soissons and her three younger sisters—and by other great ladies of the Court, amongst them Mlle. de Montpensier, from whose Memoirs the accounts given of this memorable progress are derived. The King rode nearly all the way on horseback, and Maria Mancini was always at his side, and at the resting-places on the way he devoted himself entirely to her. But notwithstanding this, he expressed admiration of the Savoy princess and threw himself with zeal into the project of a marriage with her. It was broken off on a sudden, while all the company was still at Lyons, not by the King's manifest preference for Maria, but by the arrival of an envoy from the King of Spain, sent post haste and in disguise, to propose a treaty of peace and a marriage between the King and the Infanta Maria Theresa. The poor Savoy princess, who had once already been rejected by the heir of Bavaria,

returned home still unbetrothed, and Anne of Austria rejoiced at the fulfilment of her dearest hopes.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that the King's affection for Maria Mancini, and her pretensions, threatened to thwart her uncle's plans and delay the re-establishment of European peace. On the journey back to Paris the King again rode generally by her side, and before Mazarin started in the summer of 1659 for the Pyrenean frontier to negotiate the peace the King told him he wished to marry Maria. Mlle. de Montpensier tells us that he went down on his knees to the Cardinal to entreat him to consent. The Queen-mother, who, if we are to believe the Court gossip, had some time before said that if the King had the *lâcheté* to wish to marry Maria, all France would revolt against it, and she would lead the rebels with her younger son, was now inclined to yield. But Mazarin was obdurate. We may give him credit for having thought first of France and her interest in making peace with Spain, and not attribute his resistance, as his contemporaries did, entirely to his knowledge of Maria's resolute and defiant spirit. The King promised her to marry her in spite of all obstacles ; but when the Cardinal, starting for the Pyrenees, sent Maria with her two younger sisters to the castle of Brouage on the Atlantic coast, she felt she was abandoned. "You love me : you are King, and I am sent away"—her passionate appeal to Louis—got nothing from him but tears. The Cardinal, when on his journey, wrote a letter to the King, scolding him like a schoolboy for allowing his private affections to interfere with his public duties, and warning him that the revolutions and humiliations of which history is full are the punishments Providence inflicts on laches of this kind. Yet he reluctantly allowed, at the Queen-mother's intercession, a last interview between the lovers, at St. Jean d'Angély. With this exception, the three sisters were kept locked up at Brouage till the King was safely married. The King seems to have behaved throughout the affair with a singular want of spirit. While he was promising eternal fidelity to Maria, he never thought of throwing over the Spanish marriage for her sake. He probably wished to have the Infanta for a wife and Maria for a mistress, or perhaps for a left-handed wife. There seems no doubt that his mother wished this. But Maria was not the woman to accept an inferior position of this kind. If religion and morality did not influence her, her pride and affection would not be content with half the King's heart. She took the initiative in breaking off the correspondence. Mazarin wrote to Madame de Venelle, the *gouvernante* of the sisters, that he was

proud to have a niece who could behave with such dignity, and advised Maria to read Seneca, just as Fénelon (Mons. Renée observes) would have sent her to the "Imitation." He told Colbert that this affair was the most delicate he ever had to manage.

Maria was anxious to find another husband, to show she was not broken-hearted, but outraged, at the treatment she had received ; and as long as her uncle lived and was in power there was no lack of suitors. Two Dukes of Lorraine offered themselves, a nephew first and then his uncle, both penniless adventurers, the nephew handsome and gallant, the uncle a condottiere of the roughest kind. The former, Maria would gladly have married ; but the Cardinal, who was anxious to get her out of France, just before his death arranged that she should marry Prince Lorenzo Colonna, the hereditary Constable of Naples, the representative of the branch of that great Roman family in whose service he had begun his own career ; and the King would not suffer the Cardinal's wishes to be disregarded. She was *désolée* at leaving France ; but this, too, the King insisted on. She went away in a flood of tears in the early summer of 1661, under the escort of Madame de Venelle, her *gouvernante*, and at Milan found the Constable waiting for her and was married to him. Thence they went to live in his palace at Rome. He seems to have been a dull man, not of very sensitive honour ; for he had acquiesced in the notion that he was marrying the French King's cast-off mistress, and was pleased to find out his mistake. For some years they lived happily together in Rome, and three sons were born to them. We hear much of the artistic grace and luxury of their palace, and of the Parisian fashions of cards, theatricals, and dances, and the Parisian freedom of conversation, that shocked Roman prejudices, and caused few husbands to allow their wives to be seen in the Palazzo Colonna. There were also villas at Frascati and elsewhere, and estates in the Sabine Mountains or the Abruzzi, where great boar hunts were held, in which the Princess (la Connétable, as she is generally called), who had been a fearless huntress at Versailles and Fontainebleau, greatly delighted. The Constable was admiring and indulgent, but he cannot have been exactly a suitable husband for the clever and high-spirited wife who had been given him. When the President de Brosses visited Italy, he was told that the Constable, when showing his wife over his palace, pointed out the room where her grandfather was lodged when he was "maître de chambre" of his grandfather, and that she was piqued, and replied : "Je ne sais ce qu'était mon grand-père, mais ce que je sais fort bien, c'est que de toutes mes sœurs je suis la plus mal mariée."

Maria must have been convinced that she exaggerated in this when, in 1671, her unfortunate sister Hortensia joined her at Rome ; for the Constable was a greater personage, and certainly a better husband, than the Duc Mazarin. With their brother Philippe, Duc de Nevers, a whimsical genius, who wrote pleasant *vers de société*, and another butterfly from the French Court, the Chevalier de Lorraine, the two sisters threw themselves with characteristic energy into a life of pleasure. They were at Venice for the carnival and back at Rome for the summer, where Maria took great pleasure in bathing parties on the Teverone or the Tiber, at which she scandalised sober people, and gave occasion to Pasquin to blaspheme, by the thinness of the gauze robe in which she walked from the river to her *cabane*. Would not this picture of the diversions of “une Française en Italie” make a pretty subject for the pencil of Watteau or Pater? The Constable grew more and more malcontent, and no doubt Hortensia encouraged her sister in resistance to marital authority. At length, in June 1672, things came to a crisis with the two sisters leaving Rome in men’s clothes, and, after thrilling adventures by land and sea, appearing on the coast of Provence. After they separated Hortensia took refuge in Savoy, where the Duke had been once her suitor. Maria also tried to speculate on the attachment of an old lover, and went to Paris ; but Louis was discretion itself, refused to see her, and banished her to fifty leagues’ distance from the Court. For some years she led a wandering life ; we hear of her with Hortensia at Chambéry, where the Duke of Savoy, not caring to make his dominions a general sanctuary for rebellious wives, advised her to go back to Rome and submit to her husband. She preferred to cross the St. Bernard into Switzerland, and in November 1673 Madame de Sévigné tells her daughter of Madame Colonna having been seen in a boatload of peasant women on the Rhine, on her way to “le fond de l’Allemagne.” Then we hear of her imprisoned in the Castle of Antwerp. Her husband was an important person, whom neither Louis XIV. nor the King of Spain was willing to offend. The latter allowed her to sail from Antwerp to St. Sebastian, but she found in Spain nothing open to her but submission to her husband or confinement in a convent. Neither of these was her vocation ; but having tried the first for a short time at Madrid, she preferred the second. The Marquise de Villars, who remembered her in her heyday at the French Court and now saw her terribly *ennuyée* in a convent near Madrid, said that she was more beautiful at forty than she had been at twenty, that she wore the Spanish dress more gracefully than any lady at the Court, that

her conversation was charming. Her husband grudged the expense of maintaining her in the several convents, and was constantly moving her from one to another, where she was sometimes very ill-treated. When he died, in 1689, she was no longer in Spain: five years before she had escaped from her convent to France, and was allowed to live in a house belonging to the Duc de Nevers at Passy. On her husband's death she is said to have returned to Italy, but we know that in 1705 she again appeared in France. She had still ten years to live, but from this date she passes into obscurity. Whether she spent them in Italy or Spain we do not know. On the occasion of her last visit to France, in 1705, St-Simon passed his judgment on her as "la plus folle et toutefois la meilleure de ces Mazarines," but passes by the delicate question whether she was "la plus galante." It is difficult, in reading of her, not to sympathise with her high spirit, her gaiety, and the dignity she showed in her relations with the King. France seems to have owed gratitude to her for being the main cause of Louis XIV. not sinking to the level of Louis XV.

Hortensia Mancini, the most beautiful of all the Cardinal's nieces was destined to as adventurous a career as her sisters Olympia and Maria. Madame de la Fayette celebrated her as "one of the most perfect beauties of the Court," and, if wanting in the vivacity that comes from intellectual power, all the more charming to her contemporaries from the languishing air that we know so well from Lely's portraits. Most of the portraits of Hortensia justify this criticism. But other contemporaries, even when she was no longer young, are enthusiastic in their admiration. St-Evremond, always her most devoted servant, wrote of her: "C'est le plus beau tour de visage que la peinture ait jamais imaginée;" and La Fontaine, addressing her as "Mazarin des Amours déesse tutélaire," celebrates, besides her beauty, grace, and intellect, a certain undefinable charm that made the whole world her worshippers. She was also, for some reason unknown to us, endowed with far the largest share of her uncle's wealth, and was to bring to the husband who should be fortunate enough to win her hand the Palais Mazarin, with all its statues and pictures, and, if not already of superior rank, the dignity of duke and peer of France that the Cardinal was ambitious to attach to his family. Fortune never more "wished to jest" than when she bestowed these manifold gifts on the "grand-master of artillery" we have seen referred to in a *Mazarinade*, Armand de la Porte, Duc de la Meilleraye, known after his marriage as Duc Mazarin. It was not from lack of competitors that the prize came to him. In 1655

Charles, titular Prince of Wales, but then an exile and a mendicant, asked for Hortensia's hand ; but he was no match for so great an heiress, and was twice rejected, as was also the heir-presumptive of Portugal and the reigning Duke of Savoy. The English and Savoy offers were both, as we shall see, of importance in her future life. Several French aspirants were also in the field, but the Cardinal preferred La Meilleraye to all of them. It is difficult for us, who know the ridiculous personage which the Duc became in mature years, to understand Mazarin's choice of him to perpetuate his name and his fortunes in France ; but probably as a young man La Meilleraye was looked upon as of high promise, and we know that Louis XIV. always appreciated and esteemed him. For some time the Duke and Duchess Mazarin lived together amicably, but his affection soon turned to jealousy, and this in time amounted to insanity. He dragged his wife about France with him because he was afraid to let her be out of his sight ; he, for the good of her soul, deprived her of "mouches" and confiscated her diamonds. His devotion was more insane than his jealousy ; he hacked with his own hands the nude statues of the Palais Mazarin ; he had nudities of Titian and Correggio painted over ; he said the lot was the judgment of God, and so ordered his household to exchange places by lot, so that, as Voltaire wrote of him, his postilion became his secretary, his coachman his man of business, his almoner his cook. He was so litigious that he had lawsuits in every Parlement of France, most of them, it is said, at the expense of his wife's fortune, who meanwhile was often in straits for want of money. His matrimonial quarrels gave employment for years to the Parlement of Paris. When he applied to the Grand' chambre of the Parlement to confine his wife in a convent or the Bastille, she lost patience and fled from Paris on horseback in man's clothes. At Nancy the young Duke of Lorraine gave her an escort to Geneva, where we hear of her in the wildest spirits, delighted at her escape from marital tyranny. Reckless insouciance is the quality that marks more than any other the rest of her life. I have referred to her freaks with her sister Maria in Italy ; afterwards she made her abode at Chambéry, at the Court of her former aspirant, the Duke of Savoy, where she was the life of the French high society that was always passing to and fro over the Mont Cenis, and where she got her Memoirs written by a humble adorer, the Abbé de St. Réal. When the Duke of Savoy died in 1675, a change of residence became desirable, and before the end of that year she arrived in England, which she never afterwards left. Why she came there has never been known for certain. It was

obvious to suppose that a famous French beauty, an old acquaintance of Charles II., had come to his dominions on the same errand as the Duchess of Portsmouth, and this was believed by such various persons as Nell Gwyn, Edmund Waller the poet,¹ and Louvois, the Minister of Louis XIV. The French ambassador watched her closely and reported all her doings to his master, making his correspondence thereby more amusing to modern readers. But, if she tried, she never succeeded in displacing the Duchess of Portsmouth, though Charles gave her rooms in St. James's Palace and a handsome annuity, and always admired her and enjoyed her company. She spent the rest of her life in England, lasting through Charles II.'s (she will be remembered as one of the figures in Evelyn's famous description of the Whitehall gallery on the night of Charles's fatal seizure), James II.'s, and nearly all of William III.'s reigns. She was not molested after the Revolution, though she lost her annuity, and had to provide for her necessities by keeping a basset table at Chelsea, where she gave concerts of Italian music, at which the invited guests were expected to leave money under their plates to pay for their entertainment. It is sad to find St-Evremond, the scholar-soldier, her devoted knight-errant through all her years of exile, delicately hinting in a copy of verses that she was too much addicted to strong waters. But the hint was most delicate,² and in writings of the same time he describes her as having never been more beautiful than at fifty, an opinion in which less partial witnesses agree.³ She was only fifty-two when she died. Her husband, who had squandered her wealth and let her end her days in penury, had to appeal to the English law courts, and, we may

¹ See his "Triple Combat" at p. 94 of Gilfillan's *Waller & Denham*, where the Roman champion is Hortensia Mancini, who challenges the British (Louise de Keroualle, the Bretonne), but is in her turn repulsed by the English heroine, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland.

² "Moins d'eaux fortes, de vins blancs, Vous irez jusqu'à cent ans."

³ The portrait of her in a plate to the *édition de luxe* of Renée's *Nieces de Mazarin* (Paris: 1858, large 8vo) is certainly disappointing. The cluster of curls low down on her forehead, which is, I believe, called "la coiffure à la Ninon," adds to the insipidity which is the chief defect of Lely's faces. The portraits of most of the nieces in Renée partake of this defect—they are all, I think, from paintings of Lely. The only one with any vivacity or intellect is the Duchesse de Bouillon. A picture of Hortensia by Mignard in the gallery of Lord Sandwich at Hinchinbrooke, which is reproduced in Mr. Osmond Airley's "Charles II.," is much more beautiful. She has there luxuriant black hair floating over her shoulders and dark eyes, while, in the engraving in the second volume of the English translation of St-Evremond, in which the face is not unlike this, the hair appears to be light. But fair ladies in all ages have had the privilege of sudden conversion from brunette to blonde or *vice versa*.

hope, to expend money, to get her body out of the hands of her creditors. He is said to have carried it about with him for a year, till he laid it at last by the side of the Cardinal, her uncle, in the Collège des Quatre Nations in Paris. St-Simon noted her death, as was his way; but, on the plea that her life had made so much noise in the world, dispensed himself from saying more than that "her death corresponded to her life, and left regret to no one but St-Evremond." Madame de Sévigné, a kinder judge, said of her disregard of ordinary rules: "On voit sa justification en voyant M. de Mazarin."¹

Marianne (so she always signed her name; in Italian I suppose it will have been Mariana), the youngest of the Mancini sisters, was certainly the most charming. As a child she had been the darling of her uncle, as well as of the Queen-mother and all the Court, to which she first came, when only six or seven years old, in 1655, her mother, who was already expecting the death that overtook her in the next year, wishing to have her youngest child near her at the last. She was piquant in appearance, with plenty of grace and aplomb, which made her the most successful performer in the Court ballets. The verses she wrote at this early age were handed about the Court; at ten she wrote letters to the Cardinal, very ill spelled, but precocious in their intelligence and their self-confidence. She was thirteen when her uncle died, and, though wanting the classical beauty of her sister Hortensia, her expressive face, her retroussé nose, her eyes sparkling with wit, her delicate smile, added to a graceful figure, small hands and feet, a brilliant complexion, and magnificent hair, made her a most attractive personage. Besides these graces, she had the solid attractions of a portion of 400,000 crowns and the government of Auvergne attached to it. The Duc de Bouillon, head of the great house of La Tour d'Auvergne, was a suitor for her hand, and Turenne, his uncle, the most heroic Frenchman of that day, went to see the Cardinal on his death-bed to settle the match if possible; but the dying man, though affectionately embracing Turenne, and giving him his most valuable ring as a souvenir, could not make up his mind about the marriage, and fought shy of the subject. After his death the Queen-mother was more pliable, and in April 1662, when Marianne could not yet have completed her fifteenth year, she was married to the Duke, Maurice Godefrois de la Tour, at the Hôtel de Soissons, her sister's house. Her husband was a good soldier, blunt in his manners, and with far less mental

¹ I may perhaps refer for a fuller account of the Duchess to an article I contributed to *Temple Bar* for August 1900 on St-Evremond and the Duchess Mazarin.

cultivation than his wife, but without the tyrannous jealousy that ruined the conjugal peace of her unfortunate sister Hortensia. Three years after his marriage he went to serve in the Imperial army against the Turks in Hungary. In his absence the young Duchess left her Paris house, the Hôtel de Bouillon, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, but had the castle and park of Château Thierry, with its shady walks and arbours, in which to instal the Academy, which she had founded after the fashion of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and a menagerie, inherited from the Cardinal, for the animals she dearly loved. There she was not surrounded by so brilliant a circle of wits as had thronged her salon in Paris, but she casually fell in with the man who has made her and her Academy famous, the poet La Fontaine, at this time no longer young, and pronounced by St-Simon to be heavy and dull, as he very likely seemed to the Duke, for he reserved all his happiest efforts in conversation for the other sex, to whom he was musical as Apollo's lute. At the Duchesse de Bouillon's command he composed the Fables, finding the Cardinal's menagerie useful in suggesting incidents for them. She also may have suggested the less innocent "Contes," for the fine ladies of that time, even Madame de Sévigné and her austere daughter, were not above taking pleasure in a "merry tale from Boccace." La Fontaine had originally found a patron in the Surintendant Fouquet, and the vivacious Duchess at Château Thierry came opportunely to fill the void made by Fouquet's fall. The patronage of a great lady was never more gracefully repaid than by the flattery of such lines as these :

Peut-on s'ennuyer en des lieux
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux
D'une aimable et vive princesse
A pied blanc et mignon, a brune et longue tresse ?
Nez troussé, c'est un charme encor, selon mes sens ;

La mère des Amours et la reine des Grâces,
C'est Bouillon.

When the Duke returned from the wars and removed his wife to Paris, La Fontaine became an habitué of the Hôtel de Bouillon, where the Duchess's court was attended also by Molière and Corneille, now an old man, as well as by his contemporary, the great Turenne, who loved the company of gay poets and fine ladies.

Molière may have found in the society of the Hôtel de Bouillon studies for his portraits of "Précieuses." Though not ridiculous, the Duchess was not without some of their weaknesses. Pradon,

one of the members of her coterie, had written a tragedy of "Phèdre" at the same time as Racine, and the party spirit of the Hôtel de Bouillon, and perhaps also a little jealousy of the younger rival of Corneille, led the Duchess into the extravagance of packing the theatre for six nights, at the cost of more than 15,000 livres, for the sake of damning Racine's play; but even she could not make Pradon's play a success. Her conduct also was not altogether free from reproach—though we need not suspect her of anything worse than levity and *étourderie*—and a family council under the presidency of the by no means austere Turenne relegated her for a short time to a convent. She got into more serious trouble with the Government in 1680 in consequence of the disclosures of La Voisin. She had gone like her sister Olympia to the sorceress, and had very likely in joke asked her how to get rid of an old husband in order to marry a young lover. Madame de Sévigné heard that she asked this question with the Duke on one side of her and her nephew, young Vendôme, on the other. She also tells us how, when her sister Olympia did not venture to face the judges of the *Chambre Ardente*, the Duchess went boldly into their presence "*comme une petite reine*," answered all their questions "*d'un air fort riant et fort dédaigneux*," and was received, as she left the chamber, by her relations and friends "*avec adoration, tant elle était jolie, naïve, naturelle, hardie et d'un bon air et d'un esprit tranquille*."¹ The court considered her explanation satisfactory, and did not have her arrested; but the King, who, as we have seen, took this matter very seriously, banished her to Nerac, near the Pyrenees, as a punishment for the levity of her answers. After a short time she was allowed to return to Paris, but seldom appeared at Court, where the constraint was disagreeable to her, and her bold carriage and loud voice, as St-Simon tells us, displeased the King.

In 1687 she came to England to see her sister Hortensia, and stayed so long that La Fontaine, whom she had not been able to persuade to cross the Channel with her, wrote to her that if the English would let her go before autumn, France would cede them in exchange two or three islands in the ocean, and he, for his own part, would gladly give the whole ocean. Some grave lines that follow look as if her journey to England had really been a banishment for some imprudence,² and when she returned to France—not hindered by the Revolution of 1688, which occurred during her visit—she was still excluded from the Court and Paris. She was in England again

¹ See letter of January 31, 1680, vi. pp. 140-144, éd. 1818.

² A. Renée, *Les Nièces de Mazarin*, p. 418.

in 1699, arriving just too late to see her sister Hortensia alive. She lived herself till 1714, sometimes paying visits to Rome, where her brother the Duc de Nevers was often to be found; sometimes at Venice, where her eldest son, who, on his great-uncle's death, took the title of Prince de Turenne, was held in high honour for distinguished services to the Republic in the Morea. He afterwards served in French armies, under Catinat in Italy, and under Luxemburg in the Low Countries, where he was killed at Steinkerke, still a young man, another distinguished soldier descended from the Mazzarini. In France his mother was always *très grande dame*. St-Simon's obituary notice of her says: "Elle était la reine de Paris et de tous les lieux où elle avoit été exilée. Mari, enfants, tous les Bouillon, le prince de Conti, le duc de Bourbon, qui ne bougeoient, à Paris, de chez elle, tous étaient plus petits devant elle que l'herbe. Sa maison était ouverte dès le matin—c'était grande table matin et soir, grand jeu. Jamais femme qui s'occupât moins de sa toilette; point de beaux et singuliers visages comme le sien qui eussent moins besoin de secours, et à qui tout allait si bien: toutefois toujours de la parure, et de belles pierreries. Elle savoit, parloit bien, disputait volontiers, et quelquefois allait à la botte. L'esprit et la beauté la soutinrent, et le monde s'accoutuma à en être dominé."

Such a tribute from the great "duke and peer" to a parvenue would, we may think, have satisfied the Cardinal in his tomb at the Collège des Quatre Nations that he had not wasted his labour in bringing his nieces to France.

F. C. HODGSON.

INNS PAST AND PRESENT.

WHAT a host of associations are awakened by the word "inn"! We are insensibly reminded of the varied classes of inns, such as "town inns," "country hosteleries," "coaching inns," and so on.

Moreover, what a singularly realistic picture of old Spain is reproduced for us in the alluring pages of "Don Quixote," when we read of those wayside *posadas* of Andalusia, no less than the strange adventures which there befell the knight of La Mancha and his stout squire! To treat of the subject of inns and their manifold associations in any general or exhaustive sense would entail much more space than I have at my disposal; therefore the reader must be content if in this article I merely touch the fringe of the subject.

There is possibly no object more characteristic of rural life and manners than the village inn. It may in a sense be regarded as a sort of repository for the cranks and wits of the village, where they nightly assemble in order to discuss and canvass the doings of the whole parish. In the snug parlour—assuming, gentle reader, you are of an observant turn of mind—you will come across many queer samples and types of the genus *Homo*, some entertaining, others the reverse. The wise, the dull, and the merry may all be found here.

Pray do not mistake my meaning and assume that these remarks have reference to the low pot-house, concerning which the least said the better.

I am speaking of the cosy old-fashioned ale-house, as typified for us in the delightful exploits of the inimitable Mr. Pickwick. If we but try, we shall have no difficulty in recalling not a few of these old-world inns, situated, it may be, on a village green, where you are ever sure of a kindly welcome combined with good substantial fare. Not unlike the house which Goldsmith described in his days:—

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

These country inns of which I am speaking vary much in size, some large, others small, and have usually one marked characteristic common to all, namely, cleanliness. Beyond this, a restfulness broods over them, in striking contrast to the unceasing worry and bustle which mark the present day.

It has been wisely remarked by Miss Landon that, "after all, the English hotel owes much of its charm to Chaucer"—our associations are of his haunting pictures—his delicate prioress, his comely young squire, with their pleasant interchange of talk and legend. Still less remote and more personal associations endear and identify these landmarks of travel and sojourn in Great Britain. Scarcely a record of life and manners during the last century is destitute of these memorable resorts. We are told that when Scott visited Wordsworth at Grasmere he daily strolled to the "Swan" beyond Grasmere, to atone for the plain fare of the bard's cottage. "We four," quaintly remarks the Rev. Archibald Carlyle, speaking of his literary comrades, "frequently resorted to a small tavern off Cockspur Street, the 'Golden Ball,' where we had a frugal supper and a little punch, as the finances of none of the company were in very good order; but we had rich enough conversation on literary subjects, enlivened by Smollett's agreeable stories, which he told with peculiar grace."

It may be noticed *en passant* that inns played a very important part in the social life of the people before clubs superseded them in Britain and cafés on the Continent. An Italian nobleman of our day was much impressed with the influence and agency of the English inn in public affairs. "Taverns," he remarks, "are the forum of the English; it was here that arose the triumphs of Burdett when he left the Tower, and the curses of Castlereagh when he descended into the tomb; it is here that began the censure and the approval of a new law." Charles Lamb delighted to smoke his pipe at the old "Queen's Head," and to quaff ale from the tankard presented by one Master Cranch to a former host in the old oak parlour where, tradition says, "the gallant Raleigh received full souse in his face the contents of a jolly black jack from an affrighted clown, who, seeing clouds of tobacco smoke curling from the knight's mouth and nose, thought he was all on fire."

How happily has Washington Irving hit off the best features of the old-time country inns, which, alas! are becoming fewer every day. He remarks that "to a homeless man there is a momentary feeling of independence as he stretches himself before an inn fire; the armchair is his throne, the poker is his sceptre, and the little parlour

his undisputed empire." "I went by an indirect route to Lichfield," writes Hawthorne, in his "English Sketches," "and put up at the 'Black Swan.' Had I known where to find it, I would rather have established myself at the inn kept by Mr. Boniface, and so famous for its ale in Farquhar's time."

The gossip and good-fellowship which were so marked a feature in the English inns of the past have continued to impart an almost human sentiment which defies more exact definition. Beethoven, we read, when satiated by the luxury of his palace home and the stately houses open to him in town and country, often forsook all for solitude in obscure inns, thus escaping from all conventionalities to be alone with himself. Perhaps the temporary and casual shelter which the inn affords explains in some degree the source of its attractiveness to contemplative minds. Such a view accords well with Goethe's desire "to cast ourselves into the sea of accident."

In mediæval times, owing to the lack of facilities of travel, inns were few in comparison with more modern days. "There seem," says an old writer, "to have been no inns or houses of entertainment for the reception of travellers during the Middle Ages." This is a proof of the little intercourse which existed between different nations. The duty of hospitality was, we learn, so necessary in that state of society that it was enforced by statutes, and secured the stranger a kind reception under any roof where he chose to take shelter. The multiplication of inns during the last two centuries is quite remarkable. Before the Reformation these hostelries were exceedingly few in number, the need not being great, since travellers could always be accommodated at the large monasteries which then abounded; each monastery being provided with a *hospitium*, or guests' house, where their wants were supplied. The destruction of the monasteries was the means of introducing many changes. It made necessary some provision for the poor which the poor law eventually supplied.

In mediæval times the inn was, to an infinitely greater extent than now, the meeting-place for all sorts and conditions of men, rich and poor mixing together more or less on a footing of equality. We fail to find any trace of that exclusive spirit which subsequently followed, whereby men are split up into numberless cliques or factions, which is apt naturally to produce a narrow, provincial tone. Noblemen, peasants, monks, and soldiers sat around the same stove, shared the contents of the same pot, exemplifying the spirit of the old proverb, "Inns are not built for one." Notwithstanding the laudable spirit of *camaraderie* which prevailed, there was another

side to the picture, presenting far less pleasing features, namely, the unruly scenes that were often enacted under the inn roof, which amply attest the disturbed state of society generally in those distant days. Many inns in remote districts enjoyed by no means enviable reputations, for some appear to have been little better than man-traps where unwary travellers were robbed and murdered. Landlords were accused pretty generally of being in league with the highwaymen in their neighbourhood, pointing out the baggage of their guests worth plundering, and sharing in the proceeds.

In the Middle Ages, as I have endeavoured to show, the *hospitium* served as accommodation for travellers. We may appropriately, I think, regard Chaucer's famous Southwark inn, the "Tabard," as a good type of this class of accommodation provided to meet the exigencies of the time. From early records, we learn that a house of entertainment was built early in the fourteenth century by the Abbot of Hyde, who, tradition states, purchased the land there. Further, this place seems to have been used mainly by ecclesiastics. But gradually, owing to its position on the main southern road, its scope was somewhat enlarged. Hither came a motley assemblage of characters, among whom the travellers and pilgrims mingled, together with jugglers, morrice dancers, and ballad singers, all drawn by one incentive, namely, to participate in the money gratuities freely made by the guests.

We can well understand that pilgrims journeying to Canterbury would naturally seek out the Abbot's house for rest and refreshment. Thus in course of time it would assume the characteristics of an ordinary house of entertainment, carried on, moreover, on identically similar lines to those of any other inn. It is by no means difficult to give a general idea of this type of inn. We find that usually they were built around a courtyard with which the guest-chambers communicated. They were provided with wooden galleries on three or four sides, these being approached from below by flights of steps. Chaucer tells us that these houses were often the scene of brawls and quarrels. In addition to the ordinary inns, we find that at this time it was customary among the town burghers to receive guests for profit. These keepers of private houses of entertainment were known as "herbereors," that is, people who gave harbour to strangers. This class were bound to secure a licence from the municipality, which seems to have been highly necessary, since we read that as a class "they were largely given to extortion and doubtful dealing."

We all remember the striking picture of a fourteenth-century tavern which Langland, the popular poet of that period, has

bequeathed to us. With a vigour worthy of Rabelais, he introduces us into the tumultuous scenes which pass in the alehouse of that period. We are made to witness the discussions, the quarrels, and the big bumpers; so accurate is his language, that sometimes we can recognise every face and distinguish the sound of every voice of his motley throng. One might almost take part in "that strange assembly where the hermit meets the cobbler, and the clerk of the Church a band of cutpurses and bald-headed tooth-drawers." It is not too much to say that in the graphic pictures which this writer has drawn for us, and from which I have quoted, all classes of rural labour find place. He tells us of the village alehouse wherein there gather for a convivial evening the hedger, the ditcher, the rat-catcher, the ostler, the warren-keeper, and men of similar occupations. He recounts further that the parish clerk and the curate of the village church often honoured the company with their presence. When times are bad and money scarce, it not seldom appears that some leave a part of their clothing behind in payment of their score or in pledge that they will pay. At these taverns peasants are also found drinking all day. Many, we read, "find it the thing to come there in order to drink; they spend there, 'tis perfectly true, more than they have gained all day. Do not ask if they fight when they are tipsy; the provost has several pounds in fines for it during the year. And there are seen those idle gallants who haunt taverns, gay and handsome."

In one particular the inns of this period seem to compare favourably with those of the later Tudor times, since the company in Langland's pages are represented only as sitting over their ale till evensong, whilst at the latter period sitting was often prolonged through the night and until dawn. In Tudor times, inns were marked by exceedingly rich and handsome signs. Harrison tells us that signs at the doors of these inns were so gorgeous that they had sometimes cost landlords thirty or forty pounds—a sum equal to three or four hundred pounds of our money.

At the time of the Renaissance in England the poet Skelton amuses himself by describing, in one of his most popular ballads, a typical alehouse on the road. The house resembles those which Langland knew a century and a half before. The ale-wife, who brews—God knows how—her beer herself, is a detestable old creature, with a hooked nose, humped back, grey hairs, and wrinkled face, very much like the "magots" painted by Teniers. She keeps her tavern, we are told, near the high road, and she sells her wares to travellers, to tinkers, and to others. In the early part of the fifteenth century

beer was sometimes imported into England from Prussia ; but towards the latter part of the century, English beer began to gain a reputation on the Continent, and much, we read, was exported from England to Flanders. In the subsequent century beer became the staple poor man's drink, and it was "found in other places besides the inn where the traveller slept at night." At the cross-roads of frequented highways there were houses where beer was retailed. These ale-houses were readily recognised by travellers, owing to a long pole projecting above the door. It is worth noting that Chaucer's pilgrims, riding on their way to Canterbury, dismounted at a house of this description. In miniatures of the fourteenth century we invariably find the alehouse represented with its long horizontal pole holding its tuft of foliage well out in front. These larger inns, which Chaucer has described in his "*Canterbury Tales*," possessed chambers and stables of considerable size. We are told that foreign visitors to England wondered at the abundance of the food, especially at the quantity of meat spread on the tables.

As we recall the many stories and traditions that time has woven around these old village inns, we realise in some degree the abiding interest that must ever attach to them. We are reminded that they provided a meeting-place for plotters and conspirators ; then again we think of the distinguished men who lodged at these humble but comfortable hostelries. These old country inns, too, were admirably adapted retreats for freedom and comfort. Their portals suggested old-time hospitality dispensed with lavish hand. Cleanliness and good fare were the marked characteristics of the old-fashioned English inns, which fully justified their renown.

There are still with us some noted inns where great events have taken place, prominent among which I may mention the "Bull" inn at Coventry. Here tradition tells us that Henry VII. was entertained the night before Bosworth Field. Here also Mary, Queen of Scots, was detained by order of Elizabeth. At this inn the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot met to discuss means for blowing up the Houses of Parliament.

When next we come to review some of the famous coaching inns of the past which merit special notice, one is reminded of the "Bull and Victoria Inn," Rochester, renowned for its associations with Mr. Pickwick. "Good house, nice beds," remarks Mr. Alfred Jingle, when he puts up here with the Pickwickians ; and he recommended "broiled fowl and mushrooms, if he might be permitted to dictate." At the "Bull," which is as fine a specimen of the inn of old days as one need wish to see, everything connected with the stay of the

Pickwickians is preserved with scrupulous care. We are shown the long room where the ball took place, "with crimson-covered benches and wax candles in glass chandeliers; the elevated den in which the musicians were securely confined; the corner of the staircase where the indignant Slammer met the victorious Jingle returning after escorting Mrs. Budger to her carriage, and said "Sir" in an awful voice, producing a card; the bedroom of Winkle "inside that of Mr. Tupman—an arrangement which enabled Mr. Tupman to restore his borrowed plumage "unbeknownst" at the conclusion of the ball. "A famous inn. The hall, a very grove of dead game and dangling joints of mutton; and in one corner an illustrious larder with glass doors, developing cold fowls and noble joints. And tarts wherein the raspberry jam coyly withdrew itself, as such a precious creature should, behind a latticework of pastry." Another notable south-country coaching inn is the "Anchor" at Liphook, on the old Portsmouth Road. Here we are able to meet in the imagination a long line of noble guests of all centuries and all ranks, kings, statesmen, soldiers, admirals, even including clerks in the Admiralty—for we read that Samuel Pepys, having missed his way to Guildford while coming over Hindhead, arrived at the "Anchor" at ten o'clock on August 6, 1668, "exceedingly tremulous about highwaymen," in company with an old man whom he had obtained for guide. "Here good honest people," he writes, "and after supper to bed." Edward II., who loved the good hunting which Woolmer Forest offered, made this inn his headquarters on more than one hunting expedition. Among the many other royal personages who have visited this famous inn we must be content to mention Queen Anne, who came to Liphook for the purpose of seeing her stags, which in those days wandered over the royal forest of Woolmer.

While dealing with the subject of inns generally, perhaps I may be permitted to introduce a few remarks in regard to the old American inn or tavern, to which special significance attaches. It seems that these taverns were much resorted to by gentlemen, the consequence being that they became notorious for deep drinking. They sought to fulfil the purpose of newspapers. The names posted on the several tavern doors were a sufficient notice for jurors. These taverns also served as marts for the sale and purchase of merchandise. During the winter months they were filled to the doors by farmers of miscellaneous produce. Most families supplied themselves from this source, and purchased the best articles at moderate prices.

Space will not allow of my recounting the memorable associations connected with the inns of New York, one of the most interesting being that which identifies the City Hotel with the naval victories of the last war with England. An English traveller in the States, in alluding to the marked resemblance he discovered to what was familiar at home, speaks of one relic which was calculated to awaken memories of the old country. "There is," he observes, "in Baltimore a picturesque inn with an old sign, standing at the corner of Franklin Street, just such as may still be seen in the towns of Somersetshire, and before it are to be seen old wagons, covered and soiled and battered, about to return from the city to the country, just as the wagons do in our own agricultural counties."

In how remarkable a manner have inns conduced to the happiness of true poets! The great American Irving has commended in most emphatic language these vagabond shrines and accidental homes. He comments upon the "honest bursts of laughter in which a man indulges in that temple of true liberty, an inn," and quotes gleefully the maxim that "a tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows."

Lockhart, when an assiduous Oxford scholar, found his choicest recreation in a quiet row on the river and a fish dinner at Godstow, and there is not one of his surviving associates, says his biographer, "who fails to look back at this moment, with melancholy pleasure, on the brilliant wit, the merry song, and the grave discussion which gave to the sanded parlours of the village alehouse the air of the Palæstra at Tusculum or the Amaltheum of Cumæ."

Goldsmith has celebrated that delightful feature of country life, the humble rustic inn, in the "Deserted Village," and, what is more, his own practice showed his love for the inn, for we read that his favourite festivity, his holiday of holidays, was to have three or four intimate friends to breakfast with him at ten, afterwards setting out for a walk through the fields to Highbury Barn, where they dined at an ordinary, frequented by authors, templars, and retired citizens, for tenpence a head, to return at six to "White's," Conduit Street, and to end the evening with a supper at "Temple Exchange Coffee House."

Again, we may recall the fact that "What befell them at the Inn" is the heading of "Don Quixote's" best chapters, for the knight always mistook inns for castles.

It is recorded of Socrates that he looked upon himself as a traveller who halts at the public inn of the earth. "Were I in a condition to stipulate with death," writes Sterne, "I should certainly

declare against submitting to it before my friends, and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the Disposer of all things may so order it that it happen not to me in my own house, but rather in some decent inn."

In conclusion, we may make a few general remarks concerning the curious nomenclature of some of the old London taverns. "The Eagle and Child" figures prominently among inn names. It, of course, forms the crest of the Stanley family, and has a very interesting legend connected with it, and when used as a sign of tavern or inn may be regarded as a sure indication that at one time or another the house has been the property of that family. What possible connection, it may be asked, can a cock have with a bottle? yet there are several taverns rejoicing in the appellation of the "Cock and Bottle." "The Magpie and Stump" (of a tree) was by no means an uncommon sign for an inn in days gone by. "The Scissors and Pin" strikes us as a curious combination, and yet a house of this name existed in London during the seventeenth century. It needs no stretch of imagination to believe that the house in question must have had close associations with the tailoring trade. The sign of the "Pig and Whistle" is a fairly reasonable one for a country pub. In the same category may be included "The Cat and Bagpipes," a by no means rare sign in some parts of England. Many of the old names of taverns and inns seem almost nonsensical; thus we have "The Shovel and Boot," "The Leg and Seven Stars," "The Razor and Hen," and numbers of others equally incomprehensible.

A highly curious sign was that attached to a tavern in Upper Thames Street, "The next Boat by St. Paul's." This did not apply, as one might have assumed, to the nearest steam-boat pier, but had reference to the nearest "stairs," where "a jolly young waterman" in his "trim-built wherry" stood in readiness to row a party to Westminster or elsewhere.

There is a good story told of that erratic genius, Dean Swift. On one occasion the witty Doctor was sojourning in the old-world village of Willoughby, in Warwickshire, which, by the way, has been compared to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village:"

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where smiling plenty cheers the labouring swain.

The village inn, a plain-looking structure, but in the old coaching days a flourishing roadside hostelry, bore the ubiquitous sign of the "Three Crosses." Tradition reports that the worthy Dean's stay

was marred by the ungracious behaviour of the host's wife, a "crankie body." We can easily imagine with what glee Swift would seek to be revenged upon the cross-grained dame, and need not be surprised if the result of his cogitations took the form of the subjoined couplet :

Mr. Landlord, I observe three crosses at your door ;
Hang up your wife, and you'll count four.

ARTHUR E. CROPPER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MADAME ROLAND.

MAGNIFICENT as a patriot, ideal as a woman, devoted as a daughter, assiduous as a wife, unselfish as a mother, Madame Roland, the famous French Republican, was in addition a philosopher of no mean order.

True, she founded no school ; hers was rather the philosophy of all time, the philosophy of sound common sense, of acute penetration, of keen observation, and, above all, of that golden rule for everyday life we call "making the best of things."

She made the best of her opportunities for study, of her rascally father, of her irritable husband, and, when the time came, of her imprisonment.

Of the ordinary consolations of religion during this last she possessed none, nor, so far as we are aware, did she ever seek any. The French Republic, proclaimed September 1792, looked askance upon priests and priestly offices ; comparatively few of the victims of the guillotine were shriven before execution. France, sickened at the horrible travesty of religion which had been among the causes of that country's appalling misery before the year 1789, was about to exchange the rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church for a blasphemous adoration of Reason.

Madame Roland herself most certainly believed in a future reunion of departed spirits, and in the existence of a Supreme Deity, the fountain of all that was highest and noblest in man, but nothing further.

One can, after all, hardly wonder that it was so, considering the condition of the Church at the era in which she lived, or that a study of philosophy should have appeared infinitely preferable, in her eyes, to the study of a creed overgrown with the weeds of falsehood, self-seeking, and childish mummery. Pure in an impure age she certainly was ; brilliant in intellect, with unusual powers of mind and body, these powers were sternly laid upon the altar of

duty, and devoted to what she conceived was the highest good of her fellow creatures.

One prayer, we are told in the memoirs of this celebrated martyr to liberty, and only one, fell daily from her lips :

“ O Thou who hast placed me upon this earth, grant that I may obey Thy Holy Will in all things, and live to promote the welfare of my fellow-creatures.” The capitals are ours. Could the aspirations of the most orthodox believer be set to more beautiful harmony? The philosophic bent of this remarkable mind had been fostered and encouraged from her infancy, one might say, by the perusal of the writings of the greatest thinkers of her own or any other age : in fact, the list of books read and digested by this daughter of a French burgher before she was out of her teens is nothing short of marvellous.

Well might she exclaim :

“ What I might have become had I been taken in hand by some clever teacher, I do not know.”

French society, the French playhouse, disgusted her ; she preferred the company of her books. Consequently Madame Roland before her marriage and acquaintance with congenial spirits had but few friends and almost no acquaintances. To make calls upon people for whom you entertained no respect, and who considered life under a completely different aspect, seemed to her nothing short of ridiculous. She repulsed most of her suitors, and firmly made up her mind never to marry without a kinship of sympathy, a mutual similarity of tastes which alone in her eyes could render the marriage bond desirable or endurable. Such a decision on the part of a Frenchwoman of that time was unheard of, but with a persistency of purpose in keeping with the good sense and philosophy actuating the same, she remained single until Fate appeared in the form of a man of high literary attainments and irreproachable morality, who wooed and ultimately won the hand, the object of so many other admirers' desire. In this union philosophy most certainly played the chief rôle ; unfortunately the bride was after all a woman even before she was a philosopher, and was bound sooner or later to fall a victim to a *grande passion* before which the philosophic spirit was to retire vanquished. The unhappy attachment of Madame Roland to the high-souled, idealistic Buzot is now a matter of history, but the biographer of both is proud to know that the love between the two was resolutely and unflinchingly crushed under and trampled upon by the iron heel of duty, which forbade the seeking of personal gratification at the expense of others. One

curious coincidence which occurred shortly after the death of Madame Phlipon, the well-beloved and devoted mother of a more famous but no worthier daughter, must be here related.

A certain Monsieur de Boismorel, formerly under the guardianship of Madame Phlipon, Madame Roland's maternal grandmother, had conceived a warm admiration for the superior intellect and philosophic bent of mind which distinguished the granddaughter of his former guardian ; filled with distress at the loose habits contracted by his young son, he approached Jeanne Marie Phlipon with a most extraordinary purpose.

This purpose was nothing more or less than an earnest request to the young lady to act the *rôle* of Mentor to his idle son by means of a " Letter of Good Advice " to be sent anonymously to the object of his solicitude.

With this request, after considerable astonishment at such an unusual mark of esteem from a man so much older than herself, and some hesitation, the young philosopher, then just out of her teens, complied.

We insert a portion of the letter, the first part of which was undoubtedly more flattering than instructive :

" I imagine myself confronted by Minerva, arrayed in that majestic yet unassuming manner characteristic of wisdom, her discreet counsels still echo in my ears, the recollection of them haunts me continually ; enable me to forget them by transferring to yourself the persistency with which they have taken possession of me.

" ' You wish to be happy,' said Minerva ; ' learn therefore how to become so.

" ' It is I who placed in your heart that first aspiration, source of motion, principle of life, without which, on a level with the brute, you would have remained soulless as it. It is upon the correct direction of that feeling that you should concentrate your energies. When one walks straight before one the goal is reached. Surrounded by fellow-creatures, all depending upon Nature, it is on the restraint of your affections and the worthiness of your connections that your happiness depends ; possessing a right knowledge of what is best for one, everything else will follow as a matter of course ; it is the acme of prudence to understand one's interests aright.

" ' Never imagine that you can be happy alone, that is to say, independently of the happiness of your fellow creatures ; unity pervades the universe, and in Nature there exists no such thing as independent happiness.

“ ‘Those self-centred minds who, mingling in a crowd, see no one in it but themselves, are in a perpetual state of uneasiness through the inequality of weight belonging to their powers of resistance ; ever in opposition to their surroundings, they wear out in these exhausting collisions faculties intended to maintain the harmony of the whole.

“ ‘In every machine the value of each portion depends upon its relation to the whole ; thus, in moral mechanics, so to speak, the happy man is one who best accommodates himself to his surroundings, that is to say, to his species, his fellow-citizens, his neighbours, his condition, his own place, and everything which relates to man in his social state.

“ ‘Make yourself beloved, be free ; that is your duty, and therein lies your welfare.

“ ‘The love of one’s neighbour is a response due to those surrounding us, and is necessary to the preservation of a right equilibrium ; liberty is the exercise of a reason free from degrading prejudices which corrupt and enslave it. . . . Every position brings with it its own responsibilities, but there exist some from which none are free, and which weigh upon each of us. To be useful, which is only attained by capability, is among these. That is the first business of every one and a never completed task ; age and circumstances change situations, widen one’s relations, vary obligations, and exact fresh acquaintances, new attainments, further virtues. It is in the cultivation of his reason, his mind, and his heart that man will find his happiness. . . . Only allow me to breathe into your heart the divine fire of enthusiasm for beauty, honesty, truth ! A cold-blooded man who is touched by nothing can do nought but crawl.’ ”

This unusual letter, from which the above are extracts, was addressed to and duly received by the idle youth for whom it was intended, and, as its writer informs us, produced some effect, its recipient supposing it to have been written by the celebrated Duclos, who, as may be supposed, denied all knowledge of it.

In common with the greater number of her countrywomen, the writings of the great Jean-Jacques made a profound impression upon the mind of Madame Roland. When overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her beloved mother, the Abbé Legrand, seeking to distract her attention, put into her hands “*La Nouvelle Héloïse*.” It was the warm breath of a fervid imagination which enchanted the mind of a woman hitherto contented with the dry bones of philosophy pure and simple, the descriptions

of family life from the hand of a genius who never possessed any.

Doubtless, too, this ardent lover of liberty thrilled through and through in response to the opening sentence of the "*Contrat Social*" which rang like a clarion in the ears of a country steeped in misery and degradation, "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." Mr. John Morley, in his two-volume work on that supreme paradox among men, takes considerable pains to point out that this high-sounding phrase is, in reality, nonsense. So are a great many others.

Man is *born* free as regards the nobler part of himself, viz. the mind and spirit (except, of course, incapables), and it was the persecution of these which ultimately helped to drive the author of "*Emilius*" to despair and madness.

Nevertheless freedom is a relative condition. The mere act of birth takes place in obedience to the laws of Nature, and those who obey most faithfully her beneficent rules, which ensure health of body and soundness of mind, are the most free, seeing that they thereby shake off the trammels of a slavish subjection to their own caprices.

The great Apostle of Liberty was himself an abject slave to his own passions, his own desires, his every caprice and slightest whim ; by and by these flung themselves upon their captive and destroyed him. Madame Roland, his warmhearted and devoted admirer, on the contrary, soared high above her own personal wishes, kept her body in marvellous subjection to her mind ; and just as the master genius made of his life, in almost every respect, a mere parody of his own teaching, so in the disciple a harmony sonorous and majestic characterised all her actions.

We have on the one hand a pitiable spectacle of a youth throwing up one situation after another merely out of disgust for anything approaching to settled occupation ; of a man deserting his friends to save himself, refusing to confer upon the woman, in reality his wife, the legal claim to call herself by that name, because he had no fancy to fetter himself irrecoverably ; a father coolly handing over his five children to the care of others to save himself the trouble and expense of rearing them ; a man who perished finally, a miserable victim to suspicion and his own lack of self-control.

On the other hand we see the picture of a mind at ease, at leisure from itself, a nature strong in self-mastery, an ardent devotee of liberty but no advocate of license ; so soon as she perceived the approach of unbridled retaliation, so soon did she lift up her voice

against a tyranny scarcely less hateful than the old *régime*, the tyranny of a brutal and indiscriminate revenge.

"Liberty," she exclaims only a few days before her death, "is for high minds . . . not for this corrupt nation who leap from a bed of sin, or the fangs of misery, only to wallow in license and dye themselves red, boasting meanwhile in the blood which flows in streams from the scaffold." It is a significant fact to those who make a study of the character of this remarkable woman, that her first action on finding herself in prison with no immediate prospect of release was to sit down and moralise.

This is, we believe, no ordinary proceeding, but then Madame Roland was no ordinary woman. "Here I am in prison!" she said to herself, then continued: "I would not exchange the moments which followed for any which other people might consider amongst the happiest of my life. I shall never forget them. It was then, in a position of extreme peril, with a stormy uncertain future staring me in the face, that I experienced all the beneficent effects of a strong mind and honesty of purpose which proceed from a clear conscience and undiminished courage. . . . I resigned myself, so to speak, to my fate, whatever that might be. I endeavoured to cultivate a condition of mind in which the employment of the present moment alone is considered, nothing beyond. But this resignation as to my own fate in no wise extended to that of my country and friends; I awaited the evening paper and street cries with indescribable impatience."

In striking contrast to this anxiety on the part of Madame Roland concerning the fate of her country and friends may be quoted the sophistical reasoning of Rousseau, who coolly argued that to grieve over the unhappy condition of others was an act of ingratitude to the Creator should our own path happen to be strewn with roses, and who proved satisfactorily, to himself at all events, that the persecution of some honest-minded clergymen must have originated in some line of action taken by themselves prior to their miserable treatment, which latter was doubtless intended for the good of their souls. We do not imagine that sophistry of that type consoled its promulgator for the hardships and persecution which attended the last years of *his* life.

But Madame Roland's philosophic acceptance of her own imprisonment and possible execution was assuredly not shared by her friends and admirers. In compliance, therefore, with their wishes, she dashed off one letter after another, demanding justice of those from whom she felt intuitively it was useless to expect it.

Meanwhile, the quick-witted, methodical Frenchwoman set to work to make the best of her changed circumstances.

"An ugly little table," she says, "I covered with a white cloth and put beside the window, intending to use it as a writing-desk, as I made up my mind to take my meals off the corner of the mantelpiece in order to keep my table clean and tidy. Two thick hat-pins driven into the woodwork made my wardrobe. I had in my pocket Thomson's 'Poems.' I made a note of what I should like brought to me: first of all, Plutarch's 'Lives' . . . David Hume's 'History of England,' with Sheridan's 'English Dictionary,' as I wished to improve my knowledge of that language. I smiled as I made my preparations; a great commotion was going on outside, I had no idea what would happen next.

"They will not prevent me from living up to the last moment, I said to myself, in a happier frame of mind than their fury will be violent; I shall go to meet them, and quit life as one who enters into rest."

A few days after Madame Roland's arrival at the Abbaye she was "interviewed" by a group of commissioners. One of these advanced: "'Good day, Citizeness.' 'Good day, sir.' 'Are you satisfied with your quarters? Have you any requests to make, or do you complain of the treatment you receive here?' 'I complain of being here at all, and demand permission to quit the place.' 'Do you find it wearisome? Are you quite well?' 'I am quite well, and I do not find it wearisome. *Ennui* is a malady peculiar to those who have an empty soul and a mind without resources, but I feel injustice keenly; I denounce that which has arrested me without assigning a reason wherefore, and which keeps me here without bringing me to trial.' 'Ah! in a time of revolution there is so much to be done that there is no time to attend to every one.' 'When King Philip made a remark of that sort to a woman, her reply to him was: "If you have no time to execute justice, then you have no time to be king." Take care, or oppressed citizens may be forced to say the same thing to the people, or rather the arbitrary rulers who lead them astray.' 'Farewell, citizeness, farewell;' and my voluble interlocutor retired, feeling doubtless quite unable to reply to my arguments. All these men had evidently come for the purpose of seeing how I bore myself in my imprisonment, but they would have to travel far ere ever they encountered people as foolish as themselves."

One other extract *à propos* of Madame Roland's illegal detention in the Abbaye will be read with interest:—

"The desire to test and ascertain to what minimum the human will may reduce the necessities of the body took possession of me; nevertheless one must always proceed by degrees, that being the only possible way to go any length.

"On the fifth day of my captivity, therefore, I began to retrench in my breakfasts, and substituted bread and water for coffee and chocolate; now, it is generally understood that I should have for my dinner merely a plate of common meat, with a few greens added; in the evening a little vegetable, no dessert. I took beer at first, in order to accustom myself to do without wine; finally I did without that also. As all this discipline, however, was practised for a moral purpose, and I despise merely useless economy, I gave away a small sum of money to be spent on behalf of the poorer prisoners, in order that I might, when eating my dry bread, have the pleasure of knowing that by so doing a few poor wretches would be able to add something to their dinner. I have besides, but from another motive, presented a few gratuities to those employed about the prison. When one is, or appears to be, extremely economical as regards oneself, such economy should be justified by generosity towards others; above all, when so situated that those around you expect your expenditure to add to their receipts.

"I have required no assistance, neither have I bought anything; nothing is brought to me here; I employ no one; most assuredly, then, those who gain small sums by means of such errands would regard me as a most niggardly prisoner, did I not *ransom* my independence, which in so doing becomes more complete and gains me their affection as well."

The philosophic resignation of the prisoner was shortly to be subjected to a severe test.

With a remorseless cruelty absolutely Nero-like in its refinement, she was set at liberty to be rearrested on setting foot once more inside her old dwelling. The blow was a cruel one.

Sainte-Pélagie was to be her new place of confinement, but ere being conducted thither Madame Roland was conveyed to the mayor's residence, where she awaited, impatiently enough, the pleasure of those in charge of her person.

Finally, after a considerable amount of talking, accompanied by that gesticulation so dear to our neighbours across the Channel, the indignant captive and her bodyguard set out for the prison of Sainte-Pélagie.

On entering that abode of horror, in which criminals were herded

together without the slightest consideration to the type of accusation which had brought them thither, the new arrival was peremptorily ordered to pay a month's rent in advance for a cell large enough to contain two beds and two tables ; all other accessories to be purchased by the occupant.

Can we wonder that Madame Roland's philosophic serenity of spirit deserted her for a short space ? Her depression, nevertheless, was not of long duration.

"A violent state of mind is never with me of long duration," she says. "I am compelled, so to speak, to regain my self-possession, seeing that I am accustomed to keep myself in check with a hand of iron : it would be a foolish proceeding on my part were I to gratify my persecutors by flinching before their injustice ! they had merely loaded themselves with fresh opprobrium, and had changed ever so slightly the condition in which I had learned to subsist. Here, as at the Abbaye, had I not time for myself, books ? Had I not retained my identity ?

"Verily I was vexed with myself for having exhibited such indignation, and I no longer thought of anything beyond making the best use of my life, by dint of employing my powers with that freedom which a strong nature preserves even in chains. . . .

"Strength of character does not merely consist in raising oneself above one's circumstances by a single effort of will, but in the maintenance of such a state of mind by strict discipline and suitable occupation. . . . I therefore arranged my daily programme with as much regularity as possible. In the morning I studied English in the admirable "Essay on Virtue" by Shaftesbury, and translated verses from Thomson. The healthy metaphysics of the one and the delightful descriptions of the other wafted me by turns into regions where intellect reigned supreme, or into those where Nature is presented under the most delightful aspect. Shaftesbury's intellect strengthened my own, his thoughts encouraged further musing ; the fine feeling of Thomson, his pictures, either smiling or majestic, went straight to my heart and captivated my imagination. Afterwards I drew until dinner-time. It was so long since I had held a pencil that it was scarcely to be expected that I should have retained any proficiency in the use of it ; one is always, however, able to take up again with some degree of pleasure, or regain with ease, what has been attempted with success in one's youth."

Truly in the case of this woman "stone walls *did* not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." After three weeks of detention in the

prison of Sainte-Pélagie, Madame Roland was enabled, through the kindheartedness of her gaoler, Madame Bouchaud, to exchange her stifling cell for a small room just under that belonging to the latter.

Here a piano was added to the list of her means of beguiling a captivity rendered anything but pleasant through the intense heat of a Paris summer ; here the three faithful friends, Grandpré, Bosc, Champagneux, came to visit the famous Girondist prisoner ; Roland was in safety, so was Eudora, Madame Roland's only child ; she was allowed to write and receive letters, and as she was perfectly indifferent to her own impending fate, the captive now took up her pen once more and filled sheet after sheet with that fine methodical handwriting so familiar to all those acquainted with the French style of caligraphy.

It was merely a lull in the storm, abated for the nonce to burst forth in renewed fury.

Her change of cell and the appearance of comfort now characterising Madame Roland's room met with no favour in the eyes of so-called justice. Equality *must* be preserved ; she was therefore ordered to return to her former filthy cell and abominable surroundings. At this juncture the indignation of the insulted woman overcame the serenity of the sage. As the grief, however, of her good gaoler surpassed even that of the captive, the latter was compelled, by a strange irony of circumstances, to lay aside her own sorrow to assuage that of her guardian.

One blow after another now followed in quick succession. The visits from her friends became less frequent ; the imprisonment of the *Vingt-Deux*, their subsequent trial followed immediately by execution, filled the heart of their former fairest ornament with unutterable dismay.

She resolved to destroy herself, but was finally dissuaded from such an act by the representations of Bosc, who pointed out that it was her duty to die openly, and perish as a martyr to liberty.

We all know the story—the scarlet tumbrel, the white-robed occupant, the hideous guillotine ! In the circumstances attending the execution of this wonderful victim of the Terror, we note a beautiful blending of the woman and the philosopher. The one we see, sensitive to her appearance yet absolutely fearless, stooping, down to encourage and console the shivering old man lying at her feet, even bringing a few wintry smiles to his tremulous lips, and requesting the executioner to allow the old man to suffer first, so as to spare him the pain of seeing her die. In the other we have a

request for paper and pencil to write down the strange thoughts that were rising within her, a request which was refused.

Nevertheless Madame Roland's last words were those of a philosopher: "Ah Liberty, Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!" or as some say: "O Liberty, Liberty! how you have been deceived!"

Shortly before her removal to the prison of the Conciergerie, that vestibule of death during the Terror, Madame Roland drew up her last will and testament, and penned her "*Dernières Pensées*." From these we subjoin the following extracts:

"As for my effects they will pass to my daughter, who, even should the fortune of her father be confiscated, will have a legal claim to all which belongs to myself, and to everything now under seal. She will have besides 12,000 livres, the sum fixed on myself at my marriage, which took place before Durand, the Notary of Paris, Place Dauphiné, in the month of February 1780; also a plot of ground, a small wood and meadow, bought by myself in accordance with the stipulations of my marriage contract.

"I have as well a thousand crowns in paper money. I desire that with that sum the harp she now uses, and which I hired from Kölliker, should be purchased. One can never measure the consolation afforded by music in solitude and misfortune, nor the pleasure derived from it in prosperity. Let the lessons on the harp therefore be continued for some months to come. There is also a piano in good order, under seal, bought out of my own savings, the receipt for which is in my own name, as will be seen by my papers; let that be reclaimed by all means.

"*I have never possessed any jewellery*, but two rings which belonged to my father are now mine; they are of no particular value, but I should like them handed over, the one (an emerald) to my daughter's adopted father, the other to my friend Bosc, as souvenirs."

This *will*, it should be added, was drawn up under the conviction that its testator was to perish by her own hand, and thus secure her own personal property to her child, but, as we have stated above, Madame Roland, at the instigation of Bosc, threw away the poison destined at one time to end her existence, and resolved to die upon the scaffold. It was the same idea of insuring his own effects to Eudora which caused Roland to commit suicide rather than run the risk of a public trial and execution with subsequent confiscation of his goods.

"MES DERNIÈRES PENSÉES :—

"To be or not to be ; that is the question.

"That question will very shortly be solved for me. Is life a beneficent gift which belongs to each one of us? I believe so ; but this gift is ours on conditions about which there exist many false notions.

We are born to make others happy, and to be of use to our fellow-creatures ; our social condition merely enlarges this goal of our existence without creating anything new.

"So long as we have a career before us in which we may do good and furnish a noble example, one should on no account resign it ; courage consists in remaining in our position in spite of misfortune. But should malice set a limit to the same one is allowed to anticipate one's fate, above all when a further endurance does no good to any one.

"... I was anxious a few months ago to mount the scaffold. It was still possible at that time to speak, and the influence of an undaunted courage would then have been of use to the cause of truth ; now all is lost.

"This nation, brutalised by the abominable apostles of carnage, regards the true friends of humanity in the light of conspirators, and hugs to itself as defenders those foul beings who cover with a mask of facetiousness their vile passions and their cowardice. To live in its midst is to degrade oneself by submission to its horrible authority, and provide occasion for further atrocities.

"I am convinced that the rule of wicked men cannot be of long duration ; they must fall victims to their own power, and receive in almost every case the punishment they have deserved."

We gather from the foregoing lines that their author, like Rousseau, believed in the legitimacy of suicide, only that in the case of the latter the motive was a different one from that inspiring the former.

In the one suicide is allowed in order to escape from oneself, in the other in order to escape from the degradation of even a passive submission to the crimes of others.

We cannot wonder that Madame Roland was not cited to appear in the trial of the Girondists. What judge of the Revolutionary Tribunal would have cared to face the indignant eloquence of a nature such as hers on *such* an occasion ?

One more extract :—

"October 18, 1793.

"TO MY DAUGHTER,—

"I do not know, my darling, whether I shall ever see or write to you again.

"*Remember your mother.* I can say nothing better than those few words. You have seen the happiness I have derived from the fulfilment of duty and the service of those around me. This is the only way in which one can be said to really live.

"You have seen me serene in misfortune, because it has not been mixed with remorse, and on account of the joy caused by the memory of kind actions ; by these means alone one is enabled to endure the ills of this life and the vicissitudes of fate.

"Farewell, darling child ; the time will come when *you* will be able to gauge the intensity of the effort I am now making not to give way. As I think of your sweet face I clasp you to my heart.

"Farewell."

"TO MY NURSE,—

"My dear nurse, you, whose fidelity, services, and affection have been so dear to me ever since my thirteenth birthday, receive my caresses and adieux. Cherish the remembrance of what I was. You will then be consoled for what I have endured ; those who have lived well pass to glory when they go down to the tomb. My sorrows are about to end ; assuage yours, and think of the peace I am about to enjoy, which no one will henceforth be able to disturb. Tell my Agatha that I shall take with me the sweetness of being beloved by her since my childhood, and my sorrow at not being able to tell her how I love her.

"I would be of use to you even now could I do so without causing you grief.

"Farewell, my nurse, farewell."

More than a hundred years have come and gone since the Terror, but the memory of Madame Roland, one of its noblest victims, is immortal !

In the words of Carlyle, bitter, scathing, French-hating Carlyle—

"Like a white Grecian statue, serenely complete, she shines in that black wreck of things—long memorable !"

ELEANOR BOSWELL.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER IN LONDON.

ALTHOUGH Prince Charles Edward Stuart failed to reach London in his historic march to Derby, it is a common error to suppose that he never entered the capital of the country of which he became the *de jure* king. The only bright interludes in his wretched career, after his flight from Scotland to France in 1746, were the brief appearances he succeeded in making secretly in London. On each of these occasions he seems to have been on his best behaviour, and to have exhibited none of the personal vices and ungracious conduct which were at once the disgust and the despair of those who followed his fallen fortunes on the Continent. Some doubt, it is true, has been cast upon the historical accuracy of the accounts forthcoming in support of his presence in England after the failure of the '45, but our researches show that he paid at least two, if not three, visits to London during the last ten years of the reign of George II.

Tradition says, indeed, that Prince Charles even accomplished no fewer than four journeys to London after his escape from the Highlands of Scotland to the Continent. These excursions are reported to have been made in the years 1750, 1752, 1754, and 1761; whilst he seems to have entertained some idea of entering England again in 1775, but he did not leave Florence, although in Lord Dartmouth's MSS. we read (September 2, 1775) that "Alex. Dorrett is acquainted with Mrs. Leslie, of a Coffee House, Leicester Fields, who knew the Pretender, and states that he is in England, and that she has had an interview with him." During each visit he preserved a strict *incognito*, and only ventured to remain a few days. Particulars, unfortunately, are wanting in regard to the route he travelled from the sea-coast to London, and the port of his arrival. His first visit was undoubtedly the most important, and the English Jacobites, who met and entertained him then, buoyed him up with false hopes as to the future. His presence in London during these initial negotiations was so cleverly concealed that it entirely escaped the notice of the Government.

As to the first of these flying visits to London, there can remain no doubt of its occurrence, for the evidence recorded in its favour is conclusive. Prince Charles arrived in the metropolis on September 5, 1750, travelling under the name of "Smith," and left it on the 13th of the same month. Brief as was the duration of his stay, he managed therein to transact a good deal of business. Living, apparently, in lodgings near Pall Mall, he held an important meeting of Jacobites, present among whom were Lord Westmorland and the Duke of Beaufort. It was at this juncture that he renounced his belief in the Roman Catholic religion, and subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles. He was accompanied on this journey to England by his friend Colonel Brett.

The Prince's second appearance was effected late in December 1752, and lasted into the following month ; hence 1753 is generally given as its date. That this actually took place also admits of little doubt. Of that purporting to have occurred in 1754 we cannot be so sure, although we are told that the Prince stayed in Essex Street, Strand, but, on being recognised in Hyde Park, left hurriedly for France, after a short sojourn. It is, I consider, likely that our authority for this story (Philip Thicknesse) has confused the two dates, and really refers to the visit made in 1752-53.

Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, relates that "in September" (evidently the 6th) "1750, I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to . . . If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable ; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came. . . .

"He came, one evening, to my lodgings and drank tea with me. My servant, after he was gone, said to me that 'he thought my new visitor very like Prince Charles.' 'Why,' said I, 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?' 'No, sir,' replied the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts which are sold in Red Lion Street, and are said to be busts of Prince Charlie.' The truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face."

Concerning the mysterious renunciation of Romanism, enacted at the church of St. Mary, then called the "New Church" (it was finished in 1717), in the Strand, we are left with practically no alternative but to accept it, for the Prince has left two papers, signed by himself, now in the Royal Collection at Windsor, in which he refers to this recantation. Of this pair the most explicit (dated 1759) runs as follows :

"In order to make my renunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome the most authentick, and the less liable afterwards to malicious interpretations, I went to London in the year 1750, and in that capital did there make a solemn abjuration of the Romish religion, and did embrace that of the Church of England as by law established in the 39 Articles, in which I hope to live and die."

But this secession from the Roman Catholic Church, carried out with the greatest secrecy, came too late to carry any political importance with it. The tidings were not made known to the Jacobites as a body, and even when the news first leaked out it met with little credence. It proves, however, that Prince Charles was never a devout Catholic, and, although he afterwards returned to the faith of his childhood, he probably recanted in order to curry favour with the Court of Rome, his brother the Cardinal, and his friends in Italy. Of the bigotry possessed by both his father and his grandfather he inherited no share.

His negotiations with the English Jacobites in 1750 were entered into with a view to getting them to take part in a general rising, regardless (as Dr. King points out) of the total lack of preparation for an insurrection. Yet, as Sir Walter Scott observes in his introduction to "*Redgauntlet*," "it is probable, indeed, that the Jacobites of the day were incapable of considering that the very small scale on which the effort (1745-46) was made, was in one great measure the cause of its unexpected success. The remarkable speed with which the insurgents marched, the singularly good discipline which they preserved, the union and unanimity which for some time animated their councils, were all in a considerable degree produced by the smallness of their numbers. Notwithstanding the discomfiture of Charles Edward, the nonjurors of the period continued to nurse unlawful schemes, and to drink treasonable toasts, until age stole upon them. Another generation arose, who did not share the sentiments which they cherished ; and at length the sparks of disaffection, which had long smouldered but had never been heated enough to burst into actual flame, became entirely extinguished. But, in proportion as the political enthusiasm died

gradually away among men of ordinary temperament, it influenced those of warm imaginations and weak understandings, and hence wild schemes were formed, as desperate as they were adventurous."

One of these "wild schemes" seems to have had for its object the seizure of the Tower of London, and that too whilst the Prince was in London in 1750. Later on, another such adventure comprised a conspiracy to kidnap George II. (whilst returning late at night from the play), place him on board a vessel waiting in the Thames, and carry him off to France.

All such conspiracies, however, could but end in failure, and as time went on Prince Charles disgusted the English Jacobites more and more by reason of his refusal to part company with Miss Walkenshaw (whom they suspected, seemingly without cause, of betraying his plans), although she left him eventually of her own accord, refusing to bear any longer his brutality. Increasing habits of intoxication helped also to sap the Prince's energy and alienate his followers. Other charges too were laid against him : that he was mean and unprincipled in money matters, that he was most ungrateful to all who had served him, that his obstinacy, vanity, and selfishness constantly marred all the plans devised by others for his benefit. Writing from Rome in the year 1770, John Howard, the philanthropist, says : "I meet the Pretender in the streets ; he looks very stupid ; bends double ; and is quite altered since I saw him, twenty years ago, at Paris." A decade later the climax came in the scandal created by his wife's elopement with Alfieri, the poet.

In the midst of his reverses the Prince never seems to have realised how fatally Culloden had shattered all his cherished hopes of ever regaining the lost crown of his ancestors. He still clung to the idea that France would one day help him, and that he would take part in the invasion of England on a grand scale. The English Jacobites, who had throughout stipulated on aid being sent from France, encouraged him in this. They represented to him that they had not a fair chance given to them in the '45 ; that it was impossible for them to declare themselves until his men had advanced south of Derby ; and that had his army continued its march, instead of retreating northwards, they would have flocked to his standard. Whilst in London, both in 1750 and in 1752, all their efforts were directed towards advising him still to strive to obtain concessions from France. But such help was never to be given. On one occasion, it is said, the French Government seriously thought of endeavouring to furnish him with an army of invasion. But, on the

Minister who had an appointment to discuss the scheme arriving at the Prince's abode, he was kept waiting some time till the Prince returned—in a hopeless state of intoxication. Disgusted beyond measure, the Minister went back to his colleagues, and represented to them how futile it was to treat with so unstable a person.

Of the Prince's visit to England in 1752-53 we get an interesting glimpse in the correspondence of David Hume, the historian, who obtained his information from Lord Marischal. He is also an authority for the legend that the Prince was present at the coronation of King George III., as a silent witness in the crowd. This, however, seems unlikely; and even if he were present it is improbable that he would have uttered the comment on the festivities attributed to him. Hume's information, however, with regard to the visit of 1753 reveals George II. in a strangely favourable light, and the act of generosity recorded of him was not in keeping with his harshness to the Jacobites captured in or after the '45.

Hume, in his letter dated February 10, 1773, to Sir John Pringle, says: "That the present Pretender was in London, in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty. . . . The Pretender came to her" (probably Lady Primrose's) "house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room where she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing cards. He was announced by the servants under another name; she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him. . . . After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture, which hung over the chimney piece in the very room in which he had entered.

"My lord" (Marischal) "added that the Prince used so little precaution that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribbon and star.

"About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753, and I added that I supposed this piece of intelligence had escaped his lordship! 'By no means,' said he; 'and who do you think first told me? It was the King'" (George II.) "'himself, who subjoined, 'And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him? . . . My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again.'"

"But what will surprise you more, Lord Marischal, a few days after the coronation of the present King" (George III.), "told me that he believed the Young Pretender was at that time in London or at

least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it.

"I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' said he, 'a gentleman told me he saw him there; and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the other, "but I assure you that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the person I envy the least."' "

Lord Marischal, Hume goes on to tell us, held as unfavourable an opinion of the royal wanderer as that of Dr. King. He even, *inter alia*, accuses the Prince of cowardice, a charge which seems incompatible with the record of the courage and resolution he displayed unflinchingly during the march to Derby. A friend of Lord Marischal's is quoted as having testified to the fact that the Prince showed the white feather immediately prior to his setting out on his expedition of the '45. "I have been assured," says he, "when he went down to Nantz, to embark on his expedition to Scotland, that he took fright and refused to go aboard, and his attendants, thinking the matter had gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night time into his ship, '*pieds et mains liés*.'" In replying to Hume, Sir John Pringle refers as follows to this charge of cowardice: "The most extraordinary circumstance is that of the '*pieds et mains liés*;' and yet your authority seems to be unexceptionable. What could be expected from an adventurer whom they had been obliged to treat in that humiliating manner, and whose timidity, they must believe, was evidently now and then to recur, to affront those who set him upon the enterprise? I know that (our) people were at great pains to decry his courage after the battle of Culloden, but that I considered always as done upon a political rather than an historical principle. I had good reason for believing that at Derby he was, of the council of war, the person who stood longest out against the motion for returning, and not advancing to London. Again, he was for standing at the Spey, and lastly, he did not retire from Culloden till his whole band was put to flight. . . . I may add that both of us have been informed that he betrayed no unmanly concern when he skulked so long with his female heroine" (Flora Macdonald), "and then, surely, he was daily in the greatest danger of his life. . . . But, after all, these testimonies in favour of his courage must yield to such proofs as you bring to the contrary."

That Prince Charles was a coward appears, notwithstanding

Hume's information, to be more than doubtful. If he refused, at the last moment, to embark for Scotland, it certainly does not follow that he was afraid, for he must have been only too well aware of the Quixotic nature of the enterprise he was about to undertake, and he knew that all the English Jacobites were dead against his setting out without a French army at his back, as were the greater number of the Scottish. If, therefore, he drew back at the eleventh hour, his determination may have been shaken more by feelings of prudence than of timidity. Moreover, had he been a coward, he would never have dared to enter London during the reign of King George II. Again, Hume cannot be accepted as an infallible guide, for he is in error as to the date of the Prince's secession from Romanism, of which he writes as having occurred in 1753 instead of 1750.

Pathetic and romantic in the extreme as was the career of Prince Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart, Count of Albany, commonly called "the Young Pretender," no portion of it was so remarkable as the glimpse which we get of these visits in stealth to London. An outcast and a wanderer, with a price upon his head, the fascination of England was too much for him, and he could not resist the temptation of roaming about the streets of London as a traveller in disguise. Miserable indeed were the obscure years that he lived after the coronation of George III. Deserted by his wife, repudiated by nearly all his friends and former adherents, at enmity with his brother, the Cardinal-Duke of York, and without a child to succeed him in his barren honours, his end was desolate and cheerless. But the evil omens of his life did not desert him even at the last, for he expired on January 30, 1788, the anniversary of the execution of his great-grandfather, King Charles I.; although his attendants, terrified at this unfortunate coincidence, gave out to the world that their master had passed away at seven in the morning of January 31, whereas he had been no more since about ten o'clock of the previous night. Curiously enough, his wife is reported to have died at Florence on January 29th (1824), although it is possible, too, in her case that the exact date was falsified, and she may have lived until the dawn of the fatal thirtieth.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

TABLE TALK.

THE FUTURE OF THE ELEPHANT.

IS the elephant to share the fate of the buffalo, and to fall a victim to human love of destruction and lust of slaughter? I am sorry to think that the answer to this question must be in the affirmative. With its disappearance, human recklessness will surely have reached its climax. In India, measures for the protection of the elephant have been taken. It forms an essential portion of Oriental state, and the feelings of native princes are enlisted in its preservation. In the recent Durbar, the part taken by the elephant in imperial processions seems to have been one of the things that most impressed Occidental imaginations. Englishmen who are residents in India know well how indispensable to their enjoyment of sport is the elephant, and have a general sense of his value and importance. Statistics concerning elephants in India fail me, but I know of no reason to anticipate their immediate or speedy destruction. It is otherwise, however, with the African elephant. From an article contributed by Mr. H. A. Bryden to the *Fortnightly Review* of January I learn that, whereas elephants were once abundant over the whole of South Africa, the elephant south of the Zambesi is little more than a memory, and the traveller can place his finger on the map on "the precise locality where they still linger, the harassed remnants of once innumerable herds."

ATTEMPTS AT THE CONSERVATION OF THE ELEPHANT.

THE ravage is not in this case wholly or principally the work of Englishmen, though such are as destructive and as greedy as other races. Englishmen established, however, in 1830 protective measures, so far as their power extended, and elephant-hunting was prohibited in Cape Colony. Englishmen and Dutchmen are mainly responsible for the diminishing numbers of the elephants, in which, however, the natives have taken some part. "A small troop or two," says Mr. Bryden, "may yet be found towards the Zambesi in the broken and difficult veldt of Northern Mashonaland, and occasionally perhaps of North Matabeleland." A few other

places are mentioned where linger "the poor remnants of the once innumerable herds of elephants that sixty or seventy years" ago "roamed in freedom over most of the South African interior." Near the southern littoral of Cape Colony some protected herds, not too highly esteemed by the colonists, are to be found. No attempt at taming or domesticating these has been made. I do not despair—now that settled government, it may at least be hoped, is established—that efforts in this direction will be made. From humanitarian legislation I am hopeless of any but trivial results. Profit may, however, attend the process of domestication; and while the voice of humanity is a whisper, that of gain is a clarion note.

VANISHING LIFE.

MEANWHILE, as I am once more on familiar ground and occupied with protest against wantonness of destruction, I may recur to my favourite subject of bird life, and quote a few statistics on which I have lighted since last I wrote on the subject. In the *Westminster Gazette* a scientific but anonymous contributor takes up the parable as regards Africa, and says, without mentioning elephants, that unless further steps are taken to limit the incredible destruction of animal life, "the ultimate disappearance of a noble fauna, the last remains of the animal life of the Tertiary epoch, is a mere matter of time." For the wanton ravage the writer holds equally responsible the sportsman, the collector, the savant, and the savage. My special aversion, as my readers know, is the self-styled "naturalist," who adds to his other atrocities hypocrisy, and slays those he professes to cherish. Of the beautiful Mamo of the Sandwich Islands almost all that is left is a right foot at the Ashmolean; and concerning the Pied Duck, once common in Labrador, it is said that fewer specimens exist than of the Great Auk. In our own country the boom of the Bittern, most pleasantly suggestive of sounds, has not been heard for thirty years; the Spoonbill has not visited us for 250 years. "Nothing but an accident in migration will bring the crane to our shores." Innumerable other instances may be advanced. South America, I am told, is the only country which possesses a prehistoric fauna in some measure of completeness; and even this is threatened by the marauder, savage and civilised. In England, I fear, things have gone too far, and the damage done is irremediable. When, however, Government shall do its duty, double the close time for birds and deprive the cockney of his gun, I will engage that the process of re-stocking rural England, and especially our Eastern Fenlands, shall begin.

THE FARNE ISLANDS—A CONTRAST.

THE Farne Islands are sacred in public memory to the deeds of Grace Darling, the Northumberland heroine whose grave at Bamborough was long visited as a shrine. Two generations have passed since this rustic heroine, then a mere girl, was instrumental in saving nine lives of shipwrecked travellers, and her name still stands high in public estimation. The Farne Islands have since then acquired a less enviable notoriety. So soon as the all too brief "close season" is over, and before the young birds are strong on the wing, boatloads of self-styled "sportsmen"—who are, in fact, the scum of humanity—visit the Islands, and pour into the cliffs volley after volley of shot, which soon strews the sea with dead and wounded victims. The authority for the statement that these proceedings are still permitted is Mr. Oliver G. Pike, who in his "Hillside, Rock, and Dale"¹ pleads for a stoppage of this kind of "devilry." "If," says he, "the Islands could be protected for another month, it would give a chance to the birds to leave, for then the young would be able to look after themselves. As it is, all the Islands are visited and hundreds of terns and the beautiful kittiwakes are shot for the purpose of adorning ladies' hats. More often than not the wounded birds are captured, and their wings are then cut off and the bird, still alive, is thrown into the sea."

DESTRUCTION OF BIRD LIFE.

SOMETIMES a large gun has been taken on a steamer and fired into the midst of the sea-fowl, producing a scene of indescribable "destruction, desolation, and agony." Men capable of such actions are fit to be the descendants of the buccaneers who ravaged the "Spanish Main." Not wholly influenced by considerations of miscalled "sport" are these wretched beings. There is, as Mr. Pike has pointed out, a mercenary side to these proceedings. The feathers of birds are merchandise, and command a sufficient price in the market to render profitable the ravage that is committed. My readers know with what persistence I urge the fair sex to stop these hideous processes of ravage. They alone are capable of doing this. My hopes diminish as I grasp better the absence of imagination and feeling which leaves woman, in the matter of personal decoration, deaf to reason and inaccessible to appeal. I shall persist in casting my bread upon the waters, but I know not of which I despair the more—the conquest in man of the lust of slaughter, or that in woman of insensibility to the suffering she does not personally see.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Hutchinson.

THE
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THE SAVANT.

A GHETTO SKETCH.

BY ENOCH SCRIBE.

IN the small and surging world of the Ghetto, agitated by a thousand bubbling passions and palpitating with the ceaseless pulse of life, there moves a man in cool philosophic calm. The waves of human struggle rush and roar about his path; the storms of economic unrest, the simooms of synagogal politics, rage and bluster about his ears; but with a serene, contemplative brow he passes on, untouched, unruffled. His neat, black-coated, slightly stooping form cleaves a way through the reigning turbulence; his tall glossy hat wards off the violent winds from his proud capacious head; and, umbrella in one hand and the other in his overcoat pocket, he pursues his apparently aimless progress along the mud-smeared pavements of his quarter. A pair of pince-nez rests daintily on his ample nose, secured against a fall by a thick thread which, passing over his ear, becomes lost in the folds of a muffler; and behind this glassy ornament glimmer a pair of shrewd penetrating eyes. An untrimmed black beard, somewhat beslobbered, and a heavy moustache, somewhat more beslobbered—betraying the nature of their owner's last repast—contribute with the other features of his person to mark him out as being distinct from the common crowd, as a superior and sage, if not sacred, individual. For, in truth, he is endowed with much learning, and commands the

respect of his fellow-men; he muses on the mutability of human affairs and the immutability of his own importance; he gives advice on any question of the day, like some high ennobled judge; and the stream of life flows on beneath his meditative gaze.

The Savant is unique among the scholars of his community, for he combines an intimate knowledge of Talmudical lore and its vast array of attendant subjects with a fair and practical acquaintance with secular wisdom. In matters rabbinical he holds his own with the Rav (minister) himself, whose profundity is unfathomable, and he is even said to possess the letters patent of a Rav. But in the other section of his intellectual equipment there is none to be compared unto him, for it is of a truly singular description. He lays claim to a knowledge of four modern languages. "Four!" exclaimed the Shammes once, when this qualification was urged to procure the Savant a front seat near the ark on the occasion of a famous preacher's discourse; "four! then he can tell four times as many lies as any ordinary man." Granting the beadle's conclusion, uttered in the interest of humour rather than that of truth, it cannot be drawn from the linguistic pretensions of the Savant, for these have at least an audible, if not intelligible, foundation.

The tongues that are privileged to convey to mankind the thoughts of this incomparable personage are as follows: Russian, German, French, and English. The order here given simply denotes the chronological sequence of their promotion, not the relative degree of ease and liking with which he handles them. The first did not come to him naturally, although it was the vernacular, for the traditional aversion of his people prevented him from having sufficient intercourse with his fellow-citizens of another faith to acquire a mastery of their speech. But by a plentiful use of midnight oil and the hiding of primers between the leaves of a Talmudical tome, he grew to understand the language of his persecutors, though their motives still remained a mystery to him. French and German he studied likewise amid chilling circumstances, both personal and climatic; but English alone did he add to his stock of accomplishments by immediate contact with those to whom it was a mother-tongue. In the two former he can express himself with a wonderful wealth of vocabulary and an amazing poverty of grammar. His face is quite a study when he delivers himself of some short monologue in French, which he is quite eager to do, at the mere request of the curious, for the sake of admiration. If a fly were crawling along his nose, and a hot potato were scalding his mouth,

and toothache were racking his jaws, and his nostrils were tingling with snuff, his physiognomy would not present a more tragic aspect than when he is engaged in this innocent task. His pronunciation of German usually becomes inextricably confused with the mode of utterance of that hybrid speech Yiddish; and the more he tries to frame his words according to the fashionable accent, the more persistently do his lips give forth contrary sounds. But he knows the names of many great writers in these two languages, and even of many great works, so his frequent mistakes in the respective ascription of the latter to the former may perhaps be pardoned. Nay, he can quote you many a passage from "*Nathan der Weise*," and contrast the merits of Goethe and Schiller; he can tell you the plots of some of Molière's plays, and sum up the doctrines of Rousseau while you stand on one leg.

But it is in universal history that the Savant excels. It is in this subject that he loves to revel, that he can display the immensity and profundity of his learning. He will strike up a quasi-professorial attitude, with his legs wide apart, his left hand on his hip, and his silk hat on the back of his head, while dilating with volubility and gesture on the various epochs in the history of mankind, from the Creation till the present day. He will speak of forces and periods, of progress and revolution, dividing the events that have befallen this country under so many heads, and those that have befallen that country under so many other heads, and estimating their relative importance for the particular state and the world in general. Then he will stop and look round at his admiring audience (in the kitchen, where the informal lecture takes place): a Talmudical scholar or two, his landlady, her children, and the milkman, who may just happen to call with the milk and is a reputed authority on the Midrash.

"How can one know so much?" exclaims the landlady, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of joy.

"This is much?" returns the Savant with feigned surprise. "This! Ah! what know you of a world? What kind of an idea can you have?" And he considers the question sufficiently answered.

The milkman makes a mistake in reckoning up the family's weekly account, so impressed is he by this exhibition of scholarship; and the fear suddenly seizing him that his own especial fame may be outshone by the dazzling brilliance of the Savant's presence, he hurriedly departs.

The Savant is a harmoniser of Scripture with science. Not that he lacks any faith in the words of Holy Writ, as he energetically

and indignantly protests, but only to confound this rank unbelieving age. He can expound the theory of evolution with an accuracy that cannot be beaten by any of his circle of learned acquaintances, and he can even point to a foreshadowing of the doctrine of Darwin (whom lingual limitations constantly oblige him to call Darwin) in some obscure passage in a mediæval commentary. The biblical account of the Creation does not present the slightest difficulty to him. Indeed, there are few things that he prefers to a thorough two hours' discussion of this event with any sceptical soul, wherein he tries to convince his inquirer by an appeal to the recent advances in geology, astronomy, archæology, and palæontology—of all of which he knows the names, and just a little more—of the complete and unassailable truth of the first chapter of Genesis. Further, he can reduce any miracle to the semblance of the most natural and ordinary phenomenon; he can establish the traditional authorship of any book of the Bible by proofs and arguments derived from internal evidence and imagination; he can rationalise all prophecy and religious symbolism; he can defend all creeds and dogmas. His pious friends are by no means pleased with this reconciling practice, for they think it argues a want of instinctive belief, however much he may assert to the contrary; and whenever they hear him thus employed they immediately check the flow of his eloquence by loudly exclaiming "Enough, enough!" and shaking their heads with an expression of intense displeasure.

Indeed, it must be admitted that there is an ineradicable suspicion in the minds of most who know him that he is at heart somewhat of an *Epikouros* (heretic). To all appearances there is not the slightest foundation for this mistrust, for he seems observant of precepts and *Dinim* (laws), no matter whence their origin or what their authority; though, to be sure, he is not rigidly pious. He is a regular frequenter of the synagogue; he dons big phylacteries; and he is a constant visitor at the Rav's house. Still, despite this doubting disposition, which perhaps is due to the thought that the acquisition of secular knowledge must be achieved by a sacrifice of faith, the admirers of the Maskil, as he is locally called, are indeed legion. They are always desirous of obtaining his presence at any festive event that may occur in the family, for the sake of the glamour which he will reflect upon it, and of the speech which he is ever ready to deliver. But they are somewhat reluctant to entrust their children's Hebrew education to his care, an occupation, however, which he pursues only at the command of necessity.

The Maskil is a born Hebraist. He knows the whole of the *Tanach* (Old Testament) by heart, and can with remarkable ease introduce any out-of-the-way word or phrase into his composition. He is a regular contributor to two Hebrew periodicals published in Russia, which owe their importance, of course, to his brilliant articles. He could indite a florid epistle in the language, though not the diction, of Isaiah, at the age of twelve; and on the occasion of his Bar-Mitzvah he composed an ode of three dozen stanzas, which was written in apparent rhyme and obscure reason. Such budding talent could not be allowed to remain untended, so in process of time he was procured the situation of compositor in the printing office of a Hebrew newspaper in his native country. Whilst engaged in this employment he received occasional tuition in writing from the editor, and he carefully studied that master's style with a zeal worthy of a noble object. So successfully did he apply himself to this task that, in a year or two, his own effusions, which began to appear in the paper, could not be distinguished from those of his master—except by these two themselves. The Savant alleges this as the reason for the termination of his connection with the famous editor; not that he resented the attribution to his pen of the articles of his teacher, but that the latter feared that his own fame might be surpassed! Such is the story of the Maskil. But that he possesses the pen of a ready writer is a fact to which all the learned population of the Ghetto attest with unanimous enthusiasm, for he circulated amongst them, in the early days of his sojourn in this country, an unfinished manuscript treatise on the philosophy of the history of Israel.

The Savant considers himself naturally obliged to disseminate a knowledge of the Hebrew language wherever there is an apparent need for it; and what surer proof of such need can there be than the absence of a Hebrew paper in a land containing a hundred thousand of his co-religionists? Thus did he muse some years ago, and he contemplated this pitiful state of things with a sadness that soon gave way to an ambition. He would establish a Hebrew *Zeitung* himself in this benighted city of London; he would diffuse a knowledge of his ancestral tongue through the length and breadth of the "Isles of the West"; he would exalt the language of the Bible to its rightful position in this land of light and liberty.

A financier, a wholesale grocer, whose learning was as hollow as his credit was sound, was soon won over to his ambitious project, and a local habitation was secured for it in an attic above a dress-maker's shop in Brick Lane. A signboard projecting into the street

was nailed to the doorpost, and on it shone forth in yellow paint and stupendous letters the brief legend "RÉDACTION," so that all who ran might stop and read. The grocer, with a trust that betokened the most generous of hearts, gave the Savant complete liberty of action as to the policy and guidance of the journal, stipulating only that half-a-page should be permanently reserved for the blazoning of his excellent and manifold wares. Accordingly the Savant set to work, announced in all the varied circles of his extensive acquaintanceship the forthcoming publication of his historic newspaper, found himself assailed with eager offers of contributions from a host of learned friends, and received numerous promises of subscriptions from enthusiastic well-wishers. His heart swelled within him, and he pushed his ruffled silk hat to the back of his head as he reflected on the momentous event of which he was destined to be the author. His landlady was a prouder woman from the day he imparted to her his undertaking, and could have saved him all further trouble of circulating the interesting news, so rapid and far-reaching were her means of communication. To lodge in her house the founder and editor of the only Hebrew journal in England, to minister to his material wants and comforts, to watch over his welfare, his goings out and comings in, to proffer counsel in the affairs of everyday life, and to inspire him with hope and courage in his lofty enterprise—this surely was a position of dignity and responsibility which any mother in Israel might reasonably covet.

At last, after many days of heart-burning and many nights of gas-burning; after countless consultations with author and pastor, with printer and bookseller, and countless visits from ardent contributors, who tramped untiringly up the bare wooden stairs to the editorial sanctum; after placing attractive bills in choice Hebrew heralding the great periodical in butchers', bakers', and chandlers' shops, and affixing them to synagogue notice-boards, and pasting them on advertisement hoardings; after debating with the patron-grocer the title of the literary venture and silencing the doubts of his landlady as to its financial success—throughout which period the Savant wore the air of one upon whom rested the fate of empires—at last an eight-paged sheet made its humble bow one Friday morning. There was no such rush for copies as the founder had glowingly anticipated, and in the seclusion of his office, which was littered with a thousand fragments of paper, he perused and explained to his dull-witted Mæcenas the contents of the redoubtable organ.

Fully one half of the front page was occupied by the name *Hashofar* (The Trumpet), which was printed in huge black characters; by a scale of subscriptions, which was presumptuously drawn up according to the monetary systems of half-a-dozen European countries and the United States; and by a list of contents, which included the titles of two articles that could not possibly be discovered, and excluded those of reports of news from home and abroad. One and a half pages were devoted to the leader—a prophecy of success—which was headed “Good Tidings,” and signed “The Rédacteur.” Numerous advertisements turned up in the most unexpected places, occasionally serving as prologues to poems and commentaries to brief dissertations, thus leavening the heavy quality of some of the contributions. One of the principal features was a satirical dialogue, in very small and illegible type, between two characters rejoicing in the appellations of Schmerrel and Berrel. It was entitled “Feuilleton,” the transliteration of which into Semitic guise formed a most perplexing puzzle to the reading public of the Ghetto. There was also the first of a series of articles on the history of the Jews in England, by a writer who subscribed himself “Son of the Pen,” and a riddle in three rhymed stanzas was followed by the promise of a solution in the next number. The right-hand side of the last page was adorned with a striking but faithless reproduction of the wholesale grocer’s lineaments, beneath which stretched in serpentine fashion a detailed description of his delicious wares. On the other side, incredible though it seem, appeared the first instalment of a thrilling romance of modern life—in English!

The grocer, with an air of wisdom, expressed his profound admiration for this signal production, and offered the Savant a cigar. The latter immediately proceeded to smoke the fragrant roll, and as he emitted curling wreaths of cloud he glowingly dilated on the future that was in store for his epoch-making journal: how it would advance from “strength to strength,” receiving the sturdy support of the best talents in the country, creating here a new school of Hebrew writers, fostering in every Jewish home a love for the ancestral tongue and the national literature, earning perchance—who could say?—a glorious page in the annals of the community. The grocer was overcome by this brilliant vision, and leaned his massive forehead on his knobby fist.

“The editor here?” asked a voice, as its owner, a short, podgy-faced, youngish individual, with a few days’ growth of beard, and wearing a black soft hat, opened the door and coolly walked in.

The grocer's hand came down on the table with a thud, and the Savant's cigar was hastily withdrawn from the eloquent lips.

"Yes ; I am the editor," proudly replied the founder of *Hashofar*, rising with dignity and two fingers on his breast. "And who are you?"

"I am the 'Son of the Pen,'" answered the visitor.

"Ah, how do you do?" exclaimed the Savant. "This," pointing to the portly provision-dealer, "this is the foundation-stone of the noble fabric we have reared to-day."

The "foundation-stone" bowed humbly and tendered a hand to the "Son of the Pen."

"Yes, a glorious work have we accomplished to-day—a glorious work in Israel," pursued the Savant, resuming his seat and his cigar. "And in the generations to come they will speak with loving accents and with pride in their hearts of *Hashofar*—*The Trumpet* that sounded forth in this great and free country the beauty and the grandeur of the holy language, doomed so long to remain dumb and silent as a fugitive in a strange land."

"True," observed the "Son of the Pen." "But what about payment?"

"Oh !" exclaimed the editor and the financier simultaneously, with looks of consternation.

"Yes," responded the other curtly.

"Well," replied the editor, "only the first instalment of your article has so far appeared. Wait till it is concluded, or at least till a month from now, and then we will consider the matter. And besides, surely this should be with you a labour of love. 'Make not,' said our sages, 'make not the Law a crown to aggrandise thyself therewith,' and would you make the language of the Law, our sacred tongue, a source of gain?"

"Would you make *Hashofar* a source of gain?" coolly queried the visitor.

"As the Lord liveth and as my soul liveth, surely this thing is far from me," exclaimed the Savant in Hebrew with some warmth. "It is to keep alive the ancient flame, to preserve in all its purity the tongue of King David and Isaiah the Prophet, that we have founded this journal—not to make money, nor to win fame."

The grocer gravely nodded assent.

"Well, I shall continue my article," said the "Son of the Pen," rising. "But when it is finished I shall expect to receive what my labour is worth."

With this parting speech the lucre-loving littérateur withdrew

from the sanctum, and as the echo of his last footstep on the wooden stairs died away the mighty duumvirate drew a simultaneous sigh of profound relief.

But the article of the "Son of the Pen" was not destined to be concluded in the learned columns of *Hashofar*, for that organ itself expired very soon. The Savant endeavoured with restless energy and infinite art, but all in vain, to circulate his brilliant periodical in all parts of the metropolis and in every important provincial town. In vain did he forgetfully leave a copy on the table at Nochum Kugelmacher's restaurant, or on the top of a tramcar, or at the local Beth Hamidrash. In vain did he send copies to the rival organs of the Anglo-Jewish community, the *Jewish Record* and the *Jewish Globe*, to the office of the Rabbinate, the Seminary for Ministers, the British Museum, the Whitechapel Library, and to every Hebrew scholar and philanthropist of repute in the kingdom. In vain did he paste whole copies himself at daybreak on advertisement hoardings, and have them displayed in booksellers' and stationers' shop windows. In vain did he himself speak, write, think, dream of nothing else but *Hashofar* and the Renascence of Hebraic studies that it was to bring about—all in vain and for nought. He was lined and laden with *Hashofar*: he pulled out his handkerchief, and with it the immortal sheet; his pocket-book, and the huge title stared at you from inside his frock-coat; he took off his silk hat, and you caught a glimpse of the scale of subscriptions. Once, indeed, he was leaving his office, almost on the eve of Sabbath, with inky fingers and hat awry, when he was met half-way down the stairs by an ardent student in search of "the only Hebrew journal redacted and published in England." So overwhelmed was the Savant by the eager request that he gave the youth two copies, which were closely folded together, and he did not discover his mistake until it was too late to be remedied. But at last, after a heroic struggle of four weeks, *Hashofar* blew its last blast, a veritable death-cry, and then sank to resound no more. The wholesale grocer apparently had suddenly withdrawn all faith in the momentous enterprise, and with his stoppage of funds the paper had perforce to cease. The office was vacated, the signboard was taken down, and nought remained to commemorate the noble but ill-starred project save the broken heart of the disappointed Savant.

In the privacy of his sitting-room sat his landlady, consoling him.

"If thou hast failed, then no other can succeed," said the gushing matron.

"*Goyim* (heathens) are they all here in this accursed kingdom!"

exclaimed the poor man in a fit of rage. "They know nothing, and they do not wish to know. Not a line of Hebrew can they read properly— a line?—not a word! No wonder they did not buy my paper. *People-of-the-earth*, blockheads are they all, haters of the Torah and of our holy tongue! The wardens of their synagogues are a pack of asses, their ministers—pah! A Hebrew paper to live in this country!—how can that be? The air is too poisonous—nothing holy can live here!"

"But what helps it complaining?" urged the comforter. "The Most High will send thee something else, something much better. He takes away, but He sends too—yes, He always sends. My mother—may she rest in her holy place!—used always to tell me that. Ah! she was really a saint! Where can one now find her like?"—and a profound sigh escaped from the heaving bosom.

In an English letter, besprinkled with interjection marks and bestrewn with Talmudic quotations, the Savant poured forth his grief at the irreparable loss he had suffered; and he despatched copies of the dolorous epistle to the two Anglo-Jewish weeklies. What was his distress at the end of the week to find that in both journals his communication had been tampered with—words altered here and there and whole sentences twisted about in the most shameless fashion! An angry protest rose to his lips, and for the moment he felt driven to attack the ruthless editors in their very dens and demonstrate to them the superiority and perfection of his composition. But calmer reflection pointed out to him the futility of such an expedition, and he consoled himself with the thought that, despite the overhanging gloom, a bright and happy day would yet assuredly dawn for him.

Meanwhile he muses and is buoyed up with ambitious hopes, and when last heard of he was inquiring his way to the British Museum, which, we trust, he reached in safety.

SHAKESPEAREAN REPRESENTA- TIONS, THEIR LAWS AND LIMITS.

SHAKESPEAREAN "revivals," as they are called, have always been in high favour, from the days of Garrick to those of Mr. Beerbohm Tree—"revival" being presumed to stand for costly and elaborate adornments in the way of dressing and decoration. Each "reviver" strives to excel his predecessor in the sumptuousness of his "show," and the piece selected is usually as much burdened, and even overwhelmed, with trappings as was the Tarpeian maid. The outlay is almost reckless. The superficial crowd, no doubt, thinks that this system is a proper and legitimate way of illustrating the text. To tell them that the greater and more lavish the decoration, the less will be the intelligence, with an attendant certainty that the meaning of the words and significance of the action and characters will be obscured, might seem to them fantastic and paradoxical; and yet it is the truth: for a Shakespeare play unadorned is adorned the most. In such displays the proportion is destroyed: what is meant to be airily touched is overwhelmed—as in Mr. Tree's late gorgeous presentation of the "Twelfth Night," where we are shown the beautiful gardens of the lady, so elaborately laid out as to bring us down to earthiness.

Elia's well-known essay on "Shakespeare's Tragedies" holds within it the correct principles that should guide the Shakespearean reviver. True, we find the rather fantastic and extravagant theory that the plays should not be acted at all, as this process, he contended, brings down both performers and audience to earthy depths, and destroys the work of the "imaginative faculty." But the theory might be amended into this: that the reader has a greater enjoyment and appreciation than the spectator, which is certainly true. He maintains that you always confound the player with the character. You see Kemble or Irving before you rather than Macbeth or

Shylock. "So to see Lear acted," he says, "to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters on a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm into which he goes out, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements." It is easy to apply and extend this to the principles we have been considering—which prove how impossible it is, on the stage, to supply an illusory reproduction of the things of real life. The nearer the representation approaches to the mere conditions of the reading the better it will be ; while scenery and appointments should be supplied, subject to modern rules, by the characters and the interpretations. It is hopeless, of course, in these days, to attempt to turn back the tide. The stage system of painting, lights, dresses, upholstery, &c., is too firmly established to be reformed or abandoned. Granting, however, that we must continue to accept them, we may contend that even these accepted methods are, in their way, most rude and unintelligent, and that if managers sought an inspiration, and permeated themselves with the true Shakespearean spirit, they could present their show in a far more plausible and rational fashion. But no, they cling to the old *trucs*, covering them over with modern tinsel. Nor do they seek for the Shakespearean illusion, the lifting of the spectator into the realms of fancy and into the spiritual land. All is gorgeous, but mechanical and earthy. All stage-craft and traditional devices, tricks, &c., should be subordinate. Any attempts at stage sensation, realistic treatment, should be taboo. I will give some illustrations of what I mean.

One of the most difficult, perplexing things to treat satisfactorily or with conviction is the Shakespearean ghosts, spirits, witches, and other supernatural visitants. We have seen this attempted again and again, and in all manner of fashions, but all with hardly an approach to success or to the aim in view. Least ghostly of all in their effect, and especially earthy, is the agency of transparencies and coloured light—"mediums" which, however skilfully treated, invariably suggest the magic lantern or the images "thrown upon the screen." We are regularly prepared by the abrupt darkening of the whole auditorium. But before we can reach any effective result it is essential to find a principle of some kind, and first of all to settle whether the figure is to appear or simulate something supernatural, or else be as a common mortal being, trusting to the imagination of the spectators for the rest.

The truth is, it is purely gratuitous this assuming that such

spectres should have a non-earthly aspect, and there is no warrant for it. There are many "creepy" tales of seeing persons "in their habit as they lived," which for this very reason have been the more ghostly. There is the story of the newly arrived guest at some old mansion noticing at dinner an old gentleman in antique costume coming in and silently taking his seat. This figure he would always meet descending the stairs in the same guise. No one, however, noticed him, or spoke to him, or saw him save the one guest. Here is a "note"—a true one—of what is ghostly, which might be worked out in various ways.

There has never, or rarely, been sufficient thought given to the opening scenes of "Hamlet," which take place on "the Platform before the Castle," and, later, on "a more remote part of the Platform"—the platform of a castle being the terrace on which the cannon are placed. One can hardly imagine anything more poetical or favourable to ghostly feeling—the gloomy waste of stone wall stretching away, the parapet, the shadowy towers beyond, the blue haze as dawn draws near, the peculiar, faint tinkle of the clock in the town beyond or in the courtyard of the fortress. I would have a cold moonlight, so as to cast the shadows of figures on the terrace. This terrace, too, should be a long stretch or promenade, and a lonely one. And here is usually the mistake, that there is little attention paid to the *scale* of things, it being attempted to squeeze into the small area all the substantial portions of a castle. This quite dispels illusion. The ghost should be seen coming down for a long distance, first afar off, then drawing near slowly and gradually and unseen by the officers.

Take the very opening passages—the relief of the guard, so mysterious and awesome in the reading, and upon which so much depends as a preparation. But who that has seen it has ever found it properly interpreted, or in any fashion but the most literal, matter-of-fact, and prosaic fashion? The players, generally fifth- or sixth-rate persons, seem to take as their models the common sentries they have seen relieving guard, and bark out their calls and replies in their own style. "Stand!" "Unfold yourself!" "Long live the King!" Francisco and Bernardo are all one to them, so is the question and answer, the doubt and assurance. It is merely one soldier taking the place of the other. And yet, how much could be made of the situation—what graduated mystery and sense of some expected horror conveyed in every word, meant to lead up to the one image that was in the minds of all! Here is the way, or something of the way, in which it should be treated. Francisco is pacing "on his post";

Bernardo enters to relieve him, but Bernardo is full of but one subject—dreaming, it may be—and roused by the steps actually challenges the other, fancying that he himself is on duty! The factionary naturally says: “Nay, answer *me*: stand,” &c. Now, what a *debüt* is here, and how effectively it could be worked! The guard, weary and expectant, the slow approach, the starts of both, the looking round of Bernardo in alarm. What acting could there be, and how different from the mere give-and-take replies! Francisco, glad to get away and not in the secret, compliments his friend on his punctuality. He says that he is cold and sick at heart; but Bernardo is just as eager that he should be gone. He had “come on the stroke of twelve,” and bids him get to bed at once. Bernardo eagerly asks: “Have you had quiet guard?”—that is, “Have you *seen* anything?” to which the other carelessly replies, “Not a mouse stirring.” Then Bernardo, somewhat impatiently: “Well, good-night,” and bids him, if he should meet Horatio and Marcellus, tell them to hurry. They appear, he saying “I think I hear them.” Then another challenge. It must have been excessively dark, for they cannot see each other, and ask: “What, is Horatio there?” which shows that faces could not be seen.

Now, in all this there is a vast deal to be suggested, with *finesse* and due deliberation. It is a little play in itself; but who has ever seen it played so as to convey the idea of these things? The stage manager only requires that these subordinates should speak up distinctly, and like officers on guard. The suggestion of “graduated horror” or “growing sense of mystery” he would dismiss with an emphatic “Oh, rot!”

The fashion in which the ghost first appears to Horatio and Bernardo is always of too literal and practical a kind. A man, often of a stout, robust build, is seen to stride across the stage in an affectedly solemn way, and pass out at the wing. Now, one could fancy a great deal being made of this—an indistinct apparition, not a shadow, moving in an uncertain way, now pausing in a sort of hesitancy and gazing sadly on the soldiers. I could fancy his being unnoticed for some moments; then one of the party, seeing him, would, awe-stricken, touch his comrade, and as silently point to the apparition. Then it would glide out as it came. The notorious “Angels and ministers of grace defend us,” and the speech that follows, have been worked by the tragedians for “all that they are worth.” Their idea is a sort of agonised and gasping expression of astonishment, which shall be in contrast to the previous tone of easy conversation. In fact, it is well understood in the profession that

there is but the *one* way, to wit, the traditional rhetorical or declamatory one. And yet, how little *ghostly* it all is ! Should not there be fear, awe, affection, though hardly much surprise, for did he not expect to see him ?

This ghost in "Hamlet" is indeed a crux. For he talks and walks about heavily, and declaims and beckons until it becomes difficult to dismiss the idea of that good elocutionist, Mr. —, who used to discharge the character so "ably." It seems a mistake to introduce him abruptly, as the custom is, so as to make his son start and exclaim : "Angels and ministers," &c. He ought to be gradually and slowly approaching for a little time before, and then remain quite unnoticed until the moment of recognition. If the scene be designed with a suitable calm and ghostly tone, loneliness, and shadows, &c., the spirit will share in the general mystery. It is the fashion latterly to array him in a sort of greyish veiling, suggestive of a coat of mail, which supplies a misty air. Yet we are told that he was in full armour, "armed" *cap-à-pie* ; so I fancy the effect would be increased if he came on in bright shining mail, as if going to battle. This would offer a striking contrast to the other costumes ; and I have often speculated whether a better effect would not be produced by wholly discarding the regulation *preaching*, solemn, or "charnel-house" tones, and whether his warnings would not be more telling if given in the ordinary, natural way. There is no necessary connection between this lugubrious and monotonous chant and the other world. The note should surely be one of pathos. I fancy, too, that the "strides" and long steps are exaggerated ; the walk should be slow, deliberate, and even hesitating. Somehow, the famous *mounted* ghost in "Don Juan" is more effective and more truly supernatural owing to the way it is presented.

Up to a recent period, the old and familiar *square hole* cut in the boards was in use—the "trap door," in fact—up which the supernatural *revenant* is projected or wound.¹ Could anything more *un-supernatural* be conceived, or more unlike what would take place, granting that such visits were feasible ? It is cut square, and preceded by the palpable removal of the "door" itself or bit of

¹ Connected with this primitive method was the striking ghost effect in "The Corsican Brothers," where the visitant rose gradually through a slit in the stage which extended right across—rising as he advanced. This was really a most successful and effective *truc*, and produced an almost thrilling effect. It shows how much can be done by taking a little thought, and trying to get out of the beaten track. The device, however, belongs to this particular drama, and could not be used for another. In a Shakespearean play it would only produce a smile, and evoke melodramatic reminiscences.

planking, which is dragged away, giving a momentary glimpse of the "cellarage" below. Of course, we have learned to alleviate somewhat this native roughness, and the hole is often concealed by a "rake" or border, or something of the kind. But how absurd the postulate and the theory assumed as indisputable that such visitants must come up from *below*, and out of the ground ! Not even in the ghost stories, nor in the cases in real life where persons delude themselves that they have seen ghosts, is it ever pretended that the earth has opened and the spirit slowly ascended. This is reserved for the stage alone. The ghost in "Hamlet" used to be always thus "wound up." In Elliston's droll *Life* is one of Cruikshank's pictures where some wags of actors are below busy beating the ghost's legs with canes. It is clear, therefore, that this antiquated device, and anything based upon it, have nothing suggestive of ghostliness or mystery, but the contrary rather.

For the appearance of Banquo at the feast in "Macbeth" the revivalists have expended all their ingenuity, but with little success. The problem is a most difficult one, for the spirit is invisible to the company and visible to Macbeth only. The old way was the simplest, and, according to the Bard's own direction, Duncan walked in slowly and took his seat at the table. Charles Kean, as I well remember it, used this device : one of the stout Norman pillars suddenly became illuminated and transparent, and within it the figure was seen to rise ! This was simply an absurdity, and unnatural in every way. The basis of correct treatment would be for the imagination to exert its powers and try to conceive how such a scene would be in real life, where the host was subject to a hallucination of the kind. He might see the figure slowly gliding down the hall and approaching the table, or else, which is a better way, Duncan should be one of the guests from the beginning, but lost, as it were, in the crowd, and unnoticed. Gradually and quietly his neighbours should "edge away" and leave him isolated. It is astonishing how little an audience will notice such things as this on the stage unless their attention be drawn to it. Then his identity is revealed by Macbeth's gazing at him in horror. Much could be made of the attitude of the figure, sad, solemn, and abstracted, leaning on its arm as if far away in some other world. Some sort of general tumult and agitation should be on foot, but when it came to the disappearance this should be contrived by an agitated group rising and passing before it, which would cover his departure. In truth, every stage of the incident should be acted.

I well recall the rather practical and literal way in which that

sound actor, Mr. Lewis Waller, dealt with his ghost in "Julius Cæsar." As Brutus, he was in the tent after dismissing his boy :—

Let me see : Is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think. (*He sits down.*)

(*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*)

How ill this taper burns ! Ha, who comes here ?

Now, the text is bald enough, and to give the idea that his blood had turned cold and his hair begun "to stare" it is clear that the acting must supply a good deal. In passages like this, correct actors that we have seen do little more than recite. And yet one could see how much fervour and imaginative feeling the situation would supply ; the whole is prepared for in the most ghostly way. There should be the sense of impending mystery, a gathering slowness and uncertainty. "How ill this taper burns !" might be said in half-a-dozen ways : it suggests all manner of ideas, the actor first trying to read, then growing restless, wondering what was wrong with the taper. We could conceive him glancing round with a shudder, and even nervously ; for the ill-burning taper is the result of the ghost's presence, who has glided in. He should be standing just behind Brutus, who after mending the candle should then slowly and reluctantly turn round and see his visitor. He might take a lesson, indeed, from Fabien de Franchi.

There is, of course, another favourite method of introducing such spirits—by placing them behind "a gauze." But then the stage has to be slowly darkened in advance, and as slowly lighted up behind the gauze when the ghost's figure is revealed. Nothing more mechanical or artificial, or less ghostly, can be conceived. For we know all the time that a ghost is "due," and that they are getting ready to show him.

It is only lately that it has occurred to managers that the methods of changing the scenes—a portion rising upwards and another going below or travelling to the sides—is antagonistic to all illusion. So is the creaking and rumbling and general clatter, with the preparatory shrill "bo'sun's whistle" aloft. Now it has become the fashion to entirely darken the stage, and the change is effected silently and obscurely. This is really a step in advance, and much helps illusion. But as usual it is overdone. There is no need of this black Cimmerian darkness ; there should be merely "inspissated gloom," as Johnson has it ; the darkening should be gradual, as should also be the lightening. This would give the idea that there was no interruption

But now, when the lights are suddenly "turned up," a new and elaborate scene is revealed. The stage manager seems to claim credit for his promptitude, and the audience think it a regular *tour de force*.

The Witches of "Macbeth" offer a yet more difficult and perplexing subject for treatment. The vulgar theory is that they must be presented as revolting, unnatural monsters, half old women, half old men, with croaking, "charnel-house" voices. They convey nothing probable and nothing horrible at all by their croaking voices, only something tedious and unpleasant, which we are glad to be done with. The point is, how the sense of awe and terror is to be induced? I believe only by touching the notes of interest and romance. They should be awful beings, not repulsive ones. Antics and grotesque jumps and gestures are pantomime and ludicrous.

I wonder no one ever thought of trying comparatively youthful witches, with rational tones of voice and reasonable emphasis. Some of such commanding presence are to be seen in the old paintings of "Macbeth." I could fancy at the opening three tall, gloomy, but stately figures standing revealed on a high place, and beckoning mysteriously to the thane. There should be the idea of power, which cannot be associated with decrepit, unintelligible old hags. Equally unpleasant and uninteresting is the coarse and hoarse nasal chant with which they usually declaim. Of such witch presentations Elia writes. These, he tells us, "Shakespeare has introduced to give a wildness and supernatural elevation to his scenes, as if to remove them still farther from that assimilation to common life in which their excellence is vulgarly supposed to consist. When we *read* the incantations of these terrible beings, is the effect other upon us than the most serious and appalling that can be imagined? Do we not feel spellbound, as Macbeth was? But attempt to bring these beings on to a stage, and you turn them instantly into so many old women, that men and children are to laugh at. This exposure of supernatural agents upon a stage is truly bringing in a candle to expose their own delusiveness." The conclusion he draws is that the plays should not be acted but read; but, without going so far, we can deduce the principle that they should be introduced without any of the vulgar and grotesque attempts to make them hideous and revolting.

Nothing more monstrous or inappropriate can be conceived than what is called "the Witches' music" in "Macbeth," written by Matthew Locke. In the old revivals this was *de rigueur*, and might

be regularly looked for. We saw the hags circling round with their brooms, and croaking out :

Let's have a dance upon the heath, &c.

It seems astonishing how it was tolerated so long !

That question of elves, fairies, &c., in pastoral pieces is another difficult and perplexing one. If it be attempted to simulate fairies by small figures, we only get the idea of children, and children they look as they "scurry" about executing serpentine motions and uttering infantile cries. No one is beguiled into taking them for aught else, even if they carry flitting electric lights and wear gossamer wings. Yet, full-grown maidens suggest the ballet. And what are we to do with Titania, the King, and the rest? Unless you have intelligent performers—that is, of intelligence—the parts cannot be "discharged" properly. A cloud or crowd of dancers will not do. Again, what foundation is there for the theory that fairies must be ever skipping about, dancing, or running in serpentine lines among trees? If Titania and the King are full-grown, intelligent, speaking beings, so should be their followers. Here is something to start with. If the stage were kept in a low light, and consequently in more mystery, the difficulty would hardly arise, as in the obscurity we should not take note of the stature of the fairies.

This suggests the transformation of Bottom, with his ass's head—always most clumsily contrived—clearly a papier-maché model, fitting most awkwardly to his neck, where we can see the joinings. Could we ever conceive the possibility of such a change being made, it is clear that the human face and head ought to be somehow reshaped into the suggestion of an ass. We often meet faces that suggest those of animals, and it would not be difficult to model one with human ears pointed and developed, a nose drawn down and elongated, with the other asinine points. The late Mr. Phelps, I recollect, attempted something in this way. I am certain that it is the true principle.

Again, who has ever seen a satisfactory Puck or Ariel? They have been always artificial instead of spontaneous things, affecting a nimbleness and elasticity they did not possess, and performing cumbrous gymnastics to show their sprightliness—overgrown tomboys, in fact. They were obliged to overdo the satirical smartness of the parts. The most terrible exhibition that I can recall was that of an Ariel mounted on a huge insect, to carry out the text, "On a bat's back I fly"; so the poor actress was hoisted slowly up the flies astride on the monster, singing as she rose.

The scene at Ophelia's grave is a regular "stock" one, and

arranged in a "stock" way, and it is ever the same. No management could forego the comic sexton's singing as he shovels, and tosses up the skulls and bones. Yet who can ever associate these solemnities with anything like a grave—or with else but a hole cut in the boards of the stage—a trap-door, in short? I never think that it was intended by the bard to have this deep trench into which the digger was sunk up to his neck; for it was said as the scene began, "Make her grave straight"—so it was not yet begun. This, too, gets rid of the awkward scuffle between Hamlet and Laertes down in the grave, up to their throats, whereas if it were only a foot or so deep it would be more natural and seemly. The direction, "Enter priests, &c., in procession" is too precious a thing to be lost, and accordingly we have boys with red skull-caps, censers, clergy in surplices—the invariable "shavelings," who have no business there—with a dignitary at the close. The coffin is set down, and all group round. Now, in the reality all the religious rites are done in the church; a single priest with an acolyte holding the holy-water stoup suffices—and with how infinitely better effect! instead of overcrowding the churchyard and overpowering the leading characters, who vacantly stare at all that is going on. These dreadful processions, greedily engendered on the smallest opening in the text, are fatal to all Shakespearean effects. I would "reform them altogether." Nor can we suppose that Ophelia's coffin was clumsily lowered down by ropes into the grave, and that the pair jumped upon her. It would seem from the question, "What ceremony next?" that the body was left waiting by the side of the grave.

Cardinals, bishops, and priests are all effective figures in the Shakespearean *rôle*; but on the stage they are invariably misconceived in spirit, manner, and dress, and throw an air of grotesqueness over the characters. We find the Wolseys and others invariably striding about in full canonicals and arrayed in fine lace surplices, &c., their long trains streaming and rustling after them. Anyone who knows anything of these matters is aware that in private life such dignitaries have a simple dress, or "undress"; it is on high occasions only that the state robes are donned. The result of this false system is to impart an air of masquerading to the characters.

In the Catholic Church this exhibition of adorned ritual is reserved only for high occasions of state. The ordinary course of things is plain, homely, and practical. A grand gala procession and the high altar are usually seen afar off, because given in a great cathedral or church.

Many will recall the prodigious sensation in the Irving "Much Ado About Nothing," caused by the lovely picture of the "Church Scene," as it was called. Here is a good "test case," which will well illustrate the true principles of dealing with Shakespearean scenes. What Sir Henry did on this occasion was almost universally received with delight and enjoyment as the legitimate method of developing the text. And yet I think it can be shown that it rather dwindled than expanded the meaning. Here was a grand cathedral, with lamps, high altar, aisles ; a procession with acolytes, friars, boys, fumes of incense ; great ecclesiastics walking—all which seemed to be properly suggested by the scenic direction, "The inside of a church." *En passant*, it may be said that this was all astray—no such censers, dresses, &c., being used at marriages. Moreover, it seems opposed to the text, which runs : "Friar Francis, *be brief*;" which implies the plain form of marriage. But this by the way. So it was a matter between the Friar and the parties—a quiet, retired business in a corner or side-chapel of the church. One feels as one reads the whole scene that there could have been no such marriage of state with a procession, and the parties standing at the high altar ; for no conversation, jesting, or discussions could take place there, though in foreign churches this may be done in corners, passages, and side-chapels. The simple Friar, being about to "tie the knot," begins at once to put the questions to both the parties ; then the repudiation is made, and the exciting business of the scene sets in. The pompous show, censers, &c., it will be seen, are thus an excrescence and an encumbrance. How improper, too, and profane seems Benedick and Beatrice's flirtation carried on at the very rails of the altar, with their light quips in actual presence of the Holy Sacrament which both believed in !

In Shakespeare's plays, as we know, short scenes and changes often follow each other rapidly. These are easily manageable if they are dealt with as "scenes" in the strictest sense : just as the French have always called a new "scene" the addition or withdrawal of a fresh character. In fact, the scene is not, as the vulgar think, a new piece of painted canvas. How admirably "general" is the bard in his directions, as at the beginning of "Macbeth," when the witches appear ! It is described as "an open place." This, of course, referred to the heathy country or common ; but the author clearly meant that there should be a large *generality*, with no particulars to meet the eye, a waste—something on land such as we feel in looking at the sea. It would not be difficult to paint such a generality. All the scenes in "Macbeth" have this vagueness—

"A heath," "Forres," "A room in the Palace," "Before Macbeth's Castle"—which suggests the treatment for these casual scenes. And the treatment should be casual. For instance, this "Before Macbeth's Castle" was simply to show forth the reception of Duncan at the gate by Lady Macbeth. When Sir Henry Irving revived the play there was a beautifully and elaborately painted monumental structure, with towers and gateway and friezes, windows, buttresses, and every "coign of vantage" displayed. The incident took only a few minutes. The hostess gave her welcome, and the royal guest went in. But the castle was over-emphasised; it seemed a pity that such a work should have so short a spell of duty. It would not be difficult to translate the shadowy direction "Before Macbeth's Castle" into a sort of sketch that would correspond.

The Shakespearean "battle scenes," with the usual "alarums and excursions"—what is to be done with them? We know the sort of thing well in "Henry V.," "Macbeth," and the rest. As the battle rages the orchestra trumpeter is heard, having gone behind; and while the drum keeps rolling, to signify rumbling of artillery, half a dozen awkward fellows in helmets and chain mail hurry in, pursued by as many of the other side, all making a great clatter with their tin swords. Then one or two tumble down over each other, and are presumed to be wounded or dead, the rest scurry out, and the trumpets "flourish" again. This is the legitimate and only way. All of us have seen it over and over again—even at the Lyceum. But is it in the least like a battle? It seems utterly removed from even the notion of one. Neither now with rifles, nor then with swords and shields, were battles ever like this. It is impossible to dismiss the notion of stage supers tumbling about and wrestling. The great panorama of the Siege of Paris, which has been for years at the Crystal Palace, seems to convey the true feeling, the mystery, the unseen cannon, and yet the stillness and calm. You cannot represent a battle or "an army" with twenty or thirty men, nor with a couple of hundred which have to be compressed on to the stage. Numbers will not express the army, nor even a crowd. Strange to say, the greater the crowd the less like a crowd does it seem; the figures are so artificially herded together that they look just what they are—a number of hired and dressed-up persons exhibited in a recess. The late Sir A. Harris in his pantomimes used to load his stage in this way. I once saw a ballet on a Parisian stage, the Gaité, where there was a story on the subject of "Wines" exhibited. There were hardly a score of performers; but so dramatic and animated was the performance of each that they

seemed to fill the stage and to be multiplied by hundreds. One brilliant creature personified champagne, and with sparkling and many-twinkling feet, a brilliant song delivered as if inspired, she carried out the idea completely. But to return to our battles.

No one could see a battle so closely as an audience is privileged to see it ; but that is a detail. But, if the concession must be made, the battle should be acted dramatically. Half a dozen men could convey that they belonged to a great unseen army ; they should not fight in the established clumsy way, but show anxiety and expressiveness—looking out for the enemy, advancing, retreating, &c. The army is, in fact, *not* to be seen, but to be felt. We are to be conscious that it is at hand. 'The vulgar methods of sounding cannon by the agency of the big drum are never like the "real thing," because it is so like what it is—a drum. We have only to recall the sound of distant artillery to feel that these drum noises are too near and too loud. Every sound on the stage is too close—there is no graduation ; the rat-tat of a knock is in the room, and distant music is close at hand, at the prompter's desk.

Then as to single combats, such as those of "Richard III." and "Macbeth" ? As done, they are always unreal and conventional to a degree. There is never anything vital or agitating. The detestable strokes of the sword are parried over and over again ; they have plainly been rehearsed and prepared. Here, too, there is undue length and deliberation. In real life Richard and Richmond would have had it over in a few seconds ; two or three desperate lunges, with the exhaustion and forcing back of the weaker combatant, would have been infinitely more effective. But every leading actor must have his protracted fight ; even for the gallery's sake he will not bate you a stroke of it.

The fencing in "Hamlet" offers a precious opportunity which in all the revivals is made the most of. It is to be a grand fencing match : the King and the Court group themselves round, deliberate preparations are made ; the combatants try their muscles and the quality of their weapons, &c. It all takes time ; yet, what was it but a casual bout ?—as one might say in a country house, "Have a turn with the gloves ?" or "I'll play you a game of billiards, giving you so much." The tremendous solemnity of the "match" takes away all probability. The wrestling in "As You Like It" is another favourite opportunity for the revivalist. As I once saw it, the ground was actually staked out and roped round. There were preparatory solemnities, strippings, &c. But, as in the case of the fencing, it should be merely a casual incident.

Maclise's picture of the "Play Scene in 'Hamlet'" shows us a regular stage with a proscenium, the King and his Court grouped symmetrically as in our day, which is a mistake. It is clear from the text that the players performed in a corner of the room, perhaps on a slightly raised platform. The King and courtiers sat round, just as at a royal concert they would sit and listen to some great singer. We can recall the effective business Sir Henry Irving made of the Play Scene: his burst at the poisoning in the garden; "his name's Gonzago," &c., all delivered in a perfect torrent, and his sinking down into the King's chair. Nothing could be more dramatic or effective. But in the play it is surely quite different. Hamlet says, "You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife," which touches the King to the quick, and he rises to go out. Ophelia calls attention to it—"the King rises"; the Queen, alarmed, asks what ails him; and then old Polonius orders the play to be stopped, and the King calls out, "Give me some light! Away," *i.e.* I would go to my room; and the obsequious courtiers echo the call for lights.

It is clear that the real centre of attraction is the King and the way in which he is affected; but by modern readings all interest is devoted to Hamlet, who breeds a perfect riot.

As we survey the marvel of greenery in Mr. Tree's "Twelfth Night," with its terraces, steps, and flower-beds, we can only think, "What a business it must have been to arrange all this in the time, and what a vast number of carpenters must have been employed!" Now, with a Shakespearean play we ought not to have even a thought of what scenery and apparatus are before us. And in this particular case we might ask what is *gained* to the illustration of the play and its characters? Who can tell that the owner actually possessed so magnificent a "Plaisance" as this? It is all pure assumption. The stage direction is simply "a garden." Neither Malvolio nor his lady nor anyone else is one whit bettered by these palatial surroundings. They are rather worsened. They seem lost and swallowed up, scarcely suited to their surroundings. In short, what we want in a "revival" is that there should be a limit, and this limit should be the simplest possible illustration of the situation. In the matter of "solo singing," often found in the plays, it is wonderful how the conventions of the scene have overpowered the meaning and force, and missed the point.

The Shakespearean dance, again, is always over-emphasised. The "decks are cleared" as it were, the action stopped; the dancers form in line, the rest look on. This was so in the Lyceum

"Henry VIII." The man in the orchestra, virtually among the audience, raises his stick, the fiddlers "scraping," the double-bass player bending over his big instrument. Then the dancers set to work. It thus loses all connection with the piece, and becomes a detached show for an audience.

I really believe that costume, in these revivals, should be in a manner generic. In the old days there used to be regular "stock" dresses of this generic kind, which the audience understood and recognised—such as red velvet and ermine for "the king," trunks and hose for "courtiers," just as the virtuous countryman in the old comedies always sported a red waistcoat. The correct archæological dresses of modern days convey nothing to the audience, for they are not skilled in such matters. They take them on trust. Such, therefore, cannot add to the dramatic effect. The gorgeous, glittering suits, "designed by Mr. Percy Anderson" or Messrs. Alias, and which figure, say, in the Venetian plays—satins, silks, velvets, all bejewelled—are absolutely disturbing, for no Venetian nobleman ever could have appeared thus arrayed in the public streets. Everyday costumes show signs of use and wear, as though the wearers were accustomed to wear them. On the stage they seem to be what they are, mere fancy dresses. Thus there is a constant suggestion of unreality throughout the piece; the notion of all being "dressed up" for the occasion forces on us the conviction that here are mere players. What would you have, then? Mere indications or suggestions of sumptuous dress—low, well-shaded colours; light such as is found in an ordinary lighted room, not a general blaze as from a search-light directed from the gallery, and giving no shadows or relief. The treatment, indeed, of the figures should be almost sculptural.

Another abuse which seems to be antagonistic to Shakespearean scenes is the overwhelming flood of light in which they are bathed, or even *steeped*. This fiery illumination is thought absolutely necessary to secure the splendour of the colours and cast a brilliance on the actors and actresses. Most of us will recall the elaborate setting of the Lyceum "Romeo and Juliet"—the gorgeous gardens. But these gardens, with even their trees and leaves and flower-beds, were all ablaze with a profuse yellow light; the lovers seemed to be moving about in a furnace, the glittering dresses sparkled in the glow. Yet no one thought for a moment that this "blinding with excessive light" was unnatural or like nothing to be seen on earth. But worse than this, the beautiful speeches could not have their full effect when delivered under such conditions of glare.

We can now see at South Kensington Museum a whole series of very beautiful drawings for "The Winter's Tale" and other pieces, and the designs seem more refined and artistic than what is in vogue now. We had not then the "fierce light," electric or other, that beats upon the stage, and there was full opportunity for painting and colouring. These charming things are well worth inspection, and show what pains were taken with the famous revivals.

What is more depressing than the traditional methods of presenting the humorous Shakespearean personages, such as Dogberry, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew, Gobbo, Touchstone, the Grave-digger, &c. ? The exaggerated buffoonery and overdone emphasis make the heart sick. The prevailing mode is a sort of music-hall treatment or extravagant "clowning," every sentence being absurdly pointed, and given "for all that it is worth." The thing, too, is dragged out and dwelt upon as much as possible, as in the drunkenness of Sir Toby and his companion. This, of course, is out of all proportion to the rest of the play. Now, this sort of humour requires quite another manner of treatment ; it should have a sort of dignity, a complete and convincing sincerity, *as though the performer were quite unconscious* that he was funny—a general quietude and reserve. One might take for model some shrewd, "pawky" Scot, who is well persuaded of his own importance, and does not mean to amuse or cause laughter. But this reading it would be hopeless to expect, for there are so many time-honoured "gags" and "wheezes," which with the regular tradition have been handed down. Such is the dreadful bit of "business" of the grave-digger's series of waistcoats, which he strips off to the number of a dozen at the least—a thing utterly meaningless and without the least humorous point. And who has ever seen a satisfactory Touchstone ? His caustic speeches have a sly, hidden humour which the performer thinks it needful to labour and emphasise and make appear extravagantly comic, to the actual destruction of the meaning. The whole usually falls flat, the audience not seeing the point : while, from the player's over-done enjoyment, they expect some exquisite jest, which is not revealed to them. The drunken scene in "Twelfth Night" by being overdone becomes almost repulsive, a spectacle of fellows reeling about like navvies in a pot-house. Now, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew were gentlemen, who were merely "elevated," which manifested itself in singing the songs that roused up Malvolio. They were not "beastly drunk," as shown in Mr. Tree's version, and this is proved by the sensible way in which they planned their trick on Malvolio.

It will be remembered how the capable old Mrs. Stirling always

developed the Nurse so effectively as to overpower every other character that was near her, so weighty and telling were her methods. Yet it disturbed the order of the play. She seemed what she was not, the whole controller of that household ; even when she was off the scene we looked for her, she seemed so masterful.

So with Bottom, who became quite a protagonist, and is turned into a most important personage. It was merely the slightest sketch, touched *en passant*—a few local tradesmen attempting theatricals in their own way, what was beyond them. A smile, a laugh, and we are done with them. They passed across the scene. But at Her Majesty's it became the feature of the piece.

This "working up" of subsidiary characters, in truth, destroys the whole proportion of the drama. It dislocates the symmetry when we find Bottom, the Nurse, Dogberry, the Grave-digger, and the rest developed so extravagantly. We begin to think that they ought to have a more important part in the drama, and they rather overpower the legitimate characters. In Mr. Tree's "Twelfth Night" no one could go away without feeling that Malvolio was the leading personage of the whole, and next to him the over-boisterous drunken group. All the sweet and poetical portion seemed faded and inefficient by comparison. The true method of doing justice to these humorous episodes is to treat them *en passant*, as it were—lightly to touch them and then let them go as lightly.

The recent success of the "old morality" play, and the extraordinary effect it left on the public, were really owing to the sound principles I have been trying to set forth. Were Shakespeare's pieces dealt with under conditions and modifications after the same fashion, they might be found quite as impressive. There was no scenery to speak of ; there was simply an "abstract stage," somewhat after the Greek pattern, a sort of generalised *locus in quo*, which might be anything or anywhere. Indeed, the only weak points were where there was an attempt at scenic representation—the two alcoves at the sides where the "Good Works" were placed, which had quite a clumsy air. The characters and incidents stood by themselves, unassisted and unadorned, and each, in consequence, seemed to fill the stage. I could fancy some earnest revivalist "coming along" and seeking to treat the piece after the popular methods, bringing on crowds, &c., and showing Everyman as the centre of a band of revellers, with rich dresses, banquetings, and the like. There would be visions, the electric light in profusion, and at the close an apotheosis of Everyman himself, all which would be quite legitimate according to revivalist principles, and, it might be claimed, was contained or

implied by the text. But the whole charm of *Everyman* would have vanished.

The finale of "*Hamlet*," where nearly all the characters are killed together, has excited the ridicule of our neighbours, the French. We are a very literal people and have little imagination, otherwise we should have long since found methods to make the scene appear plausible and convincing. This, I fancy, could be done if we were by a strong effort to throw ourselves into the author's mind and strive to find what he actually intended, which was certainly not the usual grotesque result. The players, however, cannot resist making the most of their fencing bout, dying, &c. We are constantly invited to admire how elegantly such a one used the foils, how he had "lessons from old Bertrand," &c. There is a deal of by-play as to the changing of the foils, the killing of Laertes, then of the King, and the Queen's death by poison. All things are huddled, as it were, upon one another, and have to be "got through" somehow. And yet all the time they are not unnatural. It is natural that the King should get Laertes to "pink" Hamlet, that Hamlet, discovering the trick, should kill Laertes, and also the King who had aimed at *his* life. It is the poisoning of the Queen that spoils the rest—it is always so unnaturally done. The first three killings should be in a whirl. The Queen usually gives an absurd stage cry and dies; but were this done with deliberation, as in life, there would be no grotesque effect. She should command the scene for the moment. There should be first agitation and signs of suffering from the poison, then a faint cry. The eyes of the others should be drawn towards her. What she says should be in a low voice. She should seem to die gradually, but not at any fixed moment.

The last stage direction in "*Hamlet*" is "A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies," after which "a peal of ordnance" is shot off. This lifting and bearing off "dead bodies" is always an awkward business. The "Super soldiers" do it clumsily and with difficulty. We always fear they may drop their burden. Then as a "slow march" strikes up they must fall into step, walking two and two, &c., and in time, which is quite unlike anything in life, and in a similar situation.

A favourite Shakespearean convention is the march played in the orchestra while the King, Queen, and the whole "Court" enter in solemn state, almost walking in time to the music. We see the conductor interposed between us and them, and beating time. The Royal pair, say in "*Hamlet*," walk last. The courtiers advance two and two, or three and two; "guards," it may be, bring up the

rear. This sort of stilted business is not warranted by the text or the situation. Royalties in real life do not promenade it in this way. No doubt they should have a retinue of two or three attendants ; but it is clear that the King and Queen, having private family matters to discuss, would not do so before such a crowd.

The whole of this procession business, whatever be the shape it takes, is always unnatural and unlike real life. It is expected that it must defile in serpentine fashion *round* the stage, obviously to give the audience a good view of the dresses, &c. These evolutions whether of "the army" returning from victory or of a religious procession, are all panoramic and have naught to do with dramatic action. We never can shut out the idea of the square enclosed box within which they must be executed. But the real objection is that it is unlike anything in life. Crowds arrayed in the streets or in court-yards do not proceed to walk round and round in this way. This truth should be laid to heart : that it is impossible to present any idea of a true crowd on the boards unless in a symbolical fashion—the area is too contracted.

The "Chorus" has always been considered an old-fashioned excrescence and nuisance by those arranging the Bard's plays. It has been retained, however, on the grounds of propriety or tradition, though treated as a sort of recitation and without any attempt at giving its dramatic meaning or inspiration. I confess I never saw its full significance and utility until recently, in the very intelligent Mollison-Waller revival of "Henry V." There it seemed to be an essential element of the drama, so admirably and dramatically was it dealt with. It seemed to furnish a useful and intellectual device for scene-changing, and to expound how the spectator passed from England to France, so bright and intelligent was Miss Lily Hanbury's declamation, so real, too, and earnest. She sat enthroned in a high Siddons's chair as she spoke—an intelligent idea. As I recollect, the old fashion was that a sort of Minerva in a helm and holding out a spear should stalk forth and "spout" at the audience—an artificial, pantomime method. But Miss Hanbury's Chorus seemed an actual portion of the play itself, so persuasive and interesting was it. It was possibly only by an accident that it came to be thus effective ; but by and by we may gradually reach to the true interpretation of *all* these Shakespearean excrescences, as they are thought to be, by the simple recipe of presenting them as the author intended, without overloading them with additions and decorations. It may be so. This excellent performance, by the way, also illustrated the absurdities of the stage lighting. On being seated

before a "front cloth" the whole range of the footlights was suffered to play on the actress's face in a very disagreeable way, to the loss of all effect.

There is nothing so destructive of illusion and dramatic effect as the stage music in the form it is commonly rendered. It is supposed to colour or intensify the situation. We know that the moment has come by the "conductor" getting into his seat, and beginning to *beat* time for the moving strains, his waving arms being conspicuous in the middle of the stage. Here is at once a link with the prosy outer world; it brings us down to earth again. It would be different were the executants wholly concealed, the music floating upwards from some unseen region. How absurd in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," when the fairies are fluttering about in their dances, crossing and recrossing in the shadows, to see the fiddlers hard at work over their shaded lamps, and the conductor, whose moment has *now* come, gesticulating away at Mendelssohn's music! So with the minstrel who has to warble some of the Shakespearean lilt, say "*Hey nonny*," and who, we are as certain as we are of our existence, is Mr. Jack Robertson or Mr. Curtice Pounds masquerading it, for so the bills tell us.

In the common arrangement the play is interrupted, and the song is virtually performed for the audience. The singer stands forward and pretends to play his lute—the orchestra accompanies. We turn to, say, a scene in Act III. of "*Henry VIII.*," and get some light. The Queen and some of her women are working together, and she says :

Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with troubles :
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst, &c.

The other then begins "*Orpheus with his lute*," which is quite *à propos*, for she sings that

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Is there not here dramatic action and a guide for treatment? The "wench" should unobtrusively, and unconscious of the audience, softly warble her comforting notes; the others should turn their faces to the singer as if enjoying the strain and comforted by it. Of course it would be more conventional and effective to stand up and come forward, ignoring the Queen and the other "wenches," and take the time from the stick-waving leader. The lilt, having been set by Sir Arthur Sullivan or by some one of his measure, is sure to wind

up with an obstreperous orchestral passage, during which, unless encored, the wench returns to her seat.

The "Hamlet" fencing match is always done *secundum artem*—with the proper *carte* and *tierce*, which always suggests something artificial and like an exhibition. A crowd looking on from such a distance as the audience is would gather no more than that there was a general interchange of passes, rapid scuffling going on. The deliberate mechanism of the science is quite too trivial for the scene. The single combats with broadswords are, even now, very much after the pattern of the Master Crummles's encounter. Who has ever seen a cudgelling administered naturally on the scenes yet the Bard has many such. It is very evident how the wielder of the stick, after his threatening flourish, invariably checks its descent as it touches the shoulder of the victim. This clumsy method is quite palpable to all, and does really seem the one way of carrying out the stage direction "*Beats him.*" But is it worth while exhibiting a beating when everyone knows and can see that it is a mere sham, and that the fellow is not being beaten?

Another matter that is never considered in these revivals is the direction that ends every one (I think) of the plays; so soon as the last word is spoken the curtain does not descend, but the players go off—"Exeunt." There is as much dramatic interest or expression in the going-off from the scene as in the entering on it. But there is a total dearth of interest or expression in the regimental drawing up of the players in a row, and then waiting solemnly as the curtain descends and covers them in. With the final cessation of the action there is no cause for them to remain.

Juliet's balcony, from which so much lovely poesy is discoursed, cannot be accommodated on any average stage, the usual condition being that Romeo's head all but touches the bottom rail. A pair of lovers are making love, one on the ground, the other in the balcony; such are the conditions. It is always forgotten that the balcony in Italian cities is a sort of *loggia* or place of promenade. I could fancy it placed cornerwise, with only one end or a side visible.

This balcony cannot be placed high up, as the architectural construction would be difficult or impossible; if placed low it is accessible to the lover. A solid stone *loggia* such as the scenic artist would contrive would have the effect of a terrace; a mere small balcony would offer no room, and cramp the Juliet's movements. We hear, and have heard, a great deal about this "Balcony Scene," and we have all seen many a heroine of the balcony; and the Bard may have felt instinctively the difficulties to which his heroine

would be exposed. But on looking to the text we find that there is no "balcony" at all, and that Juliet "appears at a window." How infinitely more dramatic, and what infinitely better facilities for pose and graceful gestures, withdrawals, and reappearances does this offer!

Variations of level on the ground are not inconsistent with illusion, but variations or breaks in a vertical surface are so. Indication is the true method; a balcony or its "quiddity," as Elia might put it, should be suggested. All the spectacle requires is that Juliet should be separated by some sort of barrier from her lover. Here again it is impossible for a mere layman to show how the thing is to be done; but it is for the scenic craftsman to work it out, having been supplied with the principle.

I remember Mr. W. S. Gilbert, on whom I was once urging the necessity of "cloths," asking me how this balcony in "Romeo and Juliet" was to be treated. It must be constructive. Here was a scene within a scene: an adjunct just as much as a "practicable" door or a window. I confess that seems a serious objection; but it merely seems so, for in theory the balcony does not belong to the stage, and is really "off" it. A balcony on the stage is quite impracticable, and conveys no illusion; for, from lack of space, it must be a few feet over the Romeo's head. In real life no one could witness an interview between anyone on a balcony and a person on the ground. If he were near enough to hear what was going on he would have to be close under it, while Juliet would be aloft, near the flies; if he were to pass away to a distance, so as to have the diminishing effect of the perspective, he could not see or hear anything. The truth is, the difficulty is insoluble; whence one might draw the conclusion that the situation is undramatic, *i.e.* not to be treated scenically.

But unless we start with the idea that the stage is what the name betokens—a raised platform in the centre for the purpose of conveniently exhibiting the performers—we shall never reach the true principles of illusion. We now always consider it a sort of enclosed place, like a peep-show. In the earliest days, when the first notion occurred of making a number of persons stand in the middle and give a mimic representation of what goes on in life, only the words and acting would be thought of. The idea of huge screens and stretched canvas painted over, with blazing lights in all directions, was undreamed of. The whole play was comprised in the individuals and in what they said; the imagination supplied the scene and all the rest. At a later stage we find this wooden platform enlarged and developed into the Greek stage—a stone

building with steps and a canopy, and one scene ingeniously made *general*, outdoor as well as indoor. This old ideal of a platform was maintained until very recently in stage construction, by projecting the stage forward between the columns of the proscenium into the pit. This conveyed that the stage was detached and belonged to the regions beyond the arch. The result was that the actor came forward into the body of the house, and that often a good deal of the action went on in front of the curtain line. This seemed, as it were, to detach and set free the performers, who ranged in a space not bounded by screens. Within recent years all this has been changed, the "fore stage" cut off and added to the pit, and the players driven back within the arch.

In our model Shakespearean revival the monstrous structures of built-up scenery should be unknown, and cloths the only scenery used. This should be the idea, though of course concession must be made to modern fashion. But the cloth and wings, with a low degree of light and a special system of painting adapted to that lighting, should be the method. If this were all carefully and scientifically wrought out, we should have an abstract and generalised system, which, though far off from what ought to be, would harmonise with the spirituality of the Shakespeare pieces. All these elements, abused and exaggerated—dress, scenes, colours, lights, crowds—act and react on each other.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE MIDLAND BROOK.

WE know quite well what a brook is, but we are rather puzzled as to how to define it. In scientific language, we suppose, it would be classed as a feeder or a tributary, but we cannot regard either of these definitions as satisfactory ; the first is too utilitarian, and the second is too suggestive of Cæsar and other forms of exact knowledge. Nor do we find it more happily placed in the popular idiom. A brook is not a river, nor is it a ditch ; the one name is inexact, the other insulting. A brook is —— but we are still puzzled, and must go to our task more subtly. When you find a stream that is neither so great but that a reasonably active man encumbered with rod, landing-net, and creel can without rashness attempt to jump across it at least three times in every mile, nor so small but that it is capable of maintaining a few trout, then you may conclude that what you have found may be a brook. We say “may,” because there are also burns and becks which would fulfil the conditions we have laid down. As a rule, it is easy to distinguish a burn or beck (except for the Hampshire beck they are practically the same) from a brook. The main point of difference is mud. Your right-minded brook is rich in mud, while your burn has little or none, and seeks to make up for the deficiency by rocks and shingle. The Hampshire beck, so far as we know it, is a thing by itself, a sort of miniature chalk-stream readily to be distinguished from a brook by the clearness of its water and the consistency of its bed, which is hardly more muddy than a northern burn. If there is mud, it is not a beck at all, whatever the natives may call it, but a brook.

We have been at some pains to draw these distinctions, because we do not wish it to be thought that we are singing the praises of the small stream in general. The burn has received more than its share of adulation from angling writers, and we cannot but think that it has deteriorated in consequence. It has begun to realise its own importance and is puffed up with pride, and it now takes as good care of its trout as the Itchen itself, which, when you consider that the said trout average some six to the pound, is clearly monstrous. There may perhaps be yet a burn or two in those very

remote parts of the kingdom to which the invention of printing has hardly penetrated which are still unspoiled by education. Mr. Andrew Lang knows one, and guides us to it after this fashion: "When, O stranger, thou hast reached a burn where the shepherd asks thee for the newspaper wrapped round thy sandwiches that he may read the news, then erect an altar to Priapus, god of fishermen, and begin to angle boldly." This does not help us much to the discovery of the burn, but it induces the reflection that sandwiches wrapped in newspaper are not at all nice, and unless the angler has reason to believe himself in the neighbourhood of the precious stream we think he would do well to wrap his sandwiches in something else. But perhaps Mr. Lang has calculated on his doing so, and thus renders his burn doubly secure. For our part, we know the burn not. Of those which we do know, most are under the delusion that they are salmon rivers at the least, and worth about a guinea a foot in good golden currency. If we thought it would do any good we would endeavour to undeceive them, but we fear the mischief has gone too far, and so we will leave them to their wrong-headed pride.

With the brook, the honest, solemn, Midland brook, it is different. No one sings its praises; few people even realise its possibilities. It receives, perhaps, a certain amount of unthinking acknowledgment from the neighbourhood as presenting some difficult jumps to a young horse; but only to one or two is it given to understand that in this sluggish obstacle to the field are such trout as those who fish in burns can only dream of. We grant that the appearance of the brook is against it; the water is thick, not muddy exactly, but of a dark complexion which makes it impossible to see to the bottom where it is over eighteen inches in depth; the bottom is principally mud or muddy clay, and the round sullen pools are full of old stumps and branches; the whole is lamentably suggestive of eels. And yet it contains trout, real trout, short, thick fish seldom weighing less than a pound, and sometimes as much as three pounds. Young Farmer John knows all about them, and in answer to our questions admits that he generally gets a brace of fish, and often two brace, of which one at least is a two-pounder. Once he got as many as five brace on a single afternoon early in April. But then John only goes out when there has been a heavy storm and the water is muddy, and he fishes always with a big worm. He does not seem to think much of the brook and the trout. They are only fish to him, not the chiefest jewels in his crown and worth more than their weight in gold; we fancy he thinks much more highly of his rabbits. We feel that in asking his permission to fish in the mile and a half

that runs through his land we are taking advantage of his ignorance of the proper balance of things ; but as usual we grasp our conscience by the throat and squeeze it into acquiescence. "Why, yes," he says cheerily, "fish as much as you like, but I'm afraid you won't catch much with the water so low."

The fact that the brook has not been exploited has its advantages. Permission to fish in a recognised trout stream is not granted thus easily and ungrudgingly. In the event, we do not materially diminish the stock of fish in the water. We visit it perhaps four times ; the first day we catch nothing at all, the next two days we get a brace of fish each time, and the last day (there has been some rain in the interval) we are lucky enough to catch four nice trout. But, as John observes, there are plenty left, and we take his word for it willingly, though it is only about once in a season that you can form any sort of estimate of how many trout a Midland brook really does hold. On some warm July evening perhaps they may suddenly take it into their heads to rise all together, and then in pools which you have fished over and over again, and in which you are ready to swear there is not a single trout, you shall see five or six good fish feeding steadily. But on other days and evenings you shall not see a sign of fish ; the brook seems absolutely lifeless except for the water-spiders and the occasional bubbles caused by an eel, and you fish on without the least encouragement, until you begin to doubt whether there is a trout in the stream at all. But if you are lucky enough to be at hand on the one evening, and to happen upon the right fly, you may make up for a good many blank days.

To be successful in brook-fishing needs a long and patient apprenticeship. It takes years to understand even one brook ; but there is this much of consolation in the matter, that when you thoroughly know one you are much better able to cope with others, for they all have many characteristics in common. They all have much the same variations of stream and pool, of mill-head and mill-tail, they all abound in old stumps and willow-roots, and they all have an occasional waterfall or weir, with a floodgate in the pool above it. So it comes about that the best places for trout in one brook have their counterparts in another, and the practised eye can detect them at once. It does not follow, of course, that the fish are to be caught ; but it is something to know where one has the best chance of catching them, and to feel that one is not through ignorance fishing in spots where no trout can possibly be.

Now for brook-fishing a man must have an open mind ; he

must not be wrapped up in theories, or too submissive to public opinion. If one method of fishing seems to him more likely to succeed than another, he must be prepared to adopt it, and must to a certain extent disregard what is considered dignified in a sportsman. He should be ready to—— But it occurs to us that all this preamble may have prepared the reader for the worst, so we hasten to say that we do not mean that he should set nightlines or use a net. We only intended delicately to introduce the question of the worm. The matter is simple enough in reality. Some parts of a brook cannot be fished with a fly, by reason of the bushes and trees on the banks, and in other parts (except on that one evening to which we have referred before) the angler might throw flies for ever without getting a rise. Therefore, if these parts are to be fished at all, there is only one thing for it—a worm. Even in the parts of the stream where a fly can be used with effect, we do not recommend strict and invariable orthodoxy. An Alexandra—the poacher's pet—will sometimes kill a brook trout which would not look at an ordinary fly, and in that case we think its use quite legitimate. In fact, it comes to this : brook trout are so hard to catch by any means short of actual violence that we would advise the angler to be ready to try anything up to the said limit. He will have been fortunate if at the end of a day's fishing, during which he has tried every known lure, his basket contains two brace of fish, and we shall be ready to applaud him even though he took them all with a worm. We are not sure, though, that the worm is altogether the best bait, except when the water is very thick. A rather large March Brown has served us excellently at times, and as a general rule we should say that the fly has yielded us quite as much result if not more. Whether the fly should be used wet or dry depends entirely on local conditions. As a rule, one is only too thankful to be able to get a fly on to the water anyhow ; but here and there one always finds a certain amount of open water, and if in it a fish or two may be seen rising, a dry fly may be put over them with advantage. Dry or wet, only one fly should be used, and it should be rather larger than those employed on a river. There is also another method, which we have not mentioned, well worth trying on summer evenings, and that is dibbling with a real moth or some other large insect. We incline to think that the man who fishes in this way is the truest disciple of Izaak Walton, who loved it beyond all other kinds. But how you shall get your fish out when you have hooked him is entirely a matter for yourself to arrange with Providence.

Prepared, then, to fish as seemeth him best, the angler will

proceed to investigate the stream. Let us take Farmer John's water as the scene of his operations, for it is typical of the brook in general. It includes two disused and dilapidated mills, about a mile apart, with their mill-pounds and mill-tails, backwaters and weirs, if we can give that name to little falls about five feet wide. As the mills have not been working for years, there is only a trickle of water running under their wheels, and the tails below are shallow and weedy and not worth fishing. The pounds above are in consequence stagnant and also weedy in parts, but they are fairly deep, in places as much as five feet, and they hold the largest trout in the brook. The lower one widens out to about thirty feet close to the mill, and is some forty yards long. The other is longer, narrower, and deeper. It is not of much use to fish them in the daytime, but in the evening a fish or two may be found rising round the hatch-hole above the weir, or at the top end where the water is shallower. Then a fly at the end of a long line may tempt a heavy fish. In the daytime the best places to fish will be the little weir-pools and the backwaters below them, because the main current of the brook runs through them now that the mills are not working. The weirs are the choicest spots of all, so we will make our way to the lower one first. At first sight it does not look promising for fishing. From the mill-pound it is a drop of about six feet to the pool below, and the angler finds that the wall above is the only point from which he can possibly fish, for the weir-pool is a sort of harbour framed in bushes, through which no human ingenuity could insinuate a rod unless an axe were employed for half an hour first, while across the middle of the pool, just where it is deepest, lies the trunk of a recumbent willow with projecting branches. This leaves about three square yards for fishing, and that leaves no room for sentiment. A worm is essential to the fishing of this place, and with a worm shall it be fished. The angler has brought a stiff little fly-rod, nine feet in length, which is sturdy enough for worm-fishing and at the same time able to throw a fly a long distance when a heavy tapered casting-line is used with it; it is just the thing for brook-fishing, in which power is required, combined with shortness. He fits it up and attaches a strong worm-trace to the running line; he uses a large hook and weighs it with a small bullet. On the hook he places a small lobworm, hooking it in the middle and once only, for this gives it more freedom to wriggle, and so attract the fish. Then he drops his baited hook into the rush of the fall, and waits. Thames trout-fishers know well that the trout in a weir lie just where the water seems roughest, right under the foam; the fact is that

immediately under the fall the commotion is merely superficial; deeper down the water is quite calm, and the fish may rest there in comfort, and if any tempting morsel comes over their heads they can seize it in an instant.

The worm has not been in the water a minute before there is a slight twitch at the line, and the angler knows that he has a bite. There is no violent rush; the fish is at home, and need not move more than an inch or two. An unpractised hand would hardly realise that the tremor meant anything, but the angler understands it, and after giving the fish a few seconds to get the worm well into its mouth, he strikes. Then is proved the wisdom of his strong tackle. It is no joke at any time to play a trout of a pound and a half in three square yards of water with certain breakage all round; add to this the fact that the man with the rod is standing six feet above the fish, and you get as delicate a combination of difficulties as could well be imagined. He can do nothing but hold on and trust in Providence. Providence does not desert him, and the trout's repeated efforts to reach the old tree and the bushes are checked by the uncompromising policy forced upon the man, and at last the victory is won, or rather the fish is beaten. Then arises another problem: how is it to be landed? The victor casts himself on the ground and tries to reach down over the wall with his landing-net, but finds that he cannot come within six inches of the water. He must hazard all. Still lying down he lays the rod on the grass and takes the line in his left hand, and then with his heart in his mouth lifts the fish out of the water until he can put the net under it. It is a risky manœuvre, but good tackle will always stand more strain than one expects, and one can afford to take an occasional liberty with it. The principal danger is that the fish, finding itself in the air, may begin to kick, or the hook may lose its hold. But our angler succeeds this time, and secures his first fish, and is mightily pleased about it. There is nothing more important to success in brook-fishing than to catch one's first fish early in the day; it prevents the despair and incredulity which are only too likely to come upon one when one has fished for hours without seeing a trace of a fish.

He puts his trout in his basket on a bed of long grass, and considers his next move. He must give the weir-pool a rest; though, if he returns to it presently, it is quite likely that it may yield him another fish. The little backwater, which winds for some hundred yards of ripple and pool before it joins the main brook, seems to him the most likely place, so he determines to fish it next.

It is a tiny stream, not more than a yard wide in most parts, though the pools at the bends are all of a fair depth. It is overhung with trees and bushes, and is altogether most difficult to approach. Moreover, the water is much clearer than that of the main brook, so clear in fact that it would be worse than useless to fish it with a worm. He must try and throw a fly on such bits of it as he can get at. Accordingly he takes off his worm trace and replaces it by a short fly-cast on which is a large March Brown. Then he takes a circuitous route through the meadow to the point where the two streams meet. There is generally a trout here, so as he approaches the bank he finds it expedient to go on three legs, as Charles Kingsley phrases it, until he is within about two yards of the water. Then, crouching as low as he can, he endeavours to flick his fly between two willows about four feet apart on to the pool. As happens three times out of four in this sort of fishing, the March Brown refuses to have anything to do with water or trout, and clings tenaciously to one of the willow twigs. The angler jerks at it, hoping to free it without moving, but the wretched thing only clings the tighter. What happens then depends on the nature of the man. He may pull till the cast breaks, put on another fly and endeavour to reach the water again, or he may rise patiently and release the willow. In the one case the odds are that the second fly will join its fellow on the twig, for in brook-fishing accidents have a habit of repeating themselves; in the other, any trout that may be lying abroad in the pool will of course see him and depart hurriedly.

After this occurrence he goes cautiously along the bank, lurking behind trees, crouching behind bushes and losing flies. We would draw a more cheering picture if we could, but we must be truthful, and in fact he does lose many flies. It requires a deal of skill and more of luck to flick a fly with any accuracy, and flick he must, for there is not a spot in the whole backwater to which it is possible to make a legitimate cast. Flicking a fly is an indescribable process by which you make it pass round or through a tree, under a branch and over a bush until it falls safely upon a square foot of water. If it gets round, under, and over the initial obstacles, the chances are largely in favour of its alighting on the bush which always waits for it on the opposite bank, and which is generally inaccessible. Therefore it stands to reason that flies must be lost. So for thirty yards or so he wrestles with circumstance without moving or seeing a fish, but presently he comes to a better spot which is clear of bushes on his own side, though there is a tree. Kneeling behind it he can get his fly on to the water more or less easily. He peeps round the

trunk, and finds that he overlooks a tiny rapid above a pool. And there, by all that is fortunate, is a trout lying in the channel between the weeds, a light-coloured fish of about a pound. He trembles a little as he prepares to flick, for it is nervous work fishing for a trout when you can see him, but it does not prevent him from flicking the fly just where it ought to go—a few inches above the trout's nose. Much flicking and little water have dried the March Brown, and it floats nicely down-stream. As, other things being equal, it was morally certain he would, the fish takes it in a business-like way as soon as it reaches him, and the angler strikes. For about a quarter of a minute there is a sharp tussle; the trout dashes about in the shallow water, and the man in the foolishness of his heart thinks he has him; but finding that the weeds are not strong enough to help him the fish soon turns and bolts down-stream into his hole, and then the fly comes away.

It is disappointing, but natural. Pike tackle would hardly hold a trout in this water, where it is only a distance of a foot or two to the nearest root, and only by the merest luck could a light fly-cast be expected to do so. With human inconsistency the angler, who in his calmer moments would defend the beauty of brook-fishing against all comers, mutters a wrathful wish that he had had the Atlantic or some other open piece of water in which to play the fish. Rather humbled, he then continues his way up-stream. In a deep, dark pool at a bend he sees another fish rise, and again he manages to flick his fly aright. The trout takes it almost before it touches the water, and retires under a root with promptitude. The angler vows that this time he will not be done out of his lawful prey, and without pausing to doff boots or stockings he climbs down the bank and commits himself to the deep. He sinks into the mud at once, sinks horribly, but nothing daunted he wades out into the pool until he can reach the root with his net. Then the fly comes away again, and he returns to shore wet, muddy, and furious, and, we regret to say, he sits down and abuses brooks and brook-fishing for many minutes. Eventually, however, he becomes calmer, reflects that after all he has one good fish in his basket, and decides to go back to the weir-pool, and try for another with a worm. This he does, but not getting another bite he soon leaves it and turns to the main brook.

For about a hundred yards above the floodgate and the weir it is quite a considerable stream, deep, sluggish, and in parts twenty feet wide. To-day it wears its most lifeless aspect, and his fly falls absolutely unheeded. Presently he finds himself by the side of a big

pool below a brick bridge built for Farmer John's hay waggons. There is not a sign of a moving trout, but he fishes over it carefully, and at last, almost under the arch, he gets a rise and hooks his fish. It fights gamely, but in this open pool it is comparatively simple work to land it, and it duly goes into his basket, a nice little trout of nearly a pound. Then he goes on up-stream feeling more cheerful. There is, we confess, rather a monotony about the pools of a brook, especially if one is not sure whether they contain trout, and one never can be sure unless one has seen them on that July evening. They are solemn, we might almost say sulky, pieces of heavy water, and it seems of little use to fish them. Our friend catches nothing and sees nothing for the next half-mile, though he tries the worm as well as the fly. Then at a sharp corner he finds a pretty gravel shallow, at the head of which he gets another rise. He misses the fish, though, and consoles himself with the thought that it was only a small one. A quarter of a mile higher up the brook runs under a road, and on a shallow above the bridge he sees another fish, a big fellow, which unfortunately also sees him, and darts back under the bridge.

Yet another quarter of a mile and he comes to the second mill. The backwater here is short and shallow, but the weir is very promising, forming quite a large pool at the back of the mill. It is not easy to fish, as it is surrounded by tall osiers, but by kneeling on the bank and flicking on rather a large scale he manages to get enough line out. There is very little water coming over the weir now, and the pool is clear and still. The bottom is covered with that dark green mossy weed in which trout love to lie. At the very first cast a trout rises out of the weed and is hooked, but it is only a little thing of an ounce or two, and he puts it gently back. It is not till he puts his fly right under the fall that he gets another rise, but then it is a good one, and a heavy fish feels the steel. It shows fine sport, and rushes about all over the pool, running out his line in grand style, but there are no dangerous places except a tree in the farthest corner, from which he manages to turn it, and in a few minutes he has it in his net, a dark, burly fish weighing two pounds all but an ounce. The pool is too much disturbed now for further fishing, so he leaves it, climbs up a high bank, and finds himself on the edge of the mill-pound. Farmer John's water ends with the meadow in which the pound lies, so he only has about a hundred yards more water at his disposal. The pound is, as we said, narrower and deeper than the one below, and here and there it is overgrown with bushes. He follows it to the end of the meadow,

looking out for a rising fish, but though it is now six o'clock he cannot find one. So he goes back to the deepest part by the hatch-hole and sits down to wait till he does see a rise. To while away the time he puts up his worm tackle, and throws it in on the chance of getting an eel. For a long time it remains untouched, but at last the line quivers a little, and he picks up his rod so as to be in readiness to strike, for you must not give an eel too long or he will swallow the hook and cause you great tribulation. Soon the line begins to move slowly off and he strikes. For nearly a minute the eel, or whatever it is, moves slowly about in a small circle, and the angler congratulates himself on an easy capture. Then, without the least warning, there is a tremendous rush, twenty yards of line are off the reel before he realises what is happening, a great fish leaps out of the water a long way off, and all is silence. The angler winds in his line reflecting on the perversity of things. It is not often that one can meet with one of the very big fish that these brooks sometimes hold, and when one does it is a pity to mistake it for an eel. That trout may have been anything over five pounds.

After this everything else seems of small importance, and though our angler catches another trout of about a pound in the weir-pool, he has to a great extent lost interest in his fishing, and presently he takes his rod down and starts off on his four-mile walk home. As things go he has not done at all badly, and his two brace of trout are at any rate well earned. Moreover, the big one is still there, and he can come again.

H. T. SHERINGHAM.

THE MAGNY DINNERS.

PARIS in the spring of 1863, after a series of revolutionary disasters, had seemingly returned to a normal state of business-like tranquillity ; peaceful citizens had resumed their ordinary occupations, literary men their long-interrupted devotion to the fine arts, all was diversion in a gay and festive court, and pleasure was the order of the day.

Yet, underlying so much apparent security, the snake lurked in the grass ; private intrigue and the existence of secret associations were more than suspected, and although little was positively known, much was whispered of political quarrels. The spirit of democracy was by no means laid, misgiving attached to the most ordinary proceedings, no word or deed was free from espionage, and a disinterested opinion was not to be found.

In the midst of such dangerous undercurrents, that a society should have been formed whose chief object was sincerity and freedom of speech was no doubt sufficiently remarkable ; where else could have been imagined decrees which conferred the perilous privilege of truth-telling ?

There were to be no secrets, no private convictions, no avoidance of hazardous topics, and the revelations of such a confessional cannot fail to be of interest, although, as in some similar cases, there may be little to reveal.

Sainte-Beuve and Gavarni, unquestioned autocrats in literature and art, were the chief promoters of the scheme, and not the least important point which called for their attention was the discovery of a convenient meeting-place for men whose brain-work naturally demanded, after their daily business was done, the support and relaxation of good food and pleasurable surroundings. These essentials were presently fulfilled in the celebrated Magny Restaurant, much frequented by *bons-vivants*, where Magny himself, *chef par excellence*, oratorically demonstrated that an appetising *menu* was the most potent as well as the most agreeable of mental stimulants.

At first the number of associates was limited. Sainte-Beuve,

Gavarni, the Marquis de Chennevières, antiquary and art collector, Dr. Veyne, literary as well as medical expert, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt were the only members present, but very shortly most of the brilliant writers of the day took places at the table, forming a notable band of wise, witty, and prominent men.

Sainte-Beuve, capable and merciless critic, who could make or mar with a single stroke of the pen, took the lead by virtue of seniority; his recollections were full of interest, his biographical notes inexhaustible. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Mme. Récamier, besides all the veterans of the long-extinguished Cénacle, were names a far less gifted story-teller would have made fascinating, and the delicate acrimony with which it was his habit to garnish his literary stores was found no unpalatable addition to their flavour.

But little note was taken ostensibly of the proceedings of the Magny coterie. It excited neither wonder nor curiosity in the outside world, and only in the "Goncourt Journal" is there any record of the lively converse of the *convives*; but scanty and disjointed as such reminiscences must naturally be, they are valuable in their spirit, candour, and veracity as a faithful picture of the time.

The brothers, delicate and accurate observers, were accustomed to set down the most notable events of every day—the people they had met, the things that they themselves had done; but all too briefly and without any comment of their own. Edmond would be found at the writing-table, pen in hand, whilst Jules lay at length on a divan, recollecting, suggesting, dictating, and smoking any number of cigarettes. Their double individuality is well known; it was so strange as to be almost incredible—one person in two volumes, as they were described by Gautier. There was but one mind between them; their sympathies and antipathies were the same, each apparently receiving the same impression at the same moment. "L'autre de nous," was the way in which each would speak of the other, and naturally there was no end to the confusion occasioned by this similarity: a topic begun with Edmond would be continued later with Jules without the change of individual having been perceived, and as exactly the same opinions were held by both, it was only the bystanders who with great amusement perceived the mistake.

At the second Magny dinner, Charles Edmond, a journalist who it was said, had lived everywhere and knew everybody, brought with him Turgenev. The strong attachment of the Russian to his French friends, a source of jealousy to his own countrymen, was interpreted as a mere *camaraderie de restaurant*; but in truth his popularity was not so restricted: his vast intelligence and the

extreme sweetness of his nature were thoroughly appreciated by the whole literary and fashionable world of Paris. He is described in the "Goncourt Journal" as "un Colosse charmant, un doux génie d'une montagne ou d'un forêt. Il est beau, grandement beau, avec le bleu de ciel dans les yeux."

Enthusiastically welcomed by his hosts and duly susceptible of Magny's most savoury inspirations, he spoke very freely of his country and its literature, admitting that Russian authors were on the high road to the most obnoxious type of realism, although Tolstoi's first works, "Guerre et Paix" and "Anna Karenina," were "absolument du premier ordre." He himself was so desirous that they should be known in France that he had sent copies to Taine, About, Theuriet, Daudet, and Zola; but as to the author's later works it must be acknowledged that his philosophy was mystic, childish, and *diablement* fitted to spoil a romance. He added that French fiction was no longer popular in Russia; "that Russians went to England and America for romance; that even Dickens, so long the rage, was out of date; that there was a perfect craze for novelty; and Heinrich Heine and German writers, chiefly poets, were all the fashion, and very justly so——" Whereupon Sainte-Beuve, displeased at eulogiums wherein he had no share, kept muttering the word *charlatan*, not, however, attempting to explain what he meant, but speaking merely for the sake of opposition. Turning the conversation on Balzac, he declared that in "Cousine Bette" and the rest the characters were overdrawn, untrue to life, preposterous!

"But who has faithfully painted our own times?" Gautier demanded. "Where is the present state of society to be found—in what book—if Balzac has not painted it?"

"Imaginative—wholly imaginative!" cried Sainte-Beuve. "I know the Rue de Langlade—not a bit like it."

"But in what work of fiction do we find reality?" persisted Théo; and Renan, hitherto silent, replied that he found more truth in Georges Sand than in Balzac. "The passions she depicts are not uncommon; they are true to life. Three hundred years hence Georges Sand will still be read!"

"Balzac is too complex, too studied," said St. Victor, whose own style, set in the sphere of vast ideas and insoluble problems, provoked a smile from his hearers as he proceeded, quite unconsciously: "The beautiful is always simple—*vide* Homer."

"Your Homer only paints physical suffering," remarked Gautier; "it is easier to describe."

"'Et moriens reminiscitur Argos,'" quoted St. Victor. "Here

lies the radical difference between ancient and modern literature. How fully those four words express the regret of the dying man for his country and all that it meant for him! There is no writer since Hugo who would not have replaced this simplicity by a detail."

"I had hitherto held my tongue," wrote Edmond, in the "Journal," "but then by way of pacification I had to confess it gave me more pleasure to read Hugo than the 'Iliad.' This was voted rank blasphemy, a perfect insult to human intelligence; whereupon I remarked that at a table where honest opinion was peremptorily enjoined it was rather hard I alone might not express my own without so much invective."

There was perhaps no name more frequently mentioned at these meetings than that of Victor Hugo. The first overwhelming enthusiasm, when it would have been little less than treason to cavil at a word, was already exhausted, and even those who still proclaimed him the sovereign poet of the world were obliged to submit calmly to adverse criticism.

Taine, a dinner guest as often as his literary and historical work permitted, and whose opinions were governed, as it was suggested, by a mixture of German metaphysics, French positivism, and English naturalism, and to whom poetry was absolutely uncongenial, declared that Hugo was carried away by his imagination.

"Do not dare to speak of him," thundered Sainte-Beuve. "There are only two of us here who understand him—Gautier and myself." This, needless to say, was in the earlier days of a friendship afterwards so embittered.

"It is, I suppose, what you call poetry," replied Taine: "descriptions of towers and skies—of anything almost; but that to my mind is not poetry—it is painting."

"A mistake! a bourgeois stupidity," said Gautier. "You ask of poetry mere sentimentalism. It is not that! Brilliant, melodious, rhythmical words—that is poetry! Read the beginning of 'Rathbert'—there is no music in the world like that! All Italy is emblazoned there!"

"Ah! the poet of Guernsey," laughed Taine. "Guernsey is steeped in armorial bearings."

"Apropos of that book, Hugo *raconte par un témoin de sa vie*," said Gautier reflectively: "'It is full of mistakes; it was not a *red* waistcoat I wore at the *First* of Hernani, but a *rose-coloured* one,'" and, as much laughter followed this well-worn explanation, he continued: "But this is important! *Red* is the badge of republicanism

—republicanism ! Bah ! we did not even suspect what it meant !” After much applause, Dr. Veyne said quietly, “Magical work after all, these books of Hugo’s, and, like all that of the great masters, apt to give one a touch of brain fever.”

Upon another occasion Thiers’s “Revolution” was mentioned, and it seemed generally agreed that his historical power was not conspicuous, and that he would pass for a mere amateur with a future generation. Sainte-Beuve defended him, murmuring, “But such a charming man : *tant d’esprit*, possessing so much influence !” And as he left the table there was some laughter at his expense, someone remarking that if Mirabeau, in his hearing, should be called a traitor, the critic would have said, without perceiving the irrelevance—“*Ah ! but how he loved Sophie !*”

No studied memoir of the writer of “*Les Causeries*” could give a better proof of the slight estimation in which his judgments were held by his contemporaries than this scrap of after-dinner criticism. It was evident that he was not always taken at his own valuation, and when, with a sort of *fanfaronnade*, he declared that his earliest and most decided preference was for the laurels of a military life, Edmond de Goncourt whispered, “*Mais j’ai rarement rencontré de ma vie une vocation plus manquée que celle-là.*”

There was never any doubt that their chief biographer was never wholly just to the greatest of the Romanticists ; even in an eloquent eulogium on Hugo, Lamartine, Musset, or De Vigny one could generally discover a shade of animosity, whilst something which savoured of jealousy and bitterness towards his early friend inclined him to be more indulgent to second-class writers, a mistake which could not be forgiven by all lovers of true genius.

At the first Magny dinner after the death of Alfred de Vigny, there was a long discussion on all the points of his singular character, his talents, and the verdict to be passed upon him at a future day. Sainte-Beuve, who arrived fully primed with anecdotes, revelations, and suppositions, expressed a doubt that he had any right to a title, “although,” he continued, “there certainly was a noble of that name in 1814—a Count de Vigny who is reported in Garrick’s ‘Memoirs’ to go about begging—this might have been an ancestor.” Then after a pause—“Vigny was not of this world ; he was angelic—always angelic ! No one ever saw him eat and drink ; one spoke to him of dinner and he looked surprised. He was really superb ! And his egoism ! After one of his most wearisome orations at the Academy it being mildly suggested that his discourse had been long, he replied : ‘*Yes, but I am not at all tired.*’”

Commenting on this afterwards, Jules de Goncourt said thoughtfully : " Whenever I hear Sainte-Beuve speak of the dead in his little, short, disjointed sentences, I seem to see a swarm of ants running over the body ; he can eat away a glory in less than ten minutes, leaving nothing but dry bones." The conversation turning after a time to the Paris salons, Sainte-Beuve spoke of Mme. de Circourt and her coterie, very mixed, very vivacious, a little noisy, where everybody spoke at once and nobody listened, and he said there were only two frequented by literary men—that of the Princess Mathilde, and that of Mme. de Paiva, whose romantic story was taken up by Gautier and embellished, as was his wont. She was a Russian, an illegitimate daughter of Prince Constantin, a fine musician and pupil of Hertz. She gave music lessons, but, reduced to extreme poverty, was left for dead in an hotel in the Champs Elysées ; but she recovered and became the fashion, entertained all Paris, and in case of failure there was always the resource of chloroform. Of the salon of the Princess Mathilde, the De Goncourts wrote enthusiastically. It was a *maison princière*, a true palace of the nineteenth century, where there reigned full liberty of thought and speech, whilst she herself, a perfect type of the modern woman, full of charm, *spirituelle*, altogether up to date, was surrounded by all the celebrities. She made no distinction between young and old, but her predilections were in favour of the latter. Gavarni was one of her most frequent guests—worn out and discouraged—*l'homme qui a fait sa tâche*. He was still remarkable for his powers of observation—even of divination ; he could tell the profession of passers-by with whom he had never exchanged a word—an insight for which he himself could never account, but which was seldom known to fail. He had an extraordinary recollection of the faces he saw in the street ; they became as fixed in his brain as in a photographic gallery, so that he did not paint imaginatively, but actually beheld as in a reflected vision the figures he delineated. His companions in the studio declared that he would often say, whilst putting a finishing touch to a caricature, " Don't you remember that expression ? . . . What ! not the face of the man we met one day in the boulevard ? " And this was perhaps twenty years before.

One evening the conversation fell on Flaubert, his method, his patience, his inexhaustible industry : "*Je passe ma vie à ronger le cœur et la cervelle*," he once declared. And it was true ; he never spared the work of either, and by a very singular method of composition would create difficulties for the pleasure of mastering them : he would even compose the musical finish of a sentence he had not

begun, and would say that he had many pages of a novel to finish, but had already arranged the melody of its final words. "*Pauvre garçon !*" laughed Théo. "His life is poisoned by a remorse which must bring him to the grave. . . . You don't know it? He found out that he had coupled two genitive cases together in the same sentence, and that it was too late to alter it."

A new work by Michelet was discussed, and the manner of his life described. He lived in a large mansion overlooking the Luxembourg Gardens: his rooms, *au troisième*, were approached by a strong office door, very dimly lighted and much encumbered with mediæval furniture, statuettes, pictures, and a heterogeneous crowd of artistic treasures. The description of his attitude on receiving his friends was said to be beyond measure original and comic: seated on a low divan he would take the position of a Chinese joss, with a ridiculous, unmeaning smile beaming over his face. In spite of many years of immense work he was always full of animation, enjoying discussions widely distinct from his own voluminous work. At the moment described he was full of a visit to England, where both in town and country he was struck with the prevalence of gloom, the absence of joy; more particularly among distinguished and literary men, although he should have thought their patriotism and pedestrianism a remedy against that purely national disease *the spleen*.

At another Magny dinner Théophile Gautier accounted for a late appearance by having only just returned from Nohant, where he had been on a visit to Georges Sand. He was asked if it was amusing, and if Madame was in force. "Amusing?—as a monastery of Moravian brothers! I arrived at dusk, was driven through a farm-yard—cocks and hens cackling, dogs barking—my valise was deposited in a thorn bush; the dinner good, but too much game and poultry. Maréchal the painter and Dumas *fil*s were there."

"What is the sort of life at *Nohant*?" was asked.

"The whole day is like clockwork—never varies. Breakfast at ten punctual to the minute. When everyone is seated Mme. Sand appears, walking as if in her sleep—she remains asleep all the time. After breakfast we play 'Cochonnet' in the garden, which revives her a little and she begins to talk. This is the conversation hour—all banal; as for speaking of anything moral or spiritual, it is not to be thought of. I verily believe I should have been shown the door if I had made the least attempt in that direction; but, becoming restless, I ventured on an idea, a sort of maxim *à la Rochefoucauld*, *that there is nothing perfectly sincere between men and women but the*

sentiments that can never be expressed. It was received in ominous silence !

"At three precisely Mme. Sand retires, remaining invisible till six o'clock, when we dine, rather hurriedly by the bye, that Marie the *bonne* may not be kept waiting for her supper, and as this routine went on for days I ventured to say that if there we were to have no literary talk I should take my leave.

"'Ah ! *littérature* !' they all seemed to come from another world."

Gautier was asked for more details, and continued :

"Everything in the house is managed on a silent system ; preparation for 'copy' is made in all the rooms—pens, ink, ruled paper, and cigarettes. There is a box in the hall, with two compartments, one destined for the post, the other for memoranda addressed to the housekeeper in case the visitor should require anything out of the common routine. I had forgotten my dressing-case, so wrote for the loan of brush and comb ; the next morning I received at least half a dozen."

A loud laugh at this went round the table, and it was remarked that such a tangle would require them all, the lion's mane cultivated by Théo being a constant source of badinage.

The Magny Saturdays had now become devoted to theatrical matters, the potent charm of everything connected with the stage engrossing the conversation.

The Goncourts' play, "*Henriette Maréchal*," had been submitted to Thierry, the Director of the Théâtre Français, and he had promised to give it his attention at his first leisure moment ; speaking in advance, however, of the probable distribution of parts, he dazzled the inexperienced authors with the names of Got, Bressant, Delaunay, and Mme. Plessis. He advised a visit to the Sociétaires with the view of obtaining their interest and co-operation.

A full detail of their adventures was required at the dinner-table, and the brothers, nothing loth, related particulars of an interview with Bressant, who at first refused to undertake a part which after a cursory glance he perceived to be a secondary one, adding, however, as they took leave, that he had all the will in the world to be of service to them and would reconsider the matter. Thierry had given them to understand that Delaunay was not unfavourably inclined, having glanced, as it was said, at the manuscript ; but at the first word they were met with a face of surprise : he had heard nothing but the *cancan* of the theatre, where it was said that the

part of lover had been already assigned, and that in any case he would never again personate a youngster.

It had most unfortunately happened that there had just been a volley of ridicule in that morning's *Figaro* on old actors assuming the rôle of *jeunes premiers*, which he felt very keenly.

In their disappointment the unhappy playwrights went to Got, in whom they soon recognised the shrewd observer, the true artist in search of human types and characteristics. It was said of him that during his lengthy career he had played more parts than any living actor in France, and one and all, heavy, medium, or light, were serious for him and played with the same conviction. He began by speaking of the first importance it was to him to have beheld the individual in flesh and blood, or to have understood from the lips of the originator his meaning and conception; for this reason he could only feel sure of a *hit* in the plays of living authors. To him, the writer dead, the piece was dead, and only when he had the good fortune to meet with a type of the imaginary being in real life could he feel satisfied *qu'il tient son personnage*.

But after all, in spite of hesitation and protestation, the rôle in question was played by Delaunay, so well got up with magical touches of paint and powder that he looked little more than the seventeen years old of the character he personated. But before this was finally arranged how many steps had to be taken? how many difficulties to be overcome? Every day brought its little dose of slow poison to the weary playwrights, victims of the caprices, exigencies, petty vanities of actors. It was a life of doubts, fears, and misgivings, until the work, begun in so much hope and faith, became a source of suspense and torture.

The decay of the drama was already recognised. Dumas père, joining the Magny dinners as a welcome guest, is described in the "Journal" as "enormous, in white waistcoat, violently hilarious." He complained of the continual rejection of good work, spoke of his own novels dramatised and interdicted. Nothing, he averred, would succeed but fairy tales; a brainless audience would go home exclaiming, "What lovely scenery! What splendid dresses!"

For many years the Magny Restaurant held its own, but there came to be vacant places at the table once so full of joyous guests, where wit and wisdom reigned supreme, the cares of life forgotten, no dissensions known, and nothing allowed to interfere with good fellowship and a mutual *désir de plaire*.

Sainte-Beuve and Gavarni were the first to disappear, then Louis Bouillet in the prime of life, beloved by all; Flaubert remained a

voluntary exile at Croisset ; Gautier, exhausted with unremunerative work, found out that glory and success may come too late ; Mérimée led an invalid life for many years on the Riviera ; Edmond de Goncourt, broken-hearted, buried his grief amongst his *bibelots* ; and Jules had passed away into the land of shadows.

C. E. MEETKERKE.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ART OF BEAUTY.

THE philosophic mind calmly contemplating the works and achievements of man cannot fail to be struck with wonder and admiration.

Over savage nature man's triumph has been all but complete. Flora and fauna alike acknowledge his sovereignty and bow to his will. The baneful and noxious weed he has crushed and repressed, the beneficent and beautiful growths cultivated and increased ; he has yoked the lion to his chariot, impressed the monsters of the deep with his masterful mission, and the very lightning of heaven itself he has collected and pressed into his service.

Now, when one considers the difficulties with which man has been beset from the very beginning his progress has been truly marvellous ; for not only has he had to contend with flood and tide and wind and climate and seasons ; his womenfolk have proved a sore handful, for it took him between four and five thousand years to teach them the salutary and beautifying practice of washing their faces ! Poets and satirists from Homer to Congreve have never for a moment ceased to firmly impress them with the necessity for this light and simple duty. And, singular to say, it was invariably the reigning beauty of her day and nation that proved the most reluctant to perform the matutinal ablution. And the most inveterate offender of all, perhaps, was the "stag-ey'd" Juno herself, as will be amply attested by the following excerpt from Lord Derby's translation of the "Iliad." To illustrate our argument the quotation will be rather long ; and though everybody is as conversant with his Homer as he is with his Shakespeare, the reader of taste and discrimination will doubtless feel fully rewarded for his pains by the perusal of so rare and delightful a specimen of English blank verse.

Standing on high Olympus' topmost peak,
The golden-thronèd Juno downward look'd,
And, busied in the glory-giving strife,

Her husband's brother and her own she saw,
Saw and rejoic'd; next, seated on the crest
Of spring-abounding Ida, Jove she saw,
Sight hateful in her eyes! then ponder'd deep
The stag-ey'd Queen, how best she might beguile
The wakeful mind of aegis-bearing Jove;
And, musing, this appear'd the readiest mode:
Herself with art adorning, to repair
To Ida: there with fondest blandishment
And female charm, her husband to enfold
In love's embrace; and gentle, careless sleep
Around his eyelids and his senses pour.
Her chamber straight she sought, by Vulcan built,
Her son; by whom were to the door-posts hung
Close-fitting doors, with secret keys secur'd,
That, save herself, no god might enter in.
There enter'd she, and clos'd the shining doors;
And with ambrosia first her lovely skin
She purified, with fragrant oil anointing,
Ambrosial, breathing forth such odours sweet,
That, wav'd above the brazen floor of Jove,
All earth and Heaven were with the fragrance fill'd:
O'er her fair skin this precious oil she spread;
Comb'd out her flowing locks, and with her hand
Wreath'd the thick masses of the glossy hair,
Immortal bright that crown'd the imperial head.
A robe ambrosial then, by Pallas wrought,
She donn'd, in many a curious pattern trac'd,
With golden brooch beneath her breast confin'd.
Her zone, from which a hundred tassels hung,
She girt about her; and, in three bright drops,
Her glittering gems suspended from her ears.
Then o'er her head th' imperial goddess threw
A beauteous veil, new-wrought, as sunlight white;
And on her well-turn'd feet her sandals bound.
Her dress completed, from her chamber forth
She issued.

And she beguiled Jove to her heart's content.

Now, it is evident from the foregoing that Juno was not in the habit of washing herself, and further that she seldom thought it worth her while to look her best in the presence of her husband. The studied attention to her toilette on this occasion is avowedly to beguile the "cloud-compeller." Though why a woman should take so much pains to hoodwink her husband is, to the masculine mind, not easy to comprehend.

Now, the point to be noted is that it was not the custom of the country for ladies—married ladies, at any rate—to bestow much attention on their appearance; if it were, Juno's artifice would have

proved abortive. For it was the very novelty of the thing which appealed to her consort's imagination. The probability is that the poor man had seen nothing like it since the day she cast her wedding-shoon ! About the success of Juno's device there can be no doubt, for a few pages subsequent to the above quotation a lady, one Thetis by name, is closeted with Jove some considerable time. On her leaving Juno quietly questions her husband as to his visitor's errand, and Jove promptly tells her to hold her tongue and mind her own business ; or in the words of Simon Eyre to Firk, in Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," "Wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest." The altercation took place at the fireside, and no doubt Juno's slatternly aspect would account for her husband's high words and harsh treatment.

The lesson the ancient bard endeavoured to inculcate here is obvious enough. If girls ever hoped to command the respect, much more the love and confidence, of the opposite sex, some slight attention to their toilette and attire would prove no hindrance to them. It is noteworthy that there is not a single instance in the "Iliad" where water is applied to the body, beyond the mere laving the hands before pouring out a libation.

Turning from profane to sacred history, we find the "gentle sex" in no better case. Her slovenly habits, it will be remembered, went perilously near costing the beautiful Esther her crown. Only after twelve months' probation to familiarise her with habits of cleanliness was she permitted into the royal presence. When King Ahasuerus first caught a glimpse of her he would have none of her. Civil, but strange, would perhaps best describe his attitude towards her on that occasion. Mark the following verses from the Book of Esther :—

7. And he brought up Hadassah, that is, Esther, his uncle's daughter : for she had neither father nor mother, and the maid was fair and beautiful ; whom Mordecai, when her father and mother were dead, took for his own daughter.

8. So it came to pass, when the king's commandment and his decree was heard, and when many maidens were gathered together unto Shushan the palace, to the custody of Hegai, that Esther was brought also unto the king's house, to the custody of Hegai, keeper of the women.

9. And the maiden pleased him, and she obtained kindness of him ; and he speedily gave her her things for purification, with such things as belonged to her, and seven maidens, which were meet to be given her, out of the king's house : and he preferred her and her maids unto the best place of the house of the women.

12. Now when every maid's turn was come to go in to king Ahasuerus, after that she had been twelve months, according to the manner of the women (for so were the days of their purifications accomplished, to wit, six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odours, and with other things for the purifying of the women).

Judging from the foregoing, Esther's rare beauty and charm of manner would, of themselves, never have supplanted Queen Vashti in the affections of the king. Till Esther rid herself of her filthy habits her rival reigned supreme.

The centuries which have elapsed since Homer's day have not effected much improvement in the matter, for again we find that the counsel which Naomi offers Ruth in order to charm and captivate Boaz is :—

Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor ; but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking.

It is perfectly plain here that the habit of washing themselves had not yet become a passion with womenfolk, else why are they so often reminded of the necessity of it? To her credit be it recorded, though, Ruth discovered at last the soothing and refreshing effect of soap and water. The Shulamite shepherdess sings about her hands dropping with myrrh, and her fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh ; but of water never a word. That element did not as yet find much favour as an external application. If the young and beautiful girl whose thoughts are lightly turned to love is thus chary of making her toilette, what could be expected of her sister stricken in years and shaken by infirmities? Is it after all really very much to be marvelled at that in times past many old women have been burned as witches?

Gliding down the stream of time, casting here and there a passing glance at the Miracle and the Moral Plays, till we come to the thrilling period of the Elizabethan drama, we discover that man has not yet succeeded in converting his helpmate to his way of thinking. Mrs. Quickly, it will be remembered, has Falstaff arrested for debt—though it was not the money she yearned for ; “but let that pass,” as Margery Eyre says. Finding himself entangled in the meshes of the law, the amiable old rascal whispers the “easy yielding” widow into forgiveness, and, having soothed her resentment, observes: “Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go wash thy face and draw thy action.” Well did the nimble-witted knight know the effect a clean face would have upon the man of law. Now here we have a lady, the hostess of a far-famed hotel, patronised by royalty, abroad at mid-day with a dirty face, in London's busy streets ; in the company, be it borne in mind, of law officers of the Crown, as well as of a Lord Chief Justice and his train ; and, above all, in the presence of her lover !

A woman, too, who aspired to be the lady-wife of Sir John Falstaff, Knight. Clear proof that, that the Elizabethan womenfolk were not quite everything their best friends could wish them.

If stronger testimony of this were desired, it is forthcoming in Dekker's Play of "Old Fortunatus."

Exeunt Fortune and the three Destinies.

Andelocia. Why the pox dost thou sweat so?

Shadow. For anger to see any of God's creatures have such filthy faces as these sempsters had that went hence.

Andel. Sempsters? Why, you ass, they are Destinies.

Shadow. Indeed, if it be one's destiny to have a filthy face, I know no remedy but to go masked and cry "Woe worth the Fates!"

Not, perhaps, in the whole range of the Elizabethan Drama is there a more pointed and direct piece of satire, and that it was neither uncalled for nor malicious may be gathered from the fact that the play in which it occurs was first performed at Court in the presence of Elizabeth herself, and most probably written for her instruction and delectation. In the Prologue she is several times mentioned by name, while references to her in the play itself are as frequent as they are flattering and unmistakable. And Elizabeth Tudor was hardly the woman to see her sex gratuitously vilified and aspersed by a beggarly playwright. But to do Dekker justice he treats his women with conspicuous tenderness and nobility. Witness the sympathy he extends to Mother Sawyer, the witch of Edmonton; and, in another play, to Bellafront—unfortunate creatures accursed of gods and men!

Now the Elizabethan dramatists succeeded in many things; but teaching the softer sex the use of soap and water was not one of them. For a century later we find Congreve takes up this good and holy work with as much spirit and decision as did his predecessors before him. Mark what follows from his play of "Love for Love":

Scandal. What, is it bouncing Margery with my godson?

Jeremy. Yes, Sir.

Scandal. My blessing to the boy, with this token of my love—[*Gives money.*] And, d'ye hear, bid Margery put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a-week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously.

Here again the satire, scathing as it is, is inspired by no scurvy or unworthy motive, and for two reasons: the tutelar deity of Will Congreve's genius was that "wealthy and haughty beauty," Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough. He had a seat every day at her table, and assisted in the direction of her concerts and entertainments. Their

friendship ended only with his death, at which he left her some £10,000, nearly the whole of his savings. His manuscripts would, no doubt, be submitted to her before they reached the hands of either player or publisher, and it may be safely assumed that for the honour of womanhood this great lady would jealously guard the interests of her sex. But there is still more convincing proof that the dramatist meant no ill. Mr. Collier, in his famous "Immorality of the English stage," singled out Congreve as a special object of his censure. Among a formidable array of objectionable passages Mr. Collier cites the following from "The Old Batchelor":

Belinda. Where did you get this excellent talent for railing?

Sharp. Madam, the talent was born with me.—I confess I have taken care to improve it, to qualify me for the society of ladies.

The critic complained that the sentiment here expressed reflected upon ladies. To which Congreve objected: "I thought the expression above mentioned had been a gentle reproof to the ladies that are addicted to railing; and since Mr. Collier has not said that it *must* mean the contrary, I don't see why it may not be understood so still." And he supplements this later by observing, "My business was not to paint, but to wash; not to show beauties, but to wipe off stains."

Now to assert that the ladies have acted upon Congreve's "gentle reproof" and restrained their nimble tongues might only serve to excite the ready sneer of the cynic; but it must be candidly conceded that they did not fail to take his other lesson to heart. For henceforward women put it out of the power of their most scurrilous and virulent satirist to taunt them with the neglect of their personal appearance. But the change was no sudden and violent one. Like every reform that is destined to be lasting and effective, it was gradual and gentle. Indeed, the Restoration may be regarded as a period of transition. And nowhere is this fact set forth so quaintly and so graphically as in the pages of Pepys's Diary. The Duchess of Albemarle, he tells us, was formerly known by the sobriquet of "dirty Besse"; while the lady of Sir William Penn is depicted as "the sourest, dirty woman that ever she saw . . . a slattern with her stockings hanging about her heels." But it is in the person of Mrs. Pepys herself that our argument finds the most instructive and interesting exemplification. When first Pepys met his wife she was a comely, not to say beautiful young girl. But in the early years of their married life he is frequently recording bickerings, strife and quarrels consequent upon his wife's failing, through neglect or

ignorance, to make the most of her personal charms. In addition to her unkempt and untidy appearance, she persisted in wearing fair locks which made her a fright, and him mad.

"Anon," he writes, "comes down my wife, dressed in her second mourning, with her black moyre waistcoat, and short petticoat, laced with silver lace so basely, that I could not endure to see her, and with laced lining which is too soon, so that I was horrid angry, and would not go to our intended meeting, which vexed me to the blood, and my wife sent twice or thrice to me, to direct her anyway to dress her, but to put on her cloth gown, which she would not venture, which made me mad ; and so in the evening to my chamber vexed." The result is that he neglects his wife, and makes love to all the women in the city, and kisses every pretty girl that happens to come within range. On April 11, 1661, he writes : "The young ladies came too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca ; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we sett forth for London and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me." In another place he tells us, "My wife was angry with me for not coming home, and for gadding abroad to look after beauties."

In these days Pepys never took his wife anywhere, though he himself lived every moment of his existence ; saw everything from a puppet-show to a coronation. Mrs. Pepys scolds, and cries, and sulks, and mopes ; but all availeth not ; when straightway she takes to herself a maid—"exceeding well-bred as to her deportment, having been a scholar in a school at Bow these seven or eight years"—and mark the sequel.

"My wife extraordinary fine to-day in her flower tabby suit, bought a year and more ago before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day : and everybody in love with it ; and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it. I have paid the reckoning, which comes to about £4."

In another place he writes : "My wife tells me she hath bought a gown of 15s. per yard ; the same before her face my Lady Castlemaine this day bought also, which I seemed vexed for, though I do not grudge it her." And yet again, "When Church was done, my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife making some clothes." She is now "very handsome and pretty and to my great liking." He takes her to the play. "And thence to the Duke's Playhouse and saw 'Macbeth,' the King and Court there ; and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemaine, and close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of

loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. And my wife, by my troth, appeared, I think, as pretty as any of them; I never thought so much before; and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as I heard them say one to another." And he records with pride that the King and Duke of York smiled upon them. Nothing is now too good for her. "Up to my wife, and there she shews me her ring of a Turkey-stone, set with little sparks of dyamonds, which I am to give her as my Valentine, and am not much troubled at it. It will cost me near £5—she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend money upon her." On February 23, 1667-8, he writes: "This evening, my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewells, encreased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with dyamonds; and with this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewells of one kind or another; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the poor wretch should have something to content herself with." And two days later: "My wife hath bought a dressing-box and other things for her chamber and table, that cost me above £4." And next day: "At my bookseller's, and did buy 'L'illustre Bassi,' in four volumes, for my wife." He now gives up his "gadding abroad after beauties"; for the entries run, "So home to my poor wife," and "my wife reading to me." In fact, he becomes quite enthusiastic over her. He is perfectly happy, and does not care a rap how the world wags. "Thank God! I have enough of my own to buy a good book and a good fiddle, and I have a good wife."

More than once is it recorded in history's pages that when men and nations have excelled in any special art, and, in a moment of weakness, have imparted their skill and knowledge to others less favoured, in the course of time these latter have invariably developed into successful rivals and competitors. Of this fact the next two extracts furnish convincing proof. January 28, 1667-8, Pepys writes: "After supper and reading a little, and my wife cutting off my hair short, which is grown too long upon my crown of my head, I to bed." And in another place he writes: "Had Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other troubles, that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I did also in a sudden fit cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice stone do my whole face as I now do my chin, and so save time, which I find a very easy way and gentill. She also washed my feet in a bath of herbes, and so to bed." Verily, woman has at last turned the tables

on her imperious and exacting lord and master! This marks an epoch.

Coming to the age of Anne we discover that the art of beauty has been dignified into a Fine Art. In vain do you now search the pages of the satirists for a single allusion which would be calculated to cast a slur upon their womenfolk's inattention to their natural charms. Perhaps the satirists of this period were too busy reviling each other to bestow a thought on the failings and vagaries of "weak woman."

In this connection it is only fair, however, to insert an extract from a letter of Horace Walpole's describing "the most accomplished lady of the eighteenth century": "But I tell you who is come too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to see her; I give you my honour, and you who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air* made of dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced, a foul dimity petticoat, sprig'd velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I would have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed to have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. . . . The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice." This description may be somewhat discounted, though, by a comparison with Thackeray's portrait of Sir Horace himself: "Horace Walpole, cleverest and most refined of *dilettanti*—who could, and did, say the coarsest of things in the most elegant of language—you were not fit to be an Englishman. Fribble, your place was in France. Putative son of Orford, there seems sad ground for the scandal that some of Lord Fanny's blood flowed in your veins; and that Carr, Lord Hervey, was your real papa. You might have made a collection of the great King Louis's shoes, the heels and soles of which were painted by Vandermeulen with pictures of Rhenish and Palatinate victories. *Mignon* of art and letters, you should have had a *petite maison* at Monceaux or at the Roule. Surrounded by your *abbés au petit collet*, teacups of *pâte tendre*, fans of chicken-skin painted by Leleux or Lantara, jewelled

snuff-boxes, handsome chocolate girls, gems and intaglios, the brothers to those in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, *che non si mostrano alle donne*, you might have been happy. You were good enough to admire Hogarth, but you didn't quite understand him. He was too vigorous, downright virile for you ; and upon my word, Horace Walpole, I don't think you understand anything belonging to England—nor her customs, nor her character, nor her constitution, nor her laws. I don't think that you would be anywhere more in your element than in France, to make epigrams and orange-flower water, and to have your head cut off in the unsparing harvest of '93, with many more noble heads of even as clever and as worthless for any purpose of human beneficence as yours, Horace." And now comes Thackeray's own laconic description of Lady Wortley. In a rapid sketch of the wits and celebrities who jostled one another at Bath in the eighteenth century he observes : " Mary Wortley was there, young and beautiful ; and Mary Wortley, old, hideous, and snuffy." There we leave them.

It is said that even to this day the celebrated beauties of Georgia, who find so much favour (qualified, of course) in a certain establishment romantically perched on the confines of Europe and Asia, are inhibited the royal presence till they are initiated into that use of the bath enjoined by the Prophet. These damsels are ready enough to anoint and besmear themselves from head to foot with olive oil, almond oil, essences, perfumes, and cosmetics of all descriptions, followed by a liberal application of "sweet odours" ; but, like their sisters of antiquity, they share the cat's antipathy for the touch of water ! These, however, are but as the spots on the sun, and serve only to accentuate the progress made by the women of more favoured and enlightened nations.

Woman is proverbially slow to move in matters of reform ; but if slow, she is thorough. In two things only has she entered heartily into competition with her master, the art of beauty and the art of novel writing, and in both of them she has left him hopelessly lagging in the rear. To prove her excelling skill in fiction would at this time of day be a work of supererogation, for no competent authority denies it ; and a single stroll through the streets will convince the most sceptical that in the art of beauty she has no compeer. The handsomest and best-dressed man to be met in a summer's day would hardly tempt one to look twice at him, at any rate not on the same day. A comely and well-dressed woman is, on the other hand, like a glimpse of a beautiful landscape—ever charming. See one well-dressed man, and you see them all ; while women are as

diversified in their attire and appearance as nature itself—and as refreshing. But if anyone really harboured the slightest misgivings as to the relative skill of the two sexes in the art of beauty, a very short study of heads in theatre or opera house would promptly resolve his doubts. If man has altered and improved the face of the earth, it is just as certain that he has at the same time beautified the face and improved the physique of his womenfolk. A comparison of the ancient brasses with the women one meets at almost every turn is proof enough of this. Indeed, man has been so intent upon remodelling the “weaker vessel” that he appears to have neglected himself; for in him there is an obvious falling away, both in face and stature, from the ancient model. And it is not the least delightful fact concerning this change in the appearance of women that it runs right through society—root, trunk, and branches. The race of the Dorothy Draggleskirts has become extinct. What a scurrilous libel would be Dekker’s description of the sempsters if applied to those of our day. Where now could be found milliner or dress-maker, shop-girl or tailoress, with a filthy face? And our nurse girls—they are the admiration of Europe.

A season or two back a Society doctor, so called, endeavoured to recommend to ladies the disuse of soap and water as destructive of that softness and brilliancy of the complexion so ardently desired and admired. But women were astute enough to discover that this was only the work of the enemy, who, jealous and chagrined at their position of proud pre-eminence, would plunge them again into Egyptian darkness, and accordingly they treated it—with the result that the trade or calling of the soap-maker is now one of the most honourable, as it is certainly the most profitable, known to commerce.

AUSTIN M. STEVENS.

WORDSWORTH AS THE POET OF COMMON THINGS.

THE late Mr. R. H. Hutton, in his most suggestive essay "On the Genius of Wordsworth," makes the pertinent remark: "He [Wordsworth] drew uncommon delights from very common things." No one would have been more ready than Wordsworth himself to admit this. Indeed, he would have maintained that a poet was fulfilling a high function in drawing upon such sources of joy, and seeking to make them universally acceptable. Nay, the very frequency with which the word "common" occurs in his poetry—as, *e.g.*, in passages like the following: "A simple produce of the *common* day"; "There's not a breathing of the *common* wind"; "The *common* growth of mother earth"; "Some new sense Of exquisite regard for *common* things"; "The homely sympathy that heeds the *common* life"; "The *common* range of visible things"; "The *common* countenance of earth and sky"—makes the observation of Mr. Hutton quoted above seem a mere truism. But, truism or not, it is exactly in this department that Wordsworth has one of his strongest claims to be considered a teacher; and to learn from him the secret of this delight is to become possessed of a sanitative principle never more needed than at the present time. For we are living in an age which is ever craving fresh forms of pleasure and excitement, and seeking to multiply the means of enjoyment by the aid of all those resources and powers which the advance of science and the increase of mechanical invention have put into our hands. The result of all this in many cases is "endless agitation," with no "central peace subsisting at the heart of" it. All the more need, then, to go to a poet like Wordsworth, who can restore our feverish and distempered spirits, and put us in the way of healthy and natural emotion that leaves behind it no sense of exhaustion or sting of unsatisfied desire.

Taking, then, the term "common things" to mean the common sights and sounds of nature and the common facts of everyday human life and experience, a mere glance at the index of Words-

worth's complete poetical works will show how large a number of poems owe their inspiration to this class of subjects. But, not to include a mass of indifferent work which the theme would instantly suggest to many minds, glance down the classified index prefixed to Matthew Arnold's volume of selections, for which the unerring taste of the critic is a sufficient guarantee that each poem is a classic of its kind, and note the number and excellence of the poems which draw their materials from the range of common things. "We are seven," from the "Poems of Ballad Form"; "The Affliction of Margaret" and "Michael," from the "Narrative Poems"; "The Rainbow," "Daffodils," "Skylark," "Stepping Westward," from the "Lyrical Poems"; and the "Sonnet on Westminster Bridge," portions of the "Ode on Immortality," "Nutting," "The Old Cumberland Beggar," from the three remaining divisions in the volume of "Selections," are all admirable examples of Wordsworth's power of spiritualising common experiences, and so dealing with them as to awaken in us entirely new impressions. Where, then, we may ask, are we to look for the secret of this power of his?

On the side of nature the answer may be given in words from the third book of the "Prelude":—

To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life; I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling; the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.

This quickening soul, which Wordsworth elsewhere addresses as "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe," is manifested not only in nature as a whole, but is diffused through every individual scene or object in nature, which thus becomes a channel or medium through which the spirit of man may commune with the Spirit of the Universe. According to this view every least fragment of the universe is of divine significance, and may become a portal to conduct man from the seen to the unseen, from the things of sense to the life of the spirit.

On the side of man a passage from the thirteenth book of the "Prelude" will afford a clue:

Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life. I felt that the array
Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind
What passion makes them.

The seeing eye, a background of nature instinct with a divine life and purpose, an impassioned soul which modifies the impressions of sense, will transfigure what is common and ordinary in human life, and therefore excites no interest or else a feeling of dislike in many minds.

A right cultivation, then, of the faculties of *seeing*, *feeling*, and *thinking* will impart to us the power of touching things common with the light and consecration of a poet's dream. Wordsworth himself claimed that his poetry tended to promote the right cultivation and direction of these faculties of sight, feeling, and thought, and it will be well to judge of the efficacy of his precepts by a brief study of his habitual practice.

To begin with, the secret of what we may call Wordsworth's power of sight is not far to seek. With him the outward and the inward eye saw together. Gifted above ordinary men with acute physical senses, which an active outdoor life had tended to develop, it is not so much in a superficial description of natural objects, or reproduction by means of word-painting of a scene or a landscape in nature, that his peculiar power is to be sought. No, what marked him out as in a special sense a *revealer* was the "power of a peculiar eye," by which he was enabled to discern beneath the outward shows of things an underlying spiritual presence with which his own soul could commune, and receive from it influxes of moral power and deep spiritual joy. A good example of this unique power of spiritualising the phenomena of nature is the description of the sunrise by means of the feelings it invoked in the soul of the youth, recorded in the first book of the "Excursion":—

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth,
What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him. Far and wide the clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could be read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life.

The sunrise is a common enough phenomenon, but the seeing eye and feeling heart will recognise it always as a "glorious birth,"

whether privileged to behold it from a mountain side or bold sea-cliff, or else in the heart of the great city, looking down the river from Westminster Bridge.

Again, in the little lyric on the cuckoo—a favourite of the poet's—the same power of unsubstantialising nature in thought and interpenetrating the seen with the unseen is conspicuous. Now this peculiar power, this sure penetrating glance of the visionary eye, Wordsworth's poetry is capable of imparting to all who will consent to take him as their teacher and allow his influence to sink into their souls. But no less surely did the power of a peculiar eye show itself, when its gaze was turned from nature upon man himself. It was Wordsworth's special glory to have shed a divine light upon the homes, occupations, and lives of the poor. This he did by penetrating beneath the differences of rank, and all those varied class distinctions which so often tend to narrow our sympathies; beneath, too, the rough and unattractive features of the outward life to the man as he was in himself—"the common creature of the brotherhood"—and bringing thence such examples of patience, fortitude, and simple goodness that we are startled out of our apathy and selfishness when we are made to feel the power of parental love in the story of Michael, the "sorrow that is not sorrow" in the pathetic history of Margaret, and the unearthly beauty that haunts the decline of repentant Ellen. If on no other grounds, at least a community of suffering should bind together all classes; for had not the poet found that in peaceful mountain villages, no less than in the crowded cities of commerce,

The generations were prepared; the pangs,
The internal pangs were ready, the dread strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will,
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny?

It is in his treatment of the common theme of human pain and suffering that a most distinctive characteristic of Wordsworth, noted by Mr. Hutton, comes out—*i.e.* his tendency to "resist and often reverse the currents of emotion to which ordinary minds are liable, and triumphantly justify the strain of rapture with which he celebrated what excites either no feeling, or weary feeling, or painful feeling in the mass of unreflecting men." A conspicuous example of this stemming "the commonplace currents of emotion and transforming sorrow into rapture" occurs in the sixth book of the "Excursion," where the poet concludes the pathetic story of Ellen, the deserted and dying woman, with the apostrophe:

Meek Saint ! through patience glorified on earth !
In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine !

A similar reversion of the ordinary currents of emotion takes place in the "Leech-Gatherer," when, to the rapt mood of the poet, the lonely old man, wandering about the common, becomes transfigured, and appears as God's angel, "sent to give human strength by apt admonishment"; and again, in "The Old Cumberland Beggar," where Wordsworth finds a "rich endowment of passive attributes" in mendicancy :

While thus he creeps
From door to door, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half wisdom half experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

Many years ago S. T. Coleridge, in his famous vindication of his friend's poetry, instanced, among other excellences of Wordsworth, "the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature." In illustration of this remark one might point out the extreme beauty of his similes taken from such common objects as clouds, winds, rivers, birds, flowers, the moon, and the stars.

Wordsworth, as a dweller in a mountainous country, was naturally fond of the clouds, and loved to watch them

Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On some green mountain's side.

It is this characteristic of theirs—the never continuing long in one stay—that has furnished him with that beautiful and pathetic image of mortality in his well-known elegiac stanzas on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, and others :

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Again, how apt an illustration of brooding, solitary, aimless wandering is that comparison of himself to a cloud in the "Daffodils" :

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills.

Lovers of Wordsworth's poetry will recall a similar use of the image in the poems of "Hart Leap Well" and the "Leech-Gatherer." Who but Wordsworth could have described the thoughts which flit through the mind of the joyous and active shepherd-boy lord with the perfect delicacy of this image of the wind :

No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass ?

In the beginning of the fourteenth book of the "Prelude" there is a magnificent passage describing the dispersal of the fog during an ascent of Snowdon by the full light of an unclouded moon, which becomes to the poet, when he has reflected upon the scene in calm thought,

the type
Of a majestic intellect . . .
the emblem of a mind
That feeds upon infinity, that broods
Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
Its voices issuing forth to silent light
In one continuous stream.

Compare also the sonnet written as late as 1827, and addressed to Lady Fitzgerald in her seventieth year, where she is likened in her old age to the

Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light,
As pensive evening deepens into night.

In several poems Wordsworth has used with effect the image of a solitary star, and, what is noteworthy, the poems have been those which dealt with Personal Passion. The best example, which will instantly occur to all, is that in which the solitary Lucy is described :

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

The same exquisite lyric contains Wordsworth's happiest image taken from common flowers :—

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye !

To mention birds at once recalls the lyrics on the skylark, nightingale, green linnet, cuckoo, redbreast, the description of the swan in "Dion," and the elaborate picture of the intricate evolutions of the water-fowl over the lake in the first book of the "Recluse." No one but a poet, keenly sensitive to all manifestations

of bird life, could have likened the varying phases of expression on the face of the Highland Girl, which betokened the inward mental strife to express herself adequately in the unfamiliar English speech, to

Birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

Yet once more, the poet, who had traced the course of the river Duddon from its mountain cradle to the sea, has, in his poem "Memory," applied the symbol of a river with lofty imaginative effect to the calm and peace of retrospective old age following on a well-spent life, which he likens to

mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurings listening.

Turning now to the domain of feeling, there is a sphere in which Wordsworth stands supreme, a sphere which is universal in its range—the sphere of the domestic affections. Even when his poetry soars into the highest, it is all the while rooted in the homely earth. Like his own skylark, he is always true to "the kindred points of heaven and home." The secret of his power lies in the fact that he does really succeed in showing an intimate correspondence between the two : that "the homely sympathy that heeds the common life" partakes of the nature of that Divine Love which can transfigure the joys, sorrows, and affections of humanity. Parental, fraternal, and conjugal affection, reverence for childhood, the ties—local and religious—that bind a man to his own particular walk in life, self-sacrifice, genuine self-respect, constancy, and patient endurance of suffering, all that can elevate and purify the most common and therefore sacred relations of human life are set forth in his poetry with what has been well called "a sort of biblical depth and solemnity."

In an age when theories of socialism are widely discussed it is well to consider these things ; for, in spite of the talk about the brotherhood of man, there is still a wide gulf between rich and poor, learned and unlearned, and the danger of making false distinctions is perhaps greater than ever. Wordsworth strongly asserts a bond of union among all men, but is careful always to base it on moral and spiritual qualities. To discern these a reverent temper of mind is requisite :

Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds,
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in show.

Judged by a moral and spiritual standard, the humble leech-gatherer and the noble Lord Clifford are equally deserving of respect and reverence, whereas Peter Bell and the Solitary have to a large extent forfeited those regards. Few have, like Wordsworth, so consistently carried out the divine precept, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment" in their relations with their fellow men.

As with the objects of sight, so is it with those of thought. The common facts of everyday life, which excite either no notice at all or else a feeling of aversion in ordinary minds, were capable of suggesting to Wordsworth "thoughts that wander through eternity."

In poem after poem we are reminded how simple were the objects that could call into activity the powers of his mind :

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The reason for this is that with him *thought* and *feeling* are inseparably bound together in vital union, and to awaken the one is to call into activity the powers of the other. Wordsworth's feelings being intertwined with enduring objects—with the works of Nature, and with what is permanent and universal in the life of Man—a constant and healthy activity of thought always accompanied the feelings of pleasure excited by the contemplation of those objects. The opening lines of the thirteenth book of "The Prelude" express this very clearly :—

From Nature doth emotion come, and moods
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift ;
His is her glory ; these two attributes
Are sister horns that constitute her strength.
Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange
Of peace and excitation, finds in her
His best and purest friend ; from her receives
That energy by which he seeks the truth,
From her that happy stillness of the mind
Which fits him to receive it when unsought.

And then, as if to anticipate the objection, "Yes, but all men are not born geniuses, and this energy of thought and rapture of contemplation are only for the few gifted souls"—the poet goes on to insist that he is speaking of what all may share in if they will :—

Such benefit the humblest intellects
Partake of, each in their degree

Two lofty convictions enabled Wordsworth to transfigure and

consecrate for us common things, which are best given in his own words.

First, as regards Nature :

My mind hath looked
Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven
As her prime teacher, intercourse with man
Established by the sovereign Intellect,
Who through that bodily image hath diffused,
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time
A deathless spirit.

And, secondly, as regards Man :—

Each Being has his office, lowly some
And common, yet all worthy if fulfilled
With zeal, acknowledgment that with the gift
Keeps pace a harvest answering to the seed.

What, in conclusion, do we gather from all this but that Wordsworth's poetry works in alliance with and towards the same ends as religion ; that it is in harmony with the very spirit of Christianity ? The poet, with true reverence and humility, disclaimed any idea of setting himself up as a professed religious teacher ; but surely his writings have added a fresh illustration to the truth of that sublime declaration of the old Hebrew prophet, in which the Infinite and the Finite are seen to meet—"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy ; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

Can we wonder, then, that a word which to many minds conveys a slightly disparaging meaning should have been a favourite epithet with Wordsworth, because of its applicability to those objects with which, in his view, great and permanent poetry should always deal ?

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers ;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her umblest mirth and tears.

CHARLES FISHER.

*ON GAMES.**A DIALOGUE.*

SCENE. *Smoking-room of THE CARD-PLAYERS' CLUB, London.*

BROWN and JONES *have just come in from the Card-room, after cutting out from a rubber of Bridge, and take seats near the fire.*

BROWN. This is very disagreeable weather. Have a cigarette?
JONES. No, thank you, I keep to pipes and cigars. It is a pity that something could not be done to prevent these heavy fogs.

BROWN. If I were at the head of affairs I would soon mitigate them, or raise a large revenue towards paying off the war debt.

JONES. How?

BROWN. By making everyone consume his own smoke, or pay a tax upon each smoky flue—differentiating between a householder and a manufacturer.

JONES. It is a good idea, but difficult, I am afraid, to carry out.

BROWN. No doubt, but I fancy it could be managed. Another virtue would be in the great saving of coal, of which I feel sure the present generation is making a wanton waste. Think of the difference it will be to this country when our coal becomes exhausted or even scarce.

JONES. Yes. It will make a change. But some substitute may hereafter turn up, through electricity or in other ways.

BROWN. True. But in the meantime, until we are sure of getting the substitute, we should economise in every possible manner. By-the-by, Jones, I often intended to ask you, as you have had a large experience of games, what was your opinion of Bridge?

JONES. In what way?

BROWN. As a game of skill.

JONES. On that, my opinion may be said to be a divided one.

BROWN. How? Explain.

JONES. I mean that there is skill attaching to the game, but it is skill of a mongrel nature.

BROWN. Mongrel!

JONES. Yes. Simply because the foundations of the game are unscientific, and true skill cannot be built upon a false groundwork.

BROWN. You surprise me very much by what you say. Why, we are told by the experts that Bridge is a better and more skilful game than Whist. I don't agree with that altogether, but I think Bridge has some points in advance of Whist to recommend it—such as the naming of the trump suit, and having the honours an odd number, so that there will be always a score for them.

JONES. Their number is not odd in the game of No Trumps.

BROWN. No. I had for the moment forgotten that. Then there is the additional game of No Trumps itself, which adds a material interest to the pastime.

JONES. No doubt. But it is from this very game of No Trumps that one of the scientific defects of Bridge arises.

BROWN. How is that?

JONES. The place of No Trumps (who was it that gave the game such a ridiculous name?) is scientifically wrong. It should be below the trump games, instead of above them.

BROWN. Why?

JONES. Because when there is any inequality between the holdings of the two sides, which will happen in the large majority of cases, it is easier for the stronger side to gain the score for tricks when trump is absent altogether.

BROWN. I cannot see that.

JONES. Nor evidently the framers of the game either, nor the exponents of it. Notwithstanding, it is a fact that only requires looking into to become evident.

BROWN. I am curious and interested to hear your explanation.

JONES. To understand it, we must first be clear in our conception of what the exact difference between trump and a normal or plain suit is. Trump can take its own or any other suit, while a normal suit cannot take any suit but its own. That puts trump, when it is led, into exactly the same position as a normal suit when led in a game without any trump at all. Do you follow me?

BROWN. Yes.

JONES. Consequently, any plain suit in a no-trump game becomes equivalent to trump in the leader's hands. The leaders therefore have the greater advantage over their opponents in a no-trump game, as they can select and change their trump suit, as it were, in the leads; and the winners will be more frequently the leaders.

BROWN. Of course, as they must take more tricks to be the winners.

JONES. Now, in a trump game the followers, or weaker side, have the chance of trumping to regain the leading position, which puts them on a better footing than in the no-trump game. The trump game giving a more equal fight is consequently the harder to win.

BROWN. I see your theory. The more difficult game should be the higher. It strikes me that you are right where the suits are more or less equally divided. But where they are not, the side having a large majority of trumps will have the easier task, as each trump over must win a trick.

JONES. Yes, but then you must consider that in the no-trump game each of such cards over was also good for a trick, if it was led. No doubt, under certain circumstances a trump game is easier to win than a no-trump game, but those instances are in the minority.

BROWN. That remains to be proved. I think our mathematical players should take the question up, and settle it in a sound way. Not by the silly methods they have used to determine other questions in the game, namely, by a few experimental hands, like taking a mere thimbleful of water out of a large lake, in order to see what animalculæ the lake contained, but by a real mathematical process. Until that is done, I will keep an open mind, and make a note (as the judges say) of your objection. In the meantime, I think you will find that the majority of players is against you.

JONES. Yes, but the reason of that is mainly due to their being more accustomed to play trump games, and therefore they conceive the other to be the more difficult.

BROWN. Well, have you anything else to say against the game?

JONES. Plenty. A different value for each different suit is another unscientific basis of the game.

BROWN. You might found a better argument there.

JONES. Yes. I think there can be no doubt of the want of soundness on that point. But I will state my views in detail to prevent any misunderstanding. Assigning different values to the tricks when there is a different suit for trump should have no place in a game of scientific pretensions claiming to be put into a first position, like Bridge. There is no scientific reason why a game in hearts should be four times the value of a game in spades, as there is no skill involved in the mere change of suit.

BROWN. I see. A player on the dealer's side holds a hand with a number of spades, in which it is evident that spades should be the trump. If he holds an exactly similar hand but with the suits exchanged so that hearts would take the place of spades, there is no good reason why the one hand should have a much larger reward

than the other, for they are both practically the same in the play.

JONES. Exactly. But if the suits carried their order of value into the play, then the scientific objection to the different values would lose its force.

BROWN. I am not quite sure that I understand you.

JONES. I mean that if the several suits had always a routine of rank in the play, and hearts held a higher place than spades, then a higher value on hearts would be proper.

BROWN. I see. By-the-by, somebody mentioned the other day that the order of the suits in Bridge was wrong, want of knowledge of tradition and history being exhibited in making spades the lowest suit.

JONES. That is so. In cards, spades represent the nobility and clubs the peasantry. There might be some excuse for it if we were a pure republic and put clubs at the head of the list. It is not the only point of ignorance shown in the game, which is altogether astray in its mathematics.

BROWN. Where?

JONES. In the honours. Their scores to be correct should have a mathematical foundation in accordance with the probabilities of the holdings. In the first place, recognising division of the honours between partners on the same side manifests a want of proper appreciation of the question in dealing with it, and leads to some of the most glaring mistakes. One might more properly divide the tricks, and contend that because one partner gained five of them and the other partner only two, in such a case a higher score should be recorded than if the gains had been four and three respectively.

BROWN. I follow you. The side being a partnership, it ought to be treated as a partnership all through, and like the tricks the results in honours be regarded by their totals only, as is done with the honours in Whist.

JONES. Just so. Any other method is illogical, and bound to lead to mathematical mistakes.

BROWN. But what exactly are the mathematical errors you speak of?

JONES. I will refer to my pocket-book where I have a note of the probabilities and will tell you. The probability of holding the five honours of the trump suit in one hand I find is 0.20 per cent., while the probability of holding the four aces in one hand in No Trumps is 1.06 per cent.¹ Take, for illustration, the suit of diamonds where

¹ For full table, see vol. ccxciii. p. 21 (July, 1902).

the trick-value is just the half of that of No Trumps, and the actual scores in these cases will be sixty and one hundred respectively. Testing and comparing the two, we obtain the following proportion :—

As 1'06 is to 0'20, so is 60 to 50 ($=100 \div 2$),

which in equating,¹ if correct, will give equal figures. Instead, we have the result of $53=12$, showing that the score for the four aces should be less than one-fourth of what has been assigned to it.

BROWN. That is an extraordinary mistake to make in a scientific game.

JONES. It is, but it is a mere flea-bite to others of the same kind. The probability of holding three honours in trump is 65'02 per cent., to which in diamonds the score of twelve points is assigned. For it, the proportion is :—

65'02 is to 0'20, as 60 is to 12,

which in equation gives $780'24=12$, instead of equal quantities, with the remarkable result that the assigned score is above sixty-five times its proper figure.

BROWN. Show me your figures in both cases. . . . I see they are correct. This disclosure is decidedly startling. Where were our leaders and experts that they did not examine into these values at the beginning? An analysis of all such points should have preceded the recommendation of the game to the nation, instead of which the experts evidently made no test at all, while they gave the game their commendation. Why, we have just acted in regard to Bridge like a flock of sheep, blindly following the first that jumped over the fence.

JONES. Unfortunately for our reputation as a shrewd, hard-headed, and common-sense nation, that justly describes the situation.

BROWN. Even our Press, which one would think should be well informed upon any subject it writes about, also blindly follows suit. Most of the papers deplore the gambling attending the game: not one of them questions its science.

JONES. That is so, but we cannot blame them very much for relying upon the experts and just copying them, when a want of thoroughness is the general characteristic of the age.

BROWN. It is a want that is pretty general with us, as illustrated in a very vital point by the way we muddle through our wars. Some

¹ By multiplying the extreme terms together, and the two mean terms together.

day we shall meet a foe who will not give us time to get over our muddles, and then we shall learn our mistake too late.

JONES. It will be like locking the stable-door when the horse and everything else is gone. Bridge might be put right about the honours, if that were its only fault, but it is so permeated with a bad and rotten construction that it would be a hopeless task to try to correct its errors.

BROWN. What! You don't mean to say that it has any more?

JONES. Yes, its mistakes are to be counted by the score. Hardly any part of it is free from fault. In all my experience I never met with a game claiming to be scientific yet containing such a jumble of blunders. Another instance is the game-score. It is an utter impossibility to have any proper fixed score for the game when there is no fixity about the values by which the game-score is reached. The players are allowed to disturb the normal values *ad libitum*, with the absurd result that the game at any reasonable figure may be won from zero by the mere fraction of a trick.

BROWN. Yes, but the permission to double, &c., is in the nature of a penalty upon the declaring side for naming the wrong suit.

JONES. It is a penalty misdirected and misapplied. The dealer's side is forced to name the trump, although their position for winning the score may be absolutely hopeless—and yet they are penalised for so doing. Surely that is not a provision that should have a place in a game of science.

BROWN. How could that fault have been originally obviated, as some kind of a penalty seems to be necessary?

JONES. Very simply, by double values scoring against the declarers for naming a game they could not win, as is done in Écarté, Euchre, and other games.

BROWN. But that would not have been sufficient, as the declarers with bad hands would still be the losers.

JONES. The plan necessitates voluntary declaring absolutely. That is, the declaring should be extended to both the sides. With different trick values attached to the suits, such a method is the logical way, and would have added considerable skill and interest to an important stage of the game.

BROWN. What would you have done about the game-score?

JONES. On the present lines of the game I would have abolished it altogether, and have made the winning of the game depend upon the higher total points reached by a side in four deals, after each player had held the position of dealer once.

BROWN. That would have been an improvement. I wonder how the game-score of thirty was arrived at.

JONES. By the rule of thumb, like most of the features in Bridge. When the trick-value of No Trumps was originally at its standard of ten points, instead of twelve, the average value of a trick over all the games was six points. That being applied to the Whist game-score of five, gives the thirty. It is a thumb-rule in Bridge, because the Whist score is not a logical one, and embraces the honours which do not count in the Bridge game-score.

BROWN. Thanks for the information. It is new to me and interesting.

JONES. There are many other defects in the game that we have not touched upon. To discuss them properly would occupy hours. I think I have said enough to justify the remark which astonished you when I made it, that the science of the game is a mongrel one.

BROWN. You surely have. However, pardon me, Jones, if I state that I think it strange that you play the game while holding these views.

JONES. Oh ! It is a case of do or die. I cannot read at night, and cards are a necessity with me. They are a rest to the brain, by occupying it to the exclusion of other matters connected with the day's work, and are a stimulus besides. No one plays anything but Bridge, consequently I am obliged to follow suit. If I did not do so, I should have to stick to my bachelor's quarters cogitating on business matters or sleeping in my armchair, either of which would be bad for my constitution.

BROWN. Tell me, had you any difficulty in learning the game?

JONES. Not the slightest. In the play Bridge is just Dummy-Whist, which all club-players of Whist know how to work, and regard as an inferior game. The only novel point in Bridge is the declaring, the principle of which I mastered by myself in five minutes' consideration.

BROWN. That confirms me in my own opinion that our men of light and leading are making an unnecessary fuss about this game, telling us that it is more difficult than Whist, with three times its science.

JONES. I cannot agree with them. Take my own experience. I played Bridge on my first attempt as well as I do now, and as well as I expect to do in the future. Whist took me several years' study and practice before I felt at home with it, and I expect that if ever I can return to it, I shall be rusty at it for some time to come.

BROWN (*after a short pause*). I should like, Jones, now that

we are discussing these matters, to have your opinion upon Whist as well as on Bridge.

JONES. Then I cannot do better than quote an epigram of a friend of mine which I endorse. *Naked Whist was the simplest of all games, changed by its conventional dress into the most difficult.* By "naked Whist" is meant the original unscientific game—the *bumble-puppy* of our own day—which he compared to the simple aboriginal savage, while the finished game was like the complex civilised man. Scientific Whist, or as it is more often called Modern Whist, is by far the most difficult of all known games to play, whether of cards or otherwise. Every card in the hands has its definite place in the game, and when disclosed in the play carries its message to the other players. To follow and remember the cards and to interpret their meanings, all of which has to be done in flashes of thought, causes a strain upon the mind that is unequalled in any other game. In Chess, for instance, you have time for consideration, and you may drop your threads and take them up again: in Whist, you have no time, and if you once drop the threads you are lost. The whist-player requires a great initial preparation and a long training to play the game to his best ability. Its whole science is built upon its conventions, which makes Whist unique among games. The difficulty of mastering these conventions, and interpreting them in the play, may be gathered from the fact that in the latest issue during his lifetime of Cavendish's work, the twenty-third edition of the *Laws and Principles of Whist*, there are no less than twenty-one rules with variations, producing fifty classified situations, for leading the original card of the deal, when it comes from a normal suit of four or more cards.

BROWN. And when the extra rules for trump situations and those of the forced leads are added, we have a grand total of upwards of eighty for the initial card alone.

JONES. Yet players have the temerity to sit down at the whist-table without even a knowledge of the first element of Whist, the original card to lead.

BROWN. Yes, and call themselves whist-players because they have been dealt a few score of hands, and distributed the cards in some hundreds of tricks, while they could no more tell what their partner and opponents held at the end of the deal than I could say what I was doing at this moment six weeks ago.

JONES. Just so. They are unable to recall, even after the event, the particulars they should have gleaned before it. The volume of information that is conveyed to the expert in each trick is just Greek to them.

BROWN. I can furnish an appropriate example, exhibiting the three grades into which players may be classed. A in the first trick leads the Queen of Spades, which is not trump. You, Y, the second player hold the Nine, Eight, Five and Three, and play your lowest. B plays the Six, and your partner, Z, the Four. If you are a bumblepuppy player you learn nothing from the cards. If you are an intelligent man, but unlearned in the game, you will gather that both of the highest cards in Spades are against your side. But if you are an expert, you will be able to place every remaining Spade in the other hands. A holds the Knave, Ten, and Two. B has the Ace, King, and Seven. And your partner, Z, remains without a Spade.

JONES. An excellent instance of perception in the first round of a suit. The most deplorable feature about these so-called whist-players is not their want of knowledge of how to play the game, which is surely deplorable enough in a national pastime, but it is the density shown in their unconsciousness of the fact that they really know nothing at all about it.

BROWN. Something akin to the fool in his paradise. But how could it be otherwise, when probably not one in several hundreds of those that say they play Whist ever opened a book on the subject? One might just as well attempt to solve a quadratic equation without a knowledge of the four elementary rules of mathematics, or prove the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid without any aid from the preceding forty-six.

JONES. Yes Or understand the Binomial Theorem with no grounding in Algebra, or play one of Beethoven's Sonatas by being able to name the notes on the piano.

BROWN. Or talk or write a language correctly without a knowledge of its grammar, or attempt to pass a stiff examination without any preparation for it.

JONES. Or like setting a school-boy to balance a company's books, or a cadet to command a brigade. We might pile on the agony to any extent. It all comes to this, that to practise any science, even Whist, you must first take the trouble of learning its rudiments and studying its principles.

BROWN. I wish, if it were only for the credit of the nation, that all whist-players should be made to pass an examination on the subject.

JONES. Something of that nature already exists in America. You cannot belong to some of the clubs in the United States until your knowledge of the game has been thoroughly tested.

BROWN. After what you have said about it, I suppose I need

hardly ask you the question whether you place Whist upon the pinnacle of games of skill?

JONES. No, no. Not by any means. Do not misunderstand me about it. I say that Whist is the most difficult of all the games to play, calling for the greatest mental effort, but that it is the game of the greatest skill I am very far from affirming.

BROWN. Well?

JONES. The conventional rules of play that give to Whist its science at the same time take away the major part of the player's personal skill, the real skill of a game. If a player follows these rules, he is playing by the brains of Bouverie, Hoyle, Payne, Mathews, Bentinck, Clay, Cavendish, Pole, Drayson, Trist, Foster, and the others who invented them; and if he does not follow them, he dissipates the science.

BROWN. I see. The game is so iron-bound by its own conventions that it leaves little or no scope to the individual player for the exercise of original and personal talent.

JONES. That is what I meant to convey. The opportunity for a brilliant *coup* does not come once in a thousand hands; and if it does occur, and the player perceives it, he may not find himself in the position to bring it about. You know the old saying of there not being more than five per cent. difference in results between the play of the best and the worst whist-players?

BROWN. Yes, the dictum of Lord William Manners, who was said to be the shrewdest card-player of his day.

JONES. I believe that even this small difference is overstated. No game that gives such an insignificant reward to the expert can be placed on the pinnacle of games of skill. No; the virtue of Whist lies not in its real skill, but in the splendid exercise and discipline it gives to the mind.

BROWN. Talking of discipline reminds me that I read in the *Whist Reference Book* the other day of an American lady, Mrs. Jenks, taking up Whist simply for the mental discipline, in which she was only following what was done by hundreds of American girls. I am afraid it would be a long time before any of our girls would turn to a game for such a purpose.

JONES. Yes, either girls or boys, men or women. We are all too much addicted here to brainless amusements. Leaving out Bridge, there are *Tiddle-a-Winks*, *Pigs-in-Clover*, and *Ping-Pong*, to fairly represent the proclivities of the nation during the last quarter of a century.

BROWN. You except Bridge?

JONES. Yes. Bridge, even with all its faults, is an advance upon the others in the right direction, if its gambling could be eradicated.

BROWN. Do you think that Whist will be revived again?

JONES. Not in this country, I'm afraid, unless there is some radical change.

BROWN. Why do you say so?

JONES. Principally from analogy. Look at the career of other games—*Trump*, *Primero*, *Gleeke*, *Ruff*, *Maw*, *Commerce*, *Quadrille*, *Brag*, *Loo*, &c., each of which was the rage in its day—all forgotten. You remember what the Hon. Daines Barrington, our oldest historian of playing cards, said?

BROWN. Perfectly. Only yesterday I took up an old volume of the *Annual Register* in which there was a reprint of his paper from *Archæologia*, and I was particularly struck by his remark at its conclusion, of which I made a note. "As games are subject to revolutions, Whisk may be as much forgot in the next century as *Primero* is at present."

JONES. That was said in 1786. If he had just extended the time a little, he would, I think, have turned out to be a true prophet.

BROWN. Why do you limit the disuse of Whist to this, of all countries, the land of its birth?

JONES. Where it was born does not seem to be of much account, judging from late events. If Whist is fated to survive on its own merits, I have excepted our country, because the people have lost their taste for and touch with it, and I'm afraid their capacity too.

BROWN. How do you account for the mistaken character given to Bridge?

JONES. Oh! I think the players are quite sincere upon the point. They are carried away by enthusiasm for what they regard as a complete novelty, which is no novelty to those of wider culture. As a nation we are very ignorant about games of mental skill, and consequently have a very small experience and *répertoire*. We only become acquainted with a new game in that category once in a generation.

BROWN. Yes, we are very conservative.

JONES. We are, and we are not. We pride ourselves upon our conservativeness when the opportunity of learning anything new comes upon the *tapis*, but we neglect to conserve what we already know. Such conservativeness is just another name for mental laziness.

BROWN. I am sorry to say that I fear we must plead guilty to the

charge. It is evident that you also are a believer in the leakage of the national brain, as expressed in one of our daily papers lately.

JONES. Can there be any doubt about it? Take the case of games alone. All our intellectual games are gone or going. We have not a single native chess-player left who could take even a sixth place in an international tournament, and it is the same with every intellectual game you could name.

BROWN. I'm afraid you are right. If we except our veterans, who are naturally worsted by younger men, we have nobody in the chess-field worth counting, that I know of.

JONES. Many other things point in the same direction—the scrappy reading and the short story, from disinclination or incapacity for sustained attention.

BROWN. As to that, people say that they haven't the time, or that life is too short.

JONES. Most of us have plenty of time, if we were only willing, and life is long enough for much more to be done than we do. We are too apt to sit down tight on one spot and contract our horizon. We admit there is something beyond, but we regard it as of no use to us, and therefore not worth troubling about. That is our mistake. Knowledge of every description is valuable, and instead of squatting and letting it flee past us, we should be up and eager in the pursuit of it. Besides, if we close up the channels of knowledge and only exercise our minds to about one-fifth of their capacity, we atrophy our mental faculties and transmit to our children a less powerful brain than we might otherwise endow them with.

BROWN. With the result that the nation in every generation becomes less capable.

JONES. Yes. It is a great pity. I have travelled a great deal in my day, and seen much of other peoples. We are the finest nation in the world. Who is braver, or has more real grit? Where is there a people more generous, tolerant, or good-natured? Who holds the same power, with the same unwillingness to wield it for self-aggrandisement? Yet we are fast letting everything slip through our fingers, because individually we are too indolent to exert ourselves in the right direction. Now, Brown, I have done most of the talking for the last half-hour. I should like to hear your opinions on these matters, while I get on with my pipe.

BROWN. Well, Jones, although I have not had the advantage of the technical study that you have, I have pondered a great deal upon these subjects, they being brought under my notice from my early days. All that the nation is lacking in I attribute to one thing—

the way we have been bringing up our children. I am convinced that we are making a great mistake about them—in short, neglecting them. Even now I see a great difference between the children of our young days and those of the present. Having none of my own, unfortunately, I have had leisure to study my neighbours'. You rarely ever see a child with a toy. If it happens to get one, it either throws it aside or pulls it to pieces. The Lowther Arcade, that delight of our childhood, has disappeared, and nothing has taken its place. Let us take a walk from the City by Holborn and Oxford Street to the Marble Arch, and back again by Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill, and count the toy-shops on our route. We shall not find any. They have all disappeared too. Let us walk the round back again, and observe what shops have been substituted, where children are the expected customers. They are the sweet-shops, to be counted almost by the gross. Give children a piece of silver to spend, and what will they do with it? We should have gone to the toy-shop and bought a puzzle, a box of dominoes, a game, or some plaything. They will invest it in the more ephemeral sweets. What is the lesson? Why, that we are neglecting our children in allowing them to pamper their bodies and become little gluttons, instead of feeding and preparing their minds and cultivating their imaginations, which the games and toys would do.

JONES. You are quite right. But some of them spend their money in other ways still worse. I was stopped a day or two ago, in a country town, by a mite of an infant not four years old asking me for a match to light a cigarette. And this is by no means a solitary experience. Such a habit at such an age must be not only injurious to health but detrimental to the brain.

BROWN. We act quite differently from other nations, which make it criminal for an infant to smoke. They look after their children better all round. Germany is the land of toys, and New York has the largest toy factory in the world. Then, after raising our infants in this obtuse and pampered way, we send them to school and college (which have their tuck-shops appended), to get crammed in their heads, as well as in their bodies, for the purpose of passing intricate examinations. What is the result? The brain which has not been gradually and properly trained for the purpose cannot bear the load, and is more or less injured thereby, perhaps permanently. None carry away out of the ordeal a tithe of what had to be acquired in it. But by far the greatest harm that is done is that a positive distaste for any mental exertion has for ever after been

inoculated into the brains of those who have gone through such a course.

JONES. Yes, it is just like a youth undertaking a great athletic feat without training for it. He is injured by it, and becomes incapable of performing any further athletics for the remainder of his life.

BROWN. The two cases are parallel. The fact that you state is well known ; but what I say is not realised, because in this kingdom more care and thought is given to the body than to the mind.

JONES. Yes, there is no better barometer of that than the national games. They always indicate clearly a nation's character and calibre. An intellectual nation will pursue mental games, and a physical nation physical games. Things physical should, of course, be well looked after, but it is things mental that will tell in the race of the nations.

BROWN. Mental games are a force in the welfare of a nation that we do not properly realise. That is what is much wanted to be brought home to the people.

JONES. We recognise it in a kind of way by our partial adoption of the Kindergarten system in the education of the young.

BROWN. We do, but I do not think it is the best mode. What is needed is judiciously to turn our children's minds into the mental groove in their recreations at home.

JONES. I see. They are to take to mental recreation as an enjoyment, and not as a task ?

BROWN. Just so. As a task its effect is to repel them, and drive them from it in after years. This is demonstrated by the general attitude of the nation towards learning games. They regard it as a labour instead of a recreation. Many Englishmen seem to think that sitting down to play any game requires a sort of apology, as akin to something childish or trivial.

JONES. Not more childish or trivial, rather less so, than knocking a ball about with your foot or with a stick. No doubt, if you look through a Manufacturer's Catalogue, you will find the bulk of it occupied with a lot of silly pastimes, but whose fault is that ?

BROWN. Fitting mental recreation is a necessity for the adult as well as for the young.

JONES. Yes. The matured require it also to keep their mental faculties alert, and even savants would do well to unbend at times and fill up the chinks in their minds. I find that they very often make mistakes and wrong deductions in their writings about games, from want of practical experience.

BROWN. They would be valuable helps as examples to others.

Nothing so develops the dawning intellect and character as games, because children like kittens naturally throw themselves thoroughly into their play, and the earliest impressions are the deepest. My family serves as an excellent illustration. As a lad, like so many of our Anglo-Saxon boys who otherwise have plenty of grit, I was inclined to be mentally sluggish and stupid. We had a friend of an older generation who from our earliest days took a great interest in us, and was often with us. I was the eldest of a large family, and then about twelve years old. He taught us games almost before some of us could walk, certainly before some of the children could read, and played them with us. I am sure Jim, the youngest of us, knew the ace of diamonds before he had learned the letter A. Our friend was very partial to cards, and nearly every game of cards I know I learned from him. He told me in after years that he looked upon cards as the very finest education a child, especially a boy, could have. "Let him play," he said, "in the home circle merely for the love of the game, and if he has one spark of good in him he will never afterwards become a gambler." He meant that the home influences and reminiscences would keep him straight. He also said they taught honesty, patience, good-temper, politeness, generosity, discipline, and a host of other moral qualities; and were an excellent test for character, especially in discovering whether the player was a gentleman. But where he laid the greatest stress was on the enlarging and quickening of the youthful mind. They made the slow thinker lively, and gave steadiness to the quick thinker. "What our boys want," he said, "are quicker minds and more mental activity." In my own case, I am thoroughly convinced that if I had not had the advantage of my friend Berkeley's acquaintance, and the mental discipline from the card-games, I should undoubtedly have grown from the dull boy I was into a stupid man.

JONES. Well, Brown, if I were sure that you would not be ill-pleased I would like to say something personal about that.

BROWN. Fire away!

JONES. I remember you perfectly when we were school-fellows together for about a year at the day-school in Kensington. We were also near neighbours at the time. You were very good all round in the playground, but were among the stupid lot in the school at your books. When our people moved to Liverpool, where I finished my schooling, I lost sight of you. But after being a number of years abroad, when I came home and settled again in London, and met you, I knew you at once. What do you think struck me most about you?

BROWN. I can't say.

JONES. That you had grown into a very much smarter and more alert man than you promised to be in your boyhood.

BROWN. It is all owing to the circumstances I have related. The pity of it is that I had not begun earlier. Look at Jim, whom you know. He lived with us until he married. My wife, who was like a second mother to him, used to deplore, when he was reading for the Bar, his spending so much of his evenings at the card-table. You see, poor dear, she had had a sad experience in her only brother, who ruined himself by gambling. I told her not to be uneasy about Jim. He would never turn into a gambler. All our family had a safe talisman against that. I assured her that he was not wasting his time : he was keeping his mind sharpened, and would make his mark yet.

JONES. He did, in that case three years ago, about the swindling company-promoter.

BROWN. Yes, Always *v.* Tummery. Unfortunately my wife died before that. Jim's cross-examination of that clever but unscrupulous defendant was splendid. I was present and heard it. You see Bingham, K.C., took ill in court on the second day, when the other leader was engaged elsewhere depending upon Bingham. The whole brunt of the trial then fell upon Jim, who was the junior. The plaintiff and his solicitor were in despair, and instructed Jim to ask for an adjournment. The judge said No, he could not adjourn in the middle of the case, and there was sufficient talent left for it in Mr. Brown. That put Jim on his mettle, and he rose to the occasion. The defendant had not been five minutes in the box under cross-examination when Jim had him, and ultimately turned him inside out. Smart as the fellow was, Jim was the nimbler-minded, and metaphorically danced round him, giving him no time for consideration, and thereby won his case. The second K.C. came back in time to address the jury, but the judge said it was Jim's cross-examination that settled the affair. Jim was a made man from that hour. He owed it nearly all to our dear friend, Berkeley, and his early educating influence in the card-games.

JONES. I can fully believe it.

ROBINSON (*entering the doorway*). Brown and Jones are wanted in the card-room.

BROWN. Tell them that we are just coming. [*Exit* ROBINSON.]

JONES. Well, Brown, you and your people should thank your stars for such a friend. If all the boys in the kingdom had like guides, we should be a very different nation at the end of the present century. [*Exeunt.*]

THE THAMES AND SEVERN CANAL.¹

IN 1789 there was opened for through traffic a canal which is still known by the self-explanatory name of the Thames and Severn. It unites the mouth of the Severn with the first navigable reach of the river Thames. Its opening was the occasion of almost national enthusiasm. George III. himself paid a special visit to the works, and made a few appropriate remarks on the magnitude of the great tunnel at Sapperton, which carries the canal 250 feet beneath the Cotswold Hills for a distance of nearly three miles. This canal, after lying useless for many years, is about to be reopened. But it is quite likely that there will be no flourish of trumpets. We shall hear nothing of benefits to commerce, of decreased prices in London and the Thames Valley, of the linking of West and East. This was the talk of a century and a quarter ago.

At that time the country had perceived the benefits to be derived from a system of inland navigation. The Kennet had been navigable to Newbury since 1715, the Wey since 1650; the continuations of the latter, the Surrey and Sussex and Basingstoke canals, had been recently opened. So had the waterway from Coventry to Oxford. All these relied not so much upon local trade as upon traffic to and from London *viâ the Thames*. It was only when these canals brought increased trade to the river that attention was called to the fact that

¹ *Authorities*.—(1) "Survey of the Thames from Boulter's to Mortlake," 1770; (2) "Reports of Engineers appointed by the Commissioners of the Navigation of Thames and Isis," 1791. Mr. Jessop's Report, 1789. Mr. Mylne's Report, 1791; (3) "Report of the Commissioners of Thames and Isis of a Survey from Lechlade to Whitchurch," 1791; (4) "Allnutt's Navigation of the Thames. Advantages of improving the river in preference to making any canal," 1805; (5) "Account of the Navigation of Rivers and Canals West of London," by Z. Allnutt, 1810; (6) "Priestley's Account of Navigable Rivers and Canals," 1831; (7) "Thames and Isis Navigation. Report from the Select Committee on the progress made towards the improvement thereof." Parliamentary Reports, 1793; (8) And other pamphlets; (9) Various Acts of Parliament—quoted.

the navigation of the Thames was not all that could be desired. It is the object of this paper to give some account of the state of our greatest waterway during the last decade of the eighteenth century.

In the absence of documentary evidence we shall never know for certain how far London depended on the Thames for the conveyance of the necessities of life. Of course the river monopolised the heavy goods traffic, such as pig-iron, stone, cannon, and "bombs" from the Shropshire foundries (this from a Report of 1793). But the traffic in the less perishable food-stuffs must also have been great. Who would now suppose that sleepy Marlow did a great trade in malt and agricultural produce, or that far-away Lechlade sent annually to London in time of peace 2,500 tons of cheese, and from 800 to 1000 more in war time? This amount was brought the whole distance by water, but an additional 1,500 tons was taken by land to Abingdon and there put on board, in order to avoid the difficult navigation of the upper river. When the river was frozen, the price of coals in London rose to a great height. It was during the great frost of 1814 that a party of men brought a waggon of coals from Leicestershire as a present to the Prince Regent, for which his agent gave them £4. But the Prince was so pleased at the gift that he sent them 20 guineas, and ordered that they should have "a pot of beer apiece."

Those who care for statistics may be interested to know that in 1767 Marlow was the headquarters of sixty-one "great barges" (of about 100 tons and upwards), Henley of fifty-one, Reading of ninety, Wallingford of thirty-three, and Abingdon of thirty-five. All these were engaged in the London trade, as well as many other smaller vessels. In 1786 there were 713 barges, having their headquarters above Boulter's Lock, which bore to London 54,935 tons of merchandise; whereas the "Sundries, viz. punts, doreys, pleasure-boats, timber and half passages," accounted for 568 tons only. Verily old Father Thames has seen many changes, and so, incidentally, has Boulter's Lock.

This trade was expected to be largely increased by the opening of the Thames and Severn Canal. Its supporters based their argument on "the immense quantity of coals" brought from the Birmingham district by the recently made Oxford canal. But their expectations were not fulfilled. The communication with the Severn was made "in full confidence that the Commissioners of the Thames Navigation would complete their navigation by the time it was opened." But the Thames Commissioners were busy quarrelling with one another, and considering the plans of different engineers, each with his own

pet scheme and infallible remedy. It is true that they had many adverse circumstances to contend against, as will presently be shown, but the history of their transactions is not exhilarating. The present Conservators of the Thames are a much-abused body, which is only natural when we consider the number of divergent interests over which they exercise control. The Port of London and the silvery reaches of the Thames are two very different matters, hence the impending introduction of a Bill into Parliament with the object of constituting a new Board for the management of the non-tidal river. This is not the place to discuss the merits and demerits of the Conservators, but, since despotism is better than anarchy, let us at least be thankful that they are an authority, and that they have power to enforce a fixed policy. In the years of which we are treating there was no judge in Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes.

We have already enumerated the waterways which served as feeders to the main navigation of the Thames. Each tributary or canal sent its quota of merchandise to the river and thence to London. "And what easier or simpler? What need for further explanation?" will be the remark of the present-day habitué of the river. O ye who on Saturday fly from smoky London to your bungalows and houseboats! O ye who jostle one another through Molesey Lock on Sunday, a spectacle for admiring crowds! There was no Molesey Lock, no Sunbury Lock, no Shepperton Lock; there was no lock on the river lower than Boulter's. Now from Boulter's to Richmond the river falls about seventy feet. It is not surprising, therefore, that there were many complaints from barge-masters of dangerous shoals and rapids, chiefly at spots where locks have since been erected. Chertsey and Shepperton locks were built in 1810, the former to increase the depth of water over a shallow called Laleham Gulls, and the latter in a dangerous channel called Stonar's Gut. Teddington and Sunbury were erected in the same year. Molesey and Bell Weir in 1812, Penton Hook in 1814, and so forth. Before 1790 the Commissioners had spent 1400*l.* a year for five years in erecting jetties or breakwaters at the various shoals. These forced the water into a narrow channel, which had the effect of temporarily deepening it. And supposing a barge stuck fast in one of the narrow passages, what then? Why, they let down a "flash" of water from Boulter's Lock, that is to say, the sluices were opened and the river allowed to run free. At the critical moment, when the flood reached the stranded vessel, the crew pushed with poles, the horses (sometimes as many as twelve in number) pulled all together,

and the barge moved, or waited for the next flash. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that our ancestors took the country air at Kensington, or, like George III.'s children, at Marylebone, and did not essay the perils of the river. A pleasure boat, approaching a jetty just as an irresponsible barge swung clear on the flood tide, would have been safer elsewhere.

In times of drought barges were often stuck fast for long periods. Flashes were then let down at regular intervals, "two or three times a week," to the great detriment of the navigation above Boulter's, where the present locks were already in existence, and where (according to the engineers' reports) the navigation would have been good if so much water had not been taken out of the river for flashing the lockless stretch below. In 1793, an inquiry into the state of the Thames was held by a Parliamentary Committee. In this inquiry the Clerk of the Works within the jurisdiction of the City give evidence that "flashing is a very abominable practice, because after the flash is drawn and the lock shut in again it leaves the river almost dry for 24 hours, in so much that he had walked over the channel at Marlow without wetting his feet." And at Lechlade, the first lock on the river, the sluices had to be opened for three hours before a vessel could pass the "Hook" below. In ordinary seasons, by these means, barges drawing 3 feet 10 inches of water could rely on making a fairly expeditious passage *downstream*. As may be imagined, it was in the up journey that troubles were multiplied. Sometimes it was necessary to tow *against* a flash, at great expense of horseflesh and towlines, which a barge-master deposes cost 10*l.* or 11*l.* each, and lasted three voyages (from Oxford to London) only. "He never knew one last four but once, and he has taken as much as eight weeks to navigate from London to Oxford."

This being the state of the navigation of the lower Thames when George III. was king, it is not surprising to hear that the river was within an ace of being abandoned altogether as a highway of commerce. In 1770, James Brindley, who engineered the famous canal to Manchester for the Duke of Bridgewater, made an exhaustive survey of the river from Boulter's to Mortlake. He says that the channel may undoubtedly be improved by the aid of about 12 dams and cistern locks, but that the expense will be enormous, and it *will never be a good navigation*. If this prediction has been falsified, Brindley's reputation may be considered as redeemed by this remark: "To remedy this inconvenience" (the shoals between Mortlake and Richmond Gardens) "I would propose a dam to be made across

the river somewhere between Mortlake and Kew Bridge, with a lock at each end"—advice which the Conservators consciously or unconsciously followed when they erected the semi-tidal lock at Richmond, the success of which has so greatly exceeded all expectations.

Brindley's plan was to make a large canal from Sonning, just below Reading, to Monkey Island, near Bray, and from thence, skirting Eton, Colnbrook, and Twickenham, to Isleworth. There were to be branches to Windsor, Staines, and other places as required. By this means, he maintains, vessels of 120 tons could reach Sonning in 15 hours at an expense of £16, as against £40 by the uncertain river navigation. But the scheme gave rise to many objections. It would take too much water from the river; it would injure the King's engine at Windsor; the land would be in danger of inundation; it would give off "exhalations," and so forth. Lovers of the modern Thames owe a deep debt of gratitude to the objectors, for the canal would have paid well until the introduction of railways, and in that case no locks would have been built on the river, for none could have foreseen that it was destined to become our most popular pleasure-ground. As it was, the scheme was rejected after several years' discussion, and all efforts concentrated on the improvement of the Thames.

The navigation of the Thames, like all other English institutions, has been a gradual growth. We cannot point to any definite period and say, "During these years the river was made navigable." The earliest attempts in this direction must have been due to private or local enterprise. A modern guide-book states—though I do not know on what authority—that in the reign of Elizabeth there were on the river 70 locks (22 of which had been recently erected), 16 floodgates, and 7 weirs. This statement requires a little explanation, for what was then known as a lock more nearly resembled the modern weir, as may be seen in old prints. There was no enclosed chamber; the sluices were drawn, and the vessel shot the rapid. Coming up-stream, the water was lowered until the two levels were nearly the same, and the barge was then pulled up by main force. This operation can be witnessed at any weir above Oxford at the present day, and at Hart's Weir, near Buscot, where there are no "rollers," must be performed even by rowing-boats. The modern lock, with gates at either end, was not introduced into England till 1635, when Sir Richard Weston commenced the navigation of the Wey. The work was interrupted by the Civil Wars, and taken in hand again in 1650. This new type of lock was called a pound-lock, and continued to be so called until well into the nineteenth century. The distinction between the two

types is shown by such phrases as "A new pound-lock must be built at the side of Buscot Lock" (from the Engineer's Report in 1789).

The first systematic attempt to improve the river was in the year 1606, when an Act was passed for making a passage from London to Oxford by water. It is possible that James I. took a personal interest in the matter, as we know that he did in the cutting of the New River. This Act was supplemented by that of 22 James I. for improving the navigation from Bercot, near Clifton Hampden, to Oxford. The reasons given for this Act are worthy of recapitulation. They are :

(1) To enable Headington or Oxford stone to be brought to London and other parts.

(2) To convey to the University "coals and other necessities, whereof there is now very great scarcity and want."

(3) Because it is "behoveful" for preserving the highways leading to Oxford, "which now by continual carriages by carts are so worn and broken that in winter season they are for travellers dangerous, and hardly to be amended without exceeding charge."

And last, but most important, "the River of Thames is already navigable and passable for boats of good burthens and contents *for many miles beyond the city of Oxford westward*, and also from London to Bercot." Therefore this link of thirteen miles was necessary to complete the through navigation. The cuts at Culham and Clifton Hampden were two of the results of this Act, though the lock near the latter village is of much more recent construction. The expenses of these works were borne by the University and the city of Oxford.

We hear of no further general improvements to the navigation till the beginning of the canal craze, when the locks above Boulter's were the subject of many complaints. Mapledurham especially "is quite ruinous and decayed. It was built originally of fir timber, very improperly, and has been patched and repaired with different sorts of timber since." But, naturally, the upper reaches from Lechlade, the junction of the Thames and Severn Canal, to Oxford were in the worst state. We read that they are "at present obstructed by shoals and by private locks, on a principle as barbarous as the time in which they were first made, and totally inadequate to any regular conveyance of merchandise." In 1789, in consequence of the continued protests of the proprietors of the canal, new locks were begun at St. John's Bridge, Buscot, Rushey, Pinkhill, Godstow, and Osney, and various cuts were made and shallows removed. But the work was carried on in the most spasmodic manner. For

example, the new lock at Pinkhill, which is about two miles from the historic village of Cumnor, was for several years an actual impediment to the navigation, because there was no weir to keep up the water. These weirs were all private property, and most of them were in a ruinous condition. For example, when the Commissioners were making a tour of inspection in 1791, the "Navigation shallop," which drew only sixteen inches of water, stuck fast on the wreck of Old Nan's Weir (near the present Radcot Lock), and "after being lightened was obliged to be lifted over with leavers."

Two plans were afterwards broached to avoid the difficulties of this part of the river: one, a canal from Lechlade to Abingdon, which never passed the House of Commons, and the other a cut of about seven miles in length from below Newbridge to Abingdon. This was to avoid the great northerly sweep of the river round Eynsham and Oxford, and would have effected a clear saving of seventeen miles. But too many details of the upper river navigation will be wearisome, since so few people care to acquaint themselves with its beauties. Most of those who boast a thorough knowledge of the Thames have never been above Folly Bridge, unless perchance they are Oxford men who have made a desultory voyage or two to Godstow. *A propos* of Godstow, it is recorded that in 1791 "the Droitwich salt boat stopt here, being four inches too wide for the wide arch of the old bridge, and Godstow Lock not finished and all the workmen gone." Imagine the excitement which one of the characteristic Droitwich boats would cause on the river to-day! It is on the river above Oxford that the Thames Conservancy have done some of their best work. New locks were opened in 1896 and 1898 in place of three old weirs, and dredging has been systematically carried on for years. This time the Thames is ready before the canal, and waiting for the through traffic. Will it come?

It is evident, then, that the navigation of the Thames has been of very gradual and spasmodic growth. The reason of this is that until the Act of 1787, when a very hybrid body of Commissioners was appointed, there was no controlling authority. Until the inauguration of the Thames Conservancy in 1857, the City of London ruled the river up to the London Stone, near Staines Bridge, and in virtue of this claimed a shadowy jurisdiction over the whole waterway. But local improvements were, of course, left to local authorities. Was it likely that the citizens of London would tax themselves to remove a shallow at Oxford or Lechlade? Of course, they did nothing of the sort.

The real power for good or evil lay in the owners of private locks,

a power founded on the well-known maxim that possession is nine points of the law. So strong were they that the Act of 27 George III. expressly stipulated that there was to be no infringement of their rights. So that, whenever the Commissioners constructed a new lock, the old owners still claimed the dues or passage money. These were often extremely high, especially at the locks immediately below Oxford. At Iffley Lock each barge had to pay 15*s.*, at Sandford 17*s.* 6*d.*, at Abingdon 12*s.*, and at Sutton (the modern Culham) £1. Charges for the other locks varied from 8*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*, and whenever a new lock was erected the toll was from 4*d.* to 1*d.* a ton in addition. The tolls of the Commissioners amounted to 5*s.* 7*d.* per ton for the voyage from Staines to Lechlade, while the sums due to the private owners of locks and weirs was £10 1*s.* 6*d.* The City tolls from London to Staines amounted to 8*s.* 11*d.* per ton, so that the whole voyage was somewhat expensive. Moreover, each barge paid 5*s.* for the use of the towpath at Old Windsor, and 11*s.* yearly for the same at New Windsor and Romney. The latter place is said to have been the most difficult on the whole river. In the stream behind the present lock cut the water fell three feet in about half a mile, to surmount which a laden barge required 16 horses, in addition to the use of "the wheel" at Windsor bridge—presumably a kind of capstan.

In addition to these charges many landowners had the right to take toll from all traffic passing their portion of the river. In the jurisdiction of the City of London were the Earl of Ducie's "turnpike," just below Twickenham Ferry; the Earl of Dysart's at Petersham; and Messrs. Burchett & Co.'s at Kingston. The two latter were worth in 1793 about £190 a year, levied at the rate of 3*d.* a horse. There was a pay-gate at Molesey, and two at Laleham, of which one belonged to the Earl of Lonsdale and returned an income of £70. Lastly, every barge paid 8*d.* for the right of passing under the old wooden bridge at Staines. There were, of course, other turnpikes on the upper reaches, such as Lord Harcourt's at Nuneham. When this was bought up by the Commissioners, a lock was built, but was abolished as useless some years later.

These exactions were legal, but they by no means constituted the whole payment. The Act of 3 George II. states in the preamble that the occupiers of locks, weirs, &c. "exact such exorbitant sums of money for the passage of boats as tend greatly to the discouragement of navigation," and the Commissioners found in 1789 "that at almost every weir above Oxford more than the usual legal tolls were exacted." Moreover, there was often a shortage of water, and

messengers had to be sent, "often ten or twenty miles ahead, to pay extra fees and gratuities to obtain a flash." Suppose, for example, that a barge is aground below a weir, and requires a flash of water from above. There is also another barge in the same condition above the weir, waiting till the river rises sufficiently to float her off. The lockshutter (to give him his old name) is a private servant, responsible to no one but the owner of the weir—perhaps he even rents it as a speculation. Both bargemasters are pressed for time. Which gets through first? Why, the one with the longer purse! We notice also many smaller, but none the less irritating exactions. Here is one which may serve as a climax and an anti-climax combined, taken from the evidence of a bargemaster before the Committee of 1793. "At Sutton Lock the bargemasters are liable to many impositions. They are obliged to drink at the public-house there."

But there was yet another class of persons who made their livelihood from the river, and who cared little for the navigation. These were the millers, whose conduct was the subject of innumerable complaints, especially in the districts where there were two rival establishments at the same place. All boating folk know the mills at Goring and Streatley. These often worked "at a spurt," and nearly drained the short reach of half a mile to Cleeve Lock, to the great disadvantage of all traffic. And so jealous were they of their water that the miller of Streatley refused to give a flash to a boat which had grounded below his mill until he had received one of equal volume from the lock above. Small wonder that the Commissioners complained that "all attempts at navigation will be unsuccessful unless proprietors of old locks and weirs, millers, and renters of fisheries are compelled to keep up an head of water at a fixed height."

Such was the state of the Thames in the last decade of the eighteenth century. There was no organisation, no control. There were countless folk with rights, and next to none with duties. It is almost impossible to imagine how a fisherman at Sunbury, in 1789, could have been allowed to cause a bad shoal by making "certain contrivances called wellys, to catch lampreys, by staking down in the channel large faggotts of brushwood." And this was the most important commercial highway in the kingdom!

Latterly the Thames has become the recreation-ground of the wealthier classes. Apart from any opposition likely to come from these, there is only one reason why it should not again become a river of trade, and that is the opposition of the railways. The Thames and Severn Canal is to be reopened; all the other water connections

with the Midlands and the West are still in existence, with the exception of the poor Wilts and Berks Canal, which once did a great trade in Radstock coal and Bath stone, and had a regular service of boats plying between Abingdon and Bristol. It is now the final resting-place of all the tin pans and broken crockery of the district, and like the Manzanares, "is navigable either in a carriage or on horseback." It is to be noticed that the Great Western Railway follows its course throughout. The Oxford Canal is still in fairly good repair, and every now and again one meets a barge, but they are not nearly so numerous as the herons which haunt the banks. This is the canal which once brought its "immense quantity" of coals to the Thames; now it is very peaceful and idyllic. The Great Western Railway runs through the same country all the way. The Kennet and Avon Canal from Bristol to Reading (opened in 1799) is one of the finest in England, both in size, scenery, and engineering. Its channel is choked with a weed of peculiar clinging powers. The charges are prohibitive, the cost of a single journey in a small launch being more than the annual lock-pass on the Thames. It is the property of the Great Western Railway, which runs by its side. The railway company allow no traffic on a Sunday nor after sunset on any day, which is illogical, since they do not enforce these regulations on their own system.

These three canals, which should be the main feeders of the Thames, are now peaceful waterways. The scenery is always pretty, often exceedingly picturesque; there are none of the unsavoury disfigurations which the uninitiated are wont to associate with canals as viewed from a railway carriage in the Black Country. They can be confidently recommended to those who desire a more private and extended touring-ground than the Thames. If they cannot benefit the country, let them at least give pleasure to the individual.

C. J. AUBERTIN.

TABLE TALK.

AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO SHAKESPEARE KNOWLEDGE.

AMERICA has done so much for the dissemination of dreams and heresies concerning Shakespeare, that it is but justice that her solid contributions to a knowledge of the dramatist's work should have full recognition. In the United States the study of Shakespeare is even more closely pursued than in England. The *Variorum Edition* of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of which virtually fourteen volumes have appeared, is perhaps the most solid and important contribution of modern days to Shakespeare knowledge, and the writings of Professor Albert Smyth and innumerable other workers in American Universities are resulting in great additions to our knowledge. In regard to the heresies even of which I speak, it would be wrong to lay the entire blame, or even a considerable portion of it, upon Transatlantic writers. Whenever a wild theory reaches us from across the water, some Englishman is sure to "go one better"; and our very Judges, when resting from their forensic labours, deal with Shakespearian problems, and claim—on the strength of their experience of a totally different class of evidence—a consideration for their views which literary men, and experts in a sense, are not prepared to concede.

MR. SIDNEY LANIER ON SHAKESPEARE.

THE latest work on a Shakespearian subject which, reaching us from America, and published in London, in two volumes, by Mr. William Heinemann, claims serious attention is *Shakespeare and his Forerunners*, by Sidney Lanier. Mr. Lanier, whose name I encounter for the first time, has obtained recognition in America as a poet. He is, or was, a man of great erudition, wild imagination, wide reading, and generally diversified gifts, who has contributed to letters one or two noteworthy publications, and whose most important labour the present is. The work consists of lectures delivered in Baltimore before the Johns Hopkins University or a class of ladies at the Pea-

body Institute. They are posthumous in appearance, are edited by a relative, and have obviously not received from the author any definite revision. An appeal is made accordingly to indulgence, since inconsistencies and irregularities on which the eye rests would presumably have disappeared in the course of a final recension. As may well be the case in the production of an extended series of lectures, the writer has varied his programme during the progress. Portions of his scheme have been abandoned, and other illustrations have been substituted for those originally designed ; the result being to convey an idea of want of system and cohesion. Inchoate as is the work, I unhesitatingly commend it to scholars, Shakespearian and others, as the book of a man of fine taste, subtle perceptions, original observation, and buoyant vitality.

“SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FORERUNNERS.”

MR. LANIER'S preparation for the task he has accomplished seems to have consisted in a close study of Middle English, knowledge of which in this country is generally confined to the professorial and student classes. For his illustrations he goes back to the earliest writers, notably to Cædmon, to the author of *Pier Plowman*, to the producers of Mysteries and Miracle Plays, to Chaucer, to the early Scottish poets, and to the *Legends of the Saints*. As the title of his volumes indicates, it is the “forerunners” of Shakespeare with whom he deals rather than the contemporaries. These latter are not, however, neglected ; and several chapters towards the close of the first of the two volumes are devoted to Surrey and Wyatt and the sonneteers generally down to early Stuart times. Separate chapters are on “The Supernatural in Early English,” “Nature in Early English,” “Some Birds of English Poetry,” “Women of English Poetry,” “The Wife in Middle English Poetry,” “The Music of Shakespeare's Time,” “Domestic Life,” “The Doctors of Shakespeare's Time,” “Metrical Tests,” &c. It is obviously all but impossible to convey an idea of the treatment of these various subjects ; while considerations of space render it even more difficult to give a notion of the analogies Mr. Lanier is quick to perceive. Perhaps the best idea of the mode of workmanship adopted is conveyed in the following significant passage, written *à propos* of *Hamlet*, where Mr. Lanier compares with passages in that play memorable words in Darwin's *Origin of Species* : “I am fond of bringing together people and books that never dreamed of being side by side ; often I find nothing more instructive.”

PLEASURE DERIVED FROM STUDY.

MR. LANIER is one of the most discursive, least systematic, and least convincing of men. He is also one of the most suggestive. It is on the strength of this that I go out of my way to recommend his book, which, for the rest, is a most desirable possession, being crowded throughout with portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations, some of them derived from remote and virtually inaccessible sources. Another great attraction in the volumes is that, though the characters compared are often disparate and incongruous, and the journeys we take under our author's guidance are diversified, we are always in a delectable land which no lover of poetry will seek to quit. It is no longer fashionable to read Spenser; still less, to quote him. I may perhaps be pardoned if I give a stanza from the *Faërie Queene* which, rightly interpreted, conveys an idea of the pleasure to be derived from that poem and from the work of Mr. Lanier. It is the introduction to the sixth book, and might almost have been written by Mr. Lanier, as it was by Edmund Spenser:—

The waies, through which my wearie steps I guyde
 In this delightfull land of Faëry,
 Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
 And sprinkled with such sweet variety
 Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
 That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts' delight,
 My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
 And when I gin to feele decay of might,
 It strength to me supplies and chears my dulled spright

This, at any rate, conveys my own feeling on reading a book such as that I owe to America and Mr. Lanier.

RE-ISSUE OF THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."

I HAVE kept my readers cognisant of the appearance of the complementary volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the order in which they have been issued. The volume with which I now deal, and the Ninth Volume which I hope to notice next month, virtually complete the work. There is to be, I believe, a further volume—perhaps more—comprising an index to the entire work and other supplementary matter concerning which I may hereafter have something to say. The information on current matters it is the object of the publishers to supply is now in the hands of the subscriber to the volumes, and the only further boon for which he has to wait consists in facilities for rendering available the

treasure with which he is endowed. Thirty-three volumes in all, whereof nine are complementary, have so far seen the light; and the man who possesses the whole may boast of having within reach the last secret which science has wrested from Nature, the latest pronouncement upon literature, the latest decision as regards art. I can only repeat *à propos* of the *Encyclopædia* what I have said of works of kindred importance—the *Dictionary of National Biography* and the great *Oxford Dictionary*—that while every middle-class student and every man of moderate means should have them on his shelves, there should be an arrangement, voluntary or State-aided, by which every local centre should have all these works somewhere accessible to the public. Such a view may be regarded as a counsel of perfection; but enlightenment is advancing with rapid stride, and what is now regarded as an optimistic dream will before long be an established reality.

CONTENTS OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

VOLUME Eight of the new volumes (Vol. XXXII. of the complete work) extends from "Pribiloff Islands" to "Stowmarket." The prefatory essay, by Professor Karl Pearson, deals with the "Function of Science in the Modern State." How far this carries theorising is attested by the fact that the conclusions as to the functions of the State and the sources of social conduct of Huxley and Herbert Spencer are regarded as fallacious. It is rarely indeed—perhaps never—that the dicta of the greatest men are final. A Newton even attains no position of absolute and exclusive authority. As a rule, the discovery of one great man is but a foothold in the Alp of knowledge by which his successor may be aided in his climb; were it otherwise, new *Encyclopædias* would scarcely be in request. The future of a nation, Professor Pearson opines, will depend on the dominance of intelligence. Hence, the functions of science as an educator are the most important. More than a hint may be gathered that the processes of education might with advantage begin with our rulers, whose ignorance it is difficult to over-estimate. Among the contents, a mere enumeration of which would occupy pages, I may select Mr. Edwin Dale's fine and admirably illustrated article on Process, an unhappy name for one of the most important advances of the last quarter of a century. Railways (in the working of which many writers participate), Schools of Painting, and Social Progress are naturally matters so important and many-sided that it is impossible to indicate the views that are taken. Turning to smaller fields of thought, I find Mr. Lang writing with some justifiable hesitancy about Psychical Research, a "Serbonian bog" in which

"armies whole" of philosophers have sunk or are sinking. Scientific articles on Propellants, Radiation, River Engineering, Spectroscopy, and other subjects are written by acknowledged experts. Geographical and political essays, showing the latest conditions of advance, are on Queensland, Red Sea, Rhodesia, Roumania, Russia, Sahara, San Francisco, Scotland, Siam, Siberia, Somaliland, South Africa, South Australia, Spain. Theology supplies contributions on the Protestant Episcopal Church, Reservation of the Eucharist, Roman Catholic Church; the last by Cardinals Vaughan and Gibbons. Socialism and Sociology appear—the latter, I fancy, for the first time in an *Encyclopædia*; while literature deals with Ranke, the Rossettis, Ruskin, &c., and art with Puvis de Chavannes and Rubinstein. Protoplasm, Provençal Literature, Psychology, Reptiles, Roman Walls, are a few only of the admirable essays to which I would direct attention.

BISHOP STUBBS'S "HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS."

A BOON to scholarship is conferred in reproducing in a separate volume the "Historical Introductions" to the Rolls Series of the late Bishop of Oxford.¹ While virtually unknown to the general reader, these "Introductions" constitute in the estimate of scholars the most important contribution to our historical knowledge of modern times. In philosophical grasp, in sobriety of judgment, in profundity of erudition, and in mingled picturesqueness and terseness of language, Bishop Stubbs had few, if any, equals among English historians, and his work has secured him a place among the masters of his craft. Into the Introductions to the Chronicles, edited by order of the then Master of the Rolls, Lord Romilly, and his indefatigable Deputy Keeper, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, whose inception the scheme was, Stubbs put much of his best work. As studies of our Angevin kings these writings are virtually unrivalled, nothing like the pictures presented having been given to the world since Gibbon. It is altogether outside my aim and my power to do justice to work of this character, and my intention in mentioning these reprinted Introductions is only to advise my readers not to miss sight of a work that scarcely appeals to the general public. Let those with whom my recommendation carries weight turn to the comparison (pp. 321 *et seq.*) between Richard I. and his great enemy Saladin, and they will judge for themselves how much would have been lost had these historical writings been left in the comparative obscurity in which they have hitherto dwelt.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Longmans.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1903.

A BUSINESS LIBEL.

BY JAMES SYKES.

"**W**HAT'S the matter? Why, just look at that share list. I've paid contangoes on those infernal Randfonteins to carry them over three settlements, and now they've come down till my three per cent. cover has run off after all, and there's another £30 gone."

"But why on earth do you go in for mines? You know they're as frisky as fleas. You can't rely on 'em keeping steady for five minutes."

"I don't want them to be steady. If they're like fleas why don't they jump? Here are these Randfonteins: I might have cleared out at a two per cent. rise, and made £10; but just as I was thinking about it down they came again, and here they are at three and a sixteenth, and away goes my £30."

"Well, I can sympathise with you, old man, for I've backed a second and two thirds this week, and none of them for a place. I'm pretty near stony, and I rather think I shall have to clear out of this before the Michaelmas bills come in."

"I fancy I shall have to show my heels too before long, for everything's gone askew the last twelve months, and I've a £150 bill maturing in September."

Certainly the Fates had not been kind of late to John Churchman. But then he wooed them like a booby. A smart man of business, he might, if he was determined to pursue the career of a gambler, have made a good income as a stockbroker, or as a bookmaker on the turf; but he took the rod at the wrong end—was the fish instead

of being the angler—speculated in stocks instead of profiting by the speculations of others, and backed horses instead of taking the bets of the multitude. Without being an adept in either of these fields of industry, he gave to them sufficient of his time and energies to ruin the comfortable boot-manufacturing business he had inherited from his father.

His chum was Ernest Litter, a local reporter, who eked out his small salary with a few pounds a month earned by corresponding for the papers in other towns. But his resources were unequal to the strain put upon them by an extravagance of habit which had got him rather deeply involved with sundry small tradesmen in the town of Sannington.

The two sat moodily over their "small specials" in the parlour of the "Punch Bowl," peering into the future in the vain hope of perceiving some prospect of relief from the difficulties which confronted them.

"We shall have to strike something new," said Litter at last, "and I think I smell a scheme that might fairly tickle your catastrophe if it should come off. By Jove!" he added, with a thump on the table, "it's worthy of a Cagliostro!"

"Cagliostro!" cried Churchman, "why, I lost £2. 10s. on that brute only last week."

"Ah! but my Cagliostro was a hoss of another colour. No dopping with him; no gins and bitters were needed to make him lick the field. No Yankee jockeys——"

"Well, I never heard of the horse, but that makes no matter. Let's have your scheme for making the mare to go."

"Just ask little Lucy for a drop more poison, and then I'll tell you all about it. No, I won't though," added Litter, after thinking a moment. "I'll give you a glimpse into the golden horoscope and reserve the details. What do you think my reputation's worth, John?"

"Not to put too fine a point upon it, I should say about twopence three farthings."

"Shabby! Despicable! You might have made it threepence. I would not sell it for less than the price of a glass of whisky. And what valuation should you say you would put upon yours?"

"Mine? Oh, I'm a respectable tradesman, and my name has been known in the boot trade for forty years. I'm a man of substance—at least I'm supposed to be, and that's pretty much the same thing in trade. I've played my cards discreetly."

"So he who should take away your good name would have to

pay a pretty stiff price for it, but he who should steal your purse would get a piece of trash."

"That's about it, Mr. Shakespeare."

"As a matter of fact, the clear value of your estate is about equal to the price you were good enough to put upon my reputation."

"I wish to heaven it were! Look here, Ernie, strictly between you and me, if the Assyrians came down on my fold to-morrow they would not get ten shillings in the pound."

"They would find instead of a flock of fat sheep one little ewe lamb, and that mortgaged to a butcher. Good—or rather very bad. Now look here."

"Where? Get along, mystic."

"Now, this is the position: one was of low condition, the other a patrician—well, not exactly that; but supposing us two to be a firm, what assets should we have to trade on?"

"I can see none, except your cheek."

"That's not an inconsiderable asset; but after all it is only brass, and what we want is gold. I consider we have in your reputation a right solid gilt-edged stock."

"I dare say, but I'm trading on that now, and in six weeks, if I don't meet that bill, this fine asset won't be worth a twopenny cigar."

"Then we'll do it. But mind this. My reputation may not be of very high value. In your contracted vision it may be worth only threepence with a farthing change, but I shall want £100 for it at least. Now, if I raise you £500 within a month without hurting you what shall be my share?"

"Why, I suppose you would not want to go less than half."

"I should not. It's a bargain. Ta-ta, I've an important engagement. Norman & Smith promised me a good par. this afternoon about a certain firm they are acting for."

Churchman was astounded next morning on going down to his office to find several of his creditors waiting for him in a state of much indignation and perturbation.

"I shall consent to no arrangement," were the first words he heard. "Oh, no, if you don't pay my account this day, or satisfy my bankers of your solvency, off I go to the County Court offices."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Churchman. "Who said anything about arrangements? Your account's all right, man. Don't get excited. What's happened?"

"Happened? The idea of asking such a question! I haven't got a notice myself, but look at this"; and he thrust before the astonished bootmaker a copy of that day's *Yorkshire Mail*, in which he read the following paragraph:

"A meeting of the creditors of John Churchman, boot manufacturer, Sannington, will be held on the 22nd inst., at the offices of Messrs. Norman & Smith, chartered accountants, Sannington. It is announced that the firm has been in difficulties for some time, and that an examination of the books shows a considerable deficiency."

"What scoundrel has done this?" cried Churchman. "There's not a word of truth in it. I'm as sound as a bell."

In five minutes he was at the offices of Norman & Smith in a state of agitation at least equal to that which had been manifested by his creditors. The senior partner received him with a great deal of apologetic distress.

"I know what you have come for, Mr. Churchman," he said. "It's all the fault of that fool of a reporter. He put your name in the paragraph instead of the name of another firm we were acting for. I gave him the information yesterday afternoon, and it's all right except that he has got the wrong name."

"A very trifling exception, to be sure—oh, yes, very unimportant—very—very," spluttered Churchman. "It's only like hanging the wrong man. Oh, no, it doesn't matter the least bit. I'm ruined, that's all."

"My dear sir," said Norman, "I am really exceedingly sorry for the error, but surely it is not so serious as that?"

"But it is. I happen to have a good deal of money out just now, and I can't call it in all at once. This will go all over the country, and everybody will be pressing for payment on the nail. It will drive me into the Bankruptcy Court, as sure as my name's John Churchman. What could the ass have been thinking about?"

"I cannot conceive. But surely you can have the matter put right? The editor will insert a correction."

"Correction be hanged! You might as well try to catch the wind as stop a report of that kind."

"Well, we will do everything possible to mitigate the misfortune. Will you go with me to look up the reporter, and see what he has to say about it? Litter is the fool's name."

"Litter! Why, he——"

But Mr. Churchman suddenly remembered what had occurred

between himself and his youthful friend the previous day, and thought it would be as well to hold his peace for the present.

Norman and Churchman found Litter at the office of the *San-nington Courier*, seated with an aspect of the deepest gloom.

"Oh, don't reproach me," he exclaimed. "I'm done for. Othello's occupation's gone. I shall never survive such a blunder.

Bitter is my cup,
However could I do it ?

Yes, I mixed those gentlemen up, and every creature will know it."

"Never mind your comic opera nonsense," said Mr. Norman. "This is a serious business, and Mr. Churchman, at least, is entitled to a serious explanation."

"Oh, I know it's serious, and I'm terribly sorry. I happened to notice Mr. Churchman through the window just before I wrote the par., and somehow his name got in instead of Mr. Watson's. Temporary mental aberration, I suppose. Engine drivers have it sometimes, and then people get smashed."

"And you've done your best to smash me," interjected the boot-maker. "You confounded idiot !"

"And then the railway companies have to pay the piper," Litter calmly resumed, and something suspiciously like a wink obscured his left eye as he turned towards Churchman.

"It's in three of the principal papers in the North of England," he added, turning to Norman, "and I shall never get another penn'orth of lineage out of them again. Look at those papers."

As Norman was looking over the newspapers containing the announcement, Litter again turned to Churchman with a sardonic leer, and a glance of triumph shot from his eyes. The look of gloomy contrition reappeared as Norman put down the journals.

"I had better leave it in your hands to make the necessary corrections," said the accountant. "If there is anything I can do to remedy the mischief, I shall be most willing to do it."

No sooner was the door closed behind Norman than Litter anticipated a storm of reproaches from his friend by leaping to his feet and landing a rousing smack on Churchman's shoulders.

"Shake, old man, I congratulate you. It's worked splendidly so far. I sent it to five papers and three have inserted it."

"But where do I come in ? You may get your miserable penny a line, but my business is ruined."

"Come, come, you've more than half an eye, surely ? After the necessary corrections and explanations your business will be none

the worse, and within a fortnight you'll have a thousand pounds in your pocket. I am the man who suffers, for my reputation as a journalist will never survive such an error."

"But was it a blunder at all?"

"No, as a matter of fact it was not so bad as a blunder—if the aphorism has anything in it—it was only a crime. Get thee to a lawyer, and instruct him to write a thumping letter to each of these papers demanding heavy damages for the particularly gross libel upon you. I'll send the correction, and make it a nice little advertisement for you. They'll put it in of course, and I dare say they may claim that that is sufficient reparation; but don't you be put off. Pile up the magnitude of your business; rub in the consternation of your creditors; make out that there are temporary difficulties which render the report particularly embarrassing just now—you've had to realise at a loss to meet sudden claims, and all that. It won't really hurt you much, if at all. Explain to all creditors that it is a pure mistake—or a malignant lie if you like. Oh, my prophetic uncle! but it's a sweet libel. It should be worth £500 from each of the three papers. Go away and do your duty like an honest Englishman. Never mind me; I'm right down at the bottom of a sea of despair—wandering in the valley of humiliation—buried in a bog of disgrace. But no matter—the time shall come! Remember—half shares."

Churchman's countenance had gradually broadened during the recital of Litter's speech, but he did not yet quite grasp the situation.

"But surely," he said, "these things can't be done with impunity? You say it's a crime."

"My dear fellow, that was an epigram. There's no crime about it—in law. I am the innocent victim of temporary aberration of memory. Run away to your solicitor, and mind you look very fierce as you go out of this office."

Without further ado Churchman hurried back to his office, and told his chief clerk to explain to all creditors and other inquirers that the paragraph was a gross mistake on the part of a rascally reporter, that naturally it had caused a most unfortunate run on him, and having a good deal of money invested he could not satisfy everybody at once; but their accounts were perfectly safe, and the business was as sound as ever. Then he went to his lawyers, taking care to work himself into a state of high indignation.

Meantime Litter wrote as follows to the papers which had inserted the paragraph:

"I exceedingly regret that in the paragraph I sent you yesterday *re* creditors of John Churchman, boot manufacturer, Sannington, I was guilty of a very serious error. The report was communicated to me by Messrs. Norman & Smith (as I intimated for your information), but unfortunately, by some accident, I inserted the wrong name. The news related to the business of Mr. John Watson, and I cannot sufficiently express my regret for this lamentable occurrence.

"I saw Mr. Churchman this morning. He was naturally very angry, but I promised to send a correction, and I trust he will be satisfied with the par. I enclose herewith. He is a man of the highest probity, greatly respected in this district, and there is not the slightest ground for casting any doubt upon the stability of his business, which is well known in the trade, and has been established many years.

"Again apologising for this grievous blunder,

"I remain, your obedient servant,

"ERNEST LITTER."

Accompanying this was a paragraph explaining the mistake, and embodying the complimentary remarks with which Mr. Litter concluded his epistle. This was duly inserted, but an intimation was sent to the enterprising youth that a journalist capable of so serious a blunder could no longer be trusted to act for these journals.

Messrs. Grubb & Haddam, Churchman's solicitors, readily adopted their client's view of the seriousness of the libel, and were far from reluctant to take up so promising a piece of business. Next day each of the offending newspapers received from them a letter in these terms :

"We have been consulted by Mr. John Churchman, of this town, with reference to the following paragraph which appears in your issue of to-day. (Here the report was quoted.)

"You will doubtless be aware ere you receive this that the statement, so far as it relates to our client, is entirely without foundation. We understand that a correction will probably appear in your issue of to-morrow ; but this, we need hardly say, will by no means compensate Mr. Churchman for the serious damage the circulation of such a report must cause to him. A grosser libel upon a business man it would be difficult to conceive.

"Before taking further steps we await an intimation from you as to what you propose to do."

On receipt of this letter the editors of the three papers—who had ascertained where the libel had been published—communicated with

each other by wire, and, finding that a similar demand was made upon all of them, they resolved to offer £100 each on condition that no further proceedings were taken. But this served only to whet the appetites of Mr. Churchman and of his advisers. Messrs. Grubb & Haddam wrote again to each editor :—

“We infer from the identical offers we have received from yourself and from the two contemporaries who published the gross libel upon our client, Mr. Churchman, that you have agreed upon the amount you are prepared to offer as compensation, and that in the event of actions being commenced you would apply for leave to consolidate them. To that we would offer no objection, but we beg to state that our client considers your offer is quite inadequate to the occasion, and in this we agree with him.

“Mr. Churchman's business is a large one, having connections in various parts of the country, and when once such a report is put in circulation it is impossible for any correction to remedy all the damage done by the original statement. You yourselves claim a very large circulation, and it is obvious the papers cannot come into the same hands every day. Moreover, the paragraph is apt to be copied into other papers and the correction overlooked.

“Mr. Churchman has already suffered much inconvenience, as he has a large sum of money locked up in securities which are not easily realisable just now, and he finds it impossible to satisfy at the moment all the demands made upon him. This makes a bad impression, and it will be long before his business recovers from the shock.

“We propose now to enter an action against each paper for £1,000 damages, but await your further reply before taking definite steps.”

Churchman, of course, would never have gone into court, and would have been glad to take the £300 if he could have got no more ; but the editors had a wholesome dread of a jury of business men in such a case, and after further negotiation it was agreed that each paper should pay £300 in settlement of all claims.

Again the two friends are seated over their “specials” in the parlour of the “Punch Bowl.” Churchman had found it impossible to keep up a show of resentment against an unfortunate young man who by a momentary lapse of memory had lost not only his connection with leading papers but his position on the local journal. With

fine magnanimity, he had announced that he should take no action against Litter, who had, he said, already suffered sufficiently for his folly.

As for Litter, he had admirably maintained the aspect of contrition and distress, but was itching for an opportunity to kick up his heels and shout aloud for joy over the £450 he was to receive for the 2½*d.* reputation he had sacrificed. He now proposed to Churchman that so soon as his engagement on the *Courier* was at an end they should run up to London and have a good time for a few days.

"And then," he said, "I'm off to South America with more than £400 in my pocket. I shan't pay the people here, for it would look suspicious to be flush of money just now."

"But I don't care for South America, darling. Suppose we say Tasmania? I've a cousin there, and she says it is delightful."

It was the voice of the fair Lucy, whose auburn fringe appeared round the corner of the bar as she spoke.

The conspirators leaped from their seats in alarm.

"By thunder!" cried Litter. "You've been eavesdropping, you artful little cat. What do you mean?"

"Oh! You're not supposed to have secrets from ladies, Ernest, dear, especially from me. Of course, you would never think of running away and leaving your little sweetheart to cry her poor eyes out."

Litter, rapidly recovering his equanimity, assured Lucy that he would be sorry to interfere with any ambition that she might entertain for a trip to the Antipodes, but for his part he was bound for South America, and had no particular desire for any encumbrances at present.

"But didn't you promise last Whitsuntide," she exclaimed, "that as soon as you were in a position to——"

"Oh! but I'm not in a position to marry, and I don't know when I shall be. Here I am, ruined in my profession and chucked out of collar, and going into the wide world to seek my fortune. The world is all before me where to choose, and I must take my melancholy way out of this modern Eden, even leaving my little Eve behind."

"Don't try to humbug me, Ernest."

"Humbug! Nothing would be further from my character; but understand this, you have nothing to hope—as they say to the malefactors—from any promise that may have been holden out to you. Your Ernest is a shattered reed. Forget him, and seek out some snub-nosed grocer who will make you happy."

He was interrupted by a gush of tears. "Do you think," she

sobbed, "that I've only one little ear, and that I heard nothing but that you are going away? Do you think this is the first time I've been behind this 'ere bar? I heard you concocting your little plans with your precious chum. I know you have plenty of money. Promise here and now before Mr. Churchman that you'll take me with you, or I'll——"

What the young lady intended to do Litter heard not, for Churchman had caught his companion by the coat collar and was hurrying him out of the house.

"Now," said the bootmaker, when they had reached a convenient place for talking, "where do we stand?"

"To speak the naked truth," replied Litter, "we stand in a rather slippery place; but I don't think the law can touch us. The girl doesn't know much, and if she did, what is the offence?"

"Circulating false statements, I suppose," said Churchman.

"That is an offence against you, no doubt; but I suppose you don't want to prosecute yourself, nor me either. The papers are the sufferers, and they might have ground for a civil action against me; but they could get nothing out of me if they succeeded, and they can't prosecute me criminally. I tell you, we've dodged old Father Antic the law." Litter was not quite so safe as he supposed. He might have been charged with attempting to obtain money (the payment for the paragraph) by false pretences.

"But think of the exposure if this should come out," said Churchman.

"That might hurt you, but it doesn't affect me now——"

My task is smoothly done,
I can cut and I can run.

And, as another poet says, the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels."

"Well, you take it mighty cool; but isn't there such a thing as conspiracy?"

"There you have it, my 'cute friend. You're getting warmer. Now, if I'd told you what I intended to do and Lucy heard it, I should fancy at this moment I could feel the handcuffs on my wrists. If we'd arranged the thing between us I suppose it would have been conspiracy to defraud."

"As the thing stands I'm afraid it is something most horribly like it. I don't feel at all comfortable. Hadn't you better take the girl away?"

"What! burden myself for life with that carrot-headed little

chit? I'd rather go without a penny. Why, man, I'm going to make a fortune with that four hundred, and in a few years I shall come back and be a member of Parliament and marry a duke's daughter. By the way," he added, "have you got the coin yet?"

"No; Grubb said he expected it this week, but he had not received it this morning."

"That's a pity. I must keep the girl quiet a few days."

"Oh, but a few days won't do for me. Suppose it all comes out when you've cleared?"

"That would be disagreeable for you; but as for me, you know the value you put upon *my* reputation."

"Yes," cried Churchman angrily, "and I know the condition on which I consented to give you half—that no harm should come to me. Pray remember that, my ingenious friend, remember that."

"I don't recollect exactly what was said, but of course it was understood——"

"Oh, never mind your understandings. I know what I understood. I don't pretend to be very well acquainted with your friend Father Antic the law, but I know this much—that when I get those cheques I shall have nine-tenths of the law in my pocket."

"You don't mean to say you would bag the whole of the swag?" cried Litter, firing up.

"I mean to say that if you don't fulfil your condition that no harm shall come to me I shall not fulfil mine to give you half. That's quite reasonable, for if I'm to lose my character I'm entitled to a handsome price for it."

"Then all I can say is you shall lose your precious character and get nothing for it."

"Come, Litter, don't be an ass. If we fall out we shall both be ruined. The girl's cheap at the price. Take her and the four-fifty. There's no other way out of it, really."

"Well, I'm not sure that there is. This shows the folly of talking within half a mile of a skirt. I have to catch a train now, but I'll see her to-morrow and try what I can do. I dare say a nice little present will bring her to reason."

"But mind, you must make me quite safe," said Churchman, as they shook hands.

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Meanwhile Lucy was brooding over her wrongs, and wondering whether she could do anything to avenge herself on her treacherous lover. Her knowledge of what had happened was but vague, and she knew nothing of the legal bearings of the case.

She was still in the midst of her perplexity when her cogitations were interrupted by the arrival of another of her admirers. This was Mr. Mark Sharp, managing clerk to a local solicitor, and after some hesitation she resolved to carefully extract a little information from him, without letting him see the bearing of her questions. Tentatively and cautiously she put a case to him as something that might happen ; but Mr. Sharp's wits were far too keen for her diplomacy, and he was quickly on the scent of the facts.

"My sweet young lady," he said at last, "just you confide in me. Tell me exactly what you want to know and I'll give you some first-rate advice free, gratis, for nothing."

"But I'm afraid I ought not to give the thing away."

"Trust to me, my dear. It's all confidential that you say to lawyers and doctors, and it's all confidential that they say to you, isn't it? And what I say to you, in the utmost confidence, and with the utmost sincerity, is that if you will only put your affairs into my hands, now and for evermore——"

"Oh! don't talk like that just now, but—— Yes," she reflected, "he is certainly a very nice young man, and I dare say he would make a better mate than that pitiful penny-a-liner who talks about snub-nosed grocers—before that odious Churchman, too."

The result of it all was that when Mr. Litter called at the "Punch Bowl" next morning Mr. Sharp was already on his way to the office of the *Yorkshire Mail* with an affidavit in his pocket in which Miss Lucy Graham swore that the day before the libel appeared she heard Litter and Churchman come to some arrangement by which, if the reporter did something—she did not quite make out what—which might affect his reputation, Churchman would give him half the money he got ; also that on the date of the affidavit she heard Litter tell Churchman he intended to go to South America with £400 in his pocket.

After a hurried perusal of this document the editor of the *Mail* posted off to his lawyers in double quick time, accompanied by Sharp.

"Have you sent the money to those scoundrels at Sannington?" he inquired, on arriving at the lawyer's office.

"No ; it's going to-day."

"Thank goodness ! Read that," said the editor, handing him the affidavit, "and wire the others, sharp."

"Hooray !" cried Mr. Grubb next morning, when he saw on his desk a letter from the *Mail's* lawyers. "Here's one of the cheques ;

our costs are safe, anyhow." But when he opened the letter he read as follows :

" Gentlemen,—We have in our possession an affidavit which clearly shows that the libel in the *Mail* on your client Mr. Churchman was deliberately concocted between himself and the local correspondent who wrote it. In the circumstances we of course decline to pay any damages, and we hereby cancel the informal agreement into which we entered with you.

" We may add that an information has been laid to-day before a magistrate at Sannington, which will doubtless, before you receive this, have led to the arrest of these gentlemen on a charge of conspiring to extort money from our clients."

And, indeed, Churchman had been safely housed in the lock-up the previous night ; but Litter, having learnt from Mistress Lucy in the morning that she had returned his compliments by betraying him, had disappeared from Sannington, nor was he ever seen in the town again. Churchman, after several remands, was discharged, as the evidence, on being sifted, was insufficient to justify a conviction for conspiracy, and soon afterwards he passed uneasily through the Bankruptcy Court.

TYPHOID FEVER, AND HOW TO PREVENT ITS SPREAD.

THAT typhoid fever is often spread by drinking-water is now known to be beyond all question. If any further proof of this assertion is wanted, it is to be found in the sad list of deaths from typhoid fever, or, as it is now generally called, enteric fever, furnished by the recent Boer War, where many a man who had escaped the ordinary risks of battle fell a victim to the subtle effects of a microscopic enemy. Of the actual circumstances attending the beginning of the attack of typhoid fever it would seem that our clever, plucky, indomitable medical friends have yet a little to learn, though not much. It would, however, appear that a person must be in a certain condition of impaired health before the special bacillus of typhoid can attack him with such vigour as to produce the disease. How is this condition of health brought about? There is abundant evidence that persons believing themselves in perfect health have partaken of some particular food, and have there and then contracted typhoid fever. Medical knowledge is definite on this point; and, further than this, there is very little doubt that any cause which may be able to reduce health must have time to act before its presence is manifest. We know that a bad odour will often produce sore throat, headache, and other forms of ill health not so easily defined, but which show themselves in pallor, languor, &c. Chemistry, at all events, suggests a good reason for this, and, combined with human physiology, can fairly prove that the cause is often an insufficient supply of oxygen to the blood. A little consideration will make this quite clear. A person breathes a certain quantity of air at each respiration, and the percentage composition of this should be 23 per cent. oxygen and 77 per cent. nitrogen. For our present purpose we may say that the oxygen is the important part of the air and the nitrogen merely a diluent. The purpose of the oxygen is to destroy deleterious, effete material in the blood, and so in the body. The lungs may be described as a delicate network of blood-vessels so

thin that the oxygen can get through them into the blood. We know this partly because blood going to the lungs is dark coloured, and on leaving them is much redder than on entering. If, now, we get our normal quantity of breath mixed with some gas which is capable of using up the precious oxygen, obviously we are deprived of a certain percentage of that which is essential to our well-being at every respiration, and if this is continued for long our blood ceases to be in that first-class condition which is absolutely necessary to perfect health. Of course, poor blood ill supplied with oxygen cannot do the full work of really normal, healthy blood. Experiments have clearly demonstrated that the proper percentage composition of respirable air must not be altered in either direction—neither augmented nor diminished ; and it is somewhat surprising to find how very careful Dame Nature is on this point all the world over. Another important point, well known and beyond dispute, is that all the cleansing organs of the body must act well, or ill health will certainly follow.

There is no fixed line of demarcation between good and bad health, therefore we find such vague descriptions as well, middling, poorly, queer, and a host of others ; and experience teaches us that as a little bad air and gloomy surroundings will impair health, so fresh air, exercise and exposure to the daylight will often restore it. We may, therefore, fairly conclude that we never know whether our health is really good or not at any particular time, and this is tantamount to saying that we do not know whether we should be susceptible to any contagion which might happen to reach us or not. Hence we say prevention is better than cure, and we prefer to run no risk we can avoid ; but at the same time we see almost daily that many nurses and doctors in contact with contagious diseases escape an attack ; and no mother refuses to make her regular visits to her fever-stricken children, yet she seldom takes the complaint herself, though she may easily communicate it to others. These facts are well known to the doctor in attendance, who points out that much depends upon the mother taking proper care of her own health. But although these facts are well and widely known, few people take the care of their health they should do, especially when it does not trouble them. How often is a cold neglected, how many people eat what they know disagrees with them, how many drink to excess, smoke to excess, keep late hours, feed in a hurry and then run to catch a train, give way to unnecessary worry, and do other things of a similar character, well knowing all the while that wisdom would dictate an improvement. The result of this is to make a person susceptible to some disease or

other, if not to several, and then it is only a matter of chance whether or not the seeds of disease, as our ancestors used to say, settle in that person. It is running an unnecessary risk, giving the enemy a chance, which would be better avoided. Nobody would give housebreakers such a chance, or play ducks and drakes with his capital to the same extent ; yet good health is the most precious of all possessions. Now, what are the seeds of disease, how do they take root, where can we find them, can we destroy them, are we not the lords of creation, have we not the dominion over every living thing ? What a string of questions and thoughts comes into our minds ! Let us consider for a moment. We shall be more likely to do things well with calmness. We are now on the verge of a fascinating, great and important science—bacteriology—a science of great and well-founded hopes, of possibilities which we are so far unable to estimate, a science of vast actual achievements, of widespread benefit to mankind, a science which has lent such a helping hand to surgery, one branch of the greatest of all arts—the healing art. It was the science of bacteriology, though then very young, which under the careful, thoughtful guidance of the great Lister gave so much impetus to surgery that now operations of very great difficulty are performed with almost certain success ; and now, thanks and all praise to our noble band of well-trained surgeons, we possess such splendid hospitals, palaces of healing and monuments to science, where poor wretches grievously tormented are rescued from the jaws of death and restored in a short time to the joys of health. How very different is the present state of surgery to that of the old lazaret houses ! The excruciating pain of those days is now almost unknown.

The barbarous methods of inherited ignorance have been entirely banished by enlightened scientific surgery ; the prevalent hospital gangrene of a century ago has paled before the advance of antiseptic treatment. Surgery has taken the greatest advantage of bacteriology—and surgery is its brightest and best sister ; but it has other aspects, though it would be beyond the scope of this article to do more than allude to them as occasion requires. Our subject deals only with the so-called pathogenic germs—that is, the disease-producing microbes.

Speaking generally, microbes are ubiquitous and are of a fungoid nature. They must have some suitable food to feed upon ; temperature must be suitable to them ; they must have moisture and air, and their tiny bodies possess just enough weight to enable them to fall through air and water. They are quite invisible without the aid of a microscope ; many of them are unable to move about, but many

others are very active, and may often be seen swimming about in the microscopic field of view with a good deal of vigour—in fact they appear to wriggle about from place to place and to attack their food much as a minnow does. They are divided into classes with different names ; some do good and some do harm. Those in the shape of a rod are called bacilli, and the *Bacillus typhosus* is quite one of the most active known. It is hardly necessary to say that this is the bacillus which causes typhoid fever. All microbes can be killed, fortunately for humanity, and they have many enemies, like most other living things. Sunshine, fresh air, cleanliness, soap and water, are very good things to get rid of microbes ; but, on the other hand, microbes thrive uncommonly well and multiply beyond the dreams of avarice when in moist dirt. Nothing seems to suit them better. Therefore all dirt should be burnt, as far as possible, or disinfected, or at all events kept out of our dwellings ; for dirt when dry becomes dust, and dust fills the air, is easily distributed, and absorbed into our systems by various means, such as breathing, drinking, feeding, and by settling on abrasions on the skin. When we enter a room it may appear free from dust ; but if by chance while we are there a sunbeam enters, then we can see “the gay motes which people the sunbeam”—but not till then, although they are there just the same. For what is a sunbeam ? It is a ray of light, truly ; but a ray of light by itself would be invisible, so it must be more than that. It is a streak of illuminated particles made visible by the superior illumination of direct sunlight. In the dark we can see nothing ; then, as the dawn gradually comes, we begin to see large objects, and with the advent of more light smaller objects begin to appear, until with direct sunlight we see the smallest objects visible to the human eye without optical aid. As these objects float across the beam of sunlight they are visible, but both before entering it and after leaving it we are unable to see them. Similarly, with a microscope we may focus an object and see only that one ; but if we throw more light on to the field, then we often see still smaller objects. If now we catch some of these “gay motes” in a little clean water, and examine them under the microscope with a power of about five hundred or six hundred diameters, we shall find that many of them are pieces of textile fabrics and pieces of the dried skin of plants, and some may even be tiny crystals ; but if we keep the water warm at about 70° F., and examine another drop in about three hours, we shall then see a difference, for the “gay motes” have their parasites, and these parasites their spores, which will most likely grow under the genial influence of warmth, at all events in summer, without

any difficulty. These parasites are micro-organisms, some being called bacteria, some bacilli, and some by other names, according to their shapes, habits, &c. This reminds us of Swift's lines :

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em ;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

If by any chance we get no growth and no change of appearance, the fault will most likely be in the way the experiment has been conducted ; for microbes are certain to be there, and the only difficulty is in cultivating and seeing them. Difficulty in cultivating because, fortunately, they are so delicate ; and difficulty in seeing them because they are so small. Unless under special circumstances the typhoid bacillus would not be likely to be found in this experiment, because, speaking generally, if it had got into the room, and the room was well kept and clean, it would speedily die a natural death from exposure to sunlight, the inimical action of other bacteria, and the influence of fresh air, for Nature is very severe upon this microbe. But notwithstanding this the *Bacillus typhosus* is a terrible enemy to humanity ; though here again we find the achievements of scientific medicine, for in our grand hospitals few patients now die of this once fatal disease. Careful study has shown that the disease is principally located in the intestines, and that there the bacillus is to be found. Much depends upon proper nursing and proper diet, but more even than on these upon medical skill and experience. And now we find the great source of infection—the specific bacillus which causes the disease—discharged from the intestines of the patient with the excreta. And herein lies the only real danger of infection, for the disease is not contagious in the ordinary sense. We now see why the excreta should be so carefully disinfected and disposed of in typhoid fever cases, and also why the disease is now called enteric fever, the Greek word “enteron” meaning an intestine. Nobody is under any circumstances in any way justified in putting such highly infected, dangerous filth into a sewer, or any other place, without carefully disinfecting it under proper, experienced, medical direction. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this, because the omission may at any time lead to a great and fearful outbreak of the fever among innocent people. Probably some readers of this article will say : “Oh, this is paradoxical, for we have just read that this is a delicate bacillus, not favoured by Nature and easily exterminated ! It cannot even live in ordinary sewage for long !” Let them come a step or two further into the domain of bacteriology. The solid parts of

sewage are often dried by various circumstances, which will easily suggest themselves to most persons, and pathogenic germs when dried retain their virulence for an indefinite length of time. Further than this, we find that many pathogenic microbes produce a liquid, known to science as a toxin, which may be briefly described as a liquid chemical poison, often, if not always, of a very dangerous nature; and the *Bacillus typhosus* does this, for we have reason to believe that the toxin produced by these bacilli can and does often produce the disease in human subjects. It will now be instructive to follow the ordinary run of sewage. This is more or less disposed of in one of two ways. Either it is run more or less directly into the sea, or else it is spread over land by irrigation. Now, we must take a most comprehensive view of sewage, for it is practically anything which flows down a drain. Some of this when entering the drain is really good food (a shameful waste); some is putrefying filth; and often there is the refuse from manufactures, poisonous substances, the washings of the roads, and animal droppings, &c. It is, of course, mixed with a large quantity of water, and this retards considerably the putrefaction from two causes; one is that the presence of so large a quantity of water is inimical to the life of the putrefying bacteria,¹ and the other is the temperature, being fairly low, does not suit them. But, of course, all this putrefactive matter is very dangerous to health, at all events that of human beings, so it must be disposed of; and Nature seems to be able to do it, though by a somewhat slow process. The good food just mentioned is fairly washed, and may often be recognised lying on the ground, and although it could not be considered fit for human food, it appears to suit fish, crabs, oysters, cockles, mussels, &c. Here, then, is a fattening ground if the sewage is not too concentrated. But sewage varies a good deal in concentration according to the state of the weather, being naturally dilute in showery times and concentrated in dry times. Unfortunately, it is not the custom to disinfect things before putting them down the drains, even when they are known to be pathogenic; nor is it by any means certain that this could be done, or that it would be wise to put a very large quantity of disinfectant into the drains at all times, because we cannot exercise complete control over the drains for several reasons; and under present conditions we find a lot of useful bacteria at work aiding in purification, and of course these would be killed by disinfectants. Further, disinfectants are of various kinds, so that some would counteract the action of others. Therefore, probably we cannot improve the modern method of keeping drains as

¹ *I.e.* Bacteria which cause putrefaction.

clear as possible by flushing small ones, sweeping large ones, and ventilating all; but of course ventilation must be carried out in a proper sanitary method, so that sewer gases cannot under any circumstances enter our dwellings or our lungs, for reasons already hinted, and the consequences of which are well known to medical men, if not all of us, as very injurious. In fact, sewage is dangerous in a variety of ways; but it would seem that the intestinal arrangements of the lower forms of voracious animals (and in this list let us include fish, whether shell or not) are not so delicate or so susceptible to disease as those of human beings. It has often happened that in tracing the origin of an outbreak of typhoid fever the *Bacillus typhosus* has been found in oysters, cockles and mussels, and in the intestines of other fish; so that all fish should be cleaned thoroughly before being cooked; and even then thorough cooking is necessary to ensure absence of contagion. However, Nature seems to be anxious to avoid the spread of typhoid fever, which is essentially a dirt disease, for we find that oysters, when taken from an infected fattening ground and laid in the open sea for three or four weeks, clear themselves of the *Bacillus typhosus*; and probably all fish do so too, the swimming varieties having a better chance than the others. There is another great danger in the way oysters are treated after being dredged, for we often find that when brought to our doors the outer shell is smothered in slimy filth. This should be washed off by the fishermen, or at all events by the dealers; for in itself this filth is enough to infect the oyster with almost any disease, and it has probably done a good deal towards getting the oyster into disgrace. We will now consider the other method of treating sewage, as practised at many of our inland towns. Roughly, the process consists of allowing the solid particles to settle in tanks or pits, and allowing the liquid to flow away by means of channels over land where withes, cow cabbages, &c., are cultivated. The solid is dried as much as possible and carted away as manure to farms, while the liquid finds its way, partly through the land and partly over it, to the nearest watercourse, brook, or river. Herein lie several dangers. The solid part will get dry and blow about as dust in due course, and while moist will furnish the pathogenic germs it contains with plenty of food to enable them to produce spores and toxins, which of course will also dry and blow about. Here we see a competition going on between the evil influence of the denizens of the sewage and the beneficent action of Nature, which by fresh air and sunshine, by dew, change of temperature, and the purifying action of more wholesome bacteria, is playing havoc among the pathogenic microbes.

The liquid portion will contain much the same danger as the solid ; but perhaps it can spread them in a rather more subtle manner by reason of its flowing for long distances. People have been known to drink this filth in order to show a sort of ignorant confidence in some supposed efficient treatment of the sewage, but with fatal results. A small fee to an analyst would have been a far more satisfactory test, and would have saved troubling a coroner's jury. It is surprising how eager some people are to build confidence on hopes which a little common-sense consideration would show to be unfounded. The effluent from sewage treatment must be very variable. Thoroughly efficient treatment is well known to be practically impossible ; yet there are many people about, interested in sewage treatment, who will try to persuade others that all danger has been removed under all circumstances. It is, however, advisable that the said others should not be too credulous, for it is on record that the effluent from a sewage farm was once used to irrigate a watercress bed, and in the year 1894 an outbreak of typhoid fever was traced to this watercress bed. The bacillus adhered to the leaves. Moreover, sewage farms have a terrible record in the production of typhoid fever, and instances are now remembered where on the disappearance of the typhoid the sewage farming was renewed, and was again followed by typhoid. It frequently happens that when things earn themselves a bad name their friends change it ; so we find scarlet-fever called by the fancy name of scarlatina, and sewage farms designated irrigation works ; but unfortunately it is not so easy to change the characteristics as the name. A rose by any other name would be identifiable, and aliases do not always play the part allotted to them. True, science is never deceitful, though often people eager to trade on it but too indolent to understand it would represent it so. These people drag the fair name of science into disgrace occasionally, but only for a short time. *Magna est veritas ac praevalabit.*

We have now studied our subject pretty closely, and must make use of the knowledge we have gained, our object being to avoid typhoid fever, and with it, in a general way, other things, for cholera, diphtheria, and several other diseases are spread by microbes. But we will, as before, confine our attention to typhoid. Everybody must admit that prevention is better than cure ; but cure is a very great blessing, although we, fortunately, have nothing to do with it as yet. We must leave that to the doctors and nurses. Our theme must now be prevention. The first step, then, must be to maintain our general health as good as possible ; and the next to run no risk, such as drinking dirty water, or milk which has been exposed to the malign

influence of dirt or foul odours from drains and putrefying flesh, &c. Let all food be thoroughly well cooked, and milk at least scalded, if not actually boiled for a few minutes. Dr. George Newman, M.D., F.R.S., in his valuable and interesting book on bacteria, says that a temperature of 160° F., if prolonged, or boiling for three or four minutes, will kill all the pathogenic bacteria likely to be found in milk, and anybody interested in the subject cannot do better than read his book, which contains a great mass of useful and valuable information. Let all water for drinking be carefully filtered or boiled, and cooled under cover, to exclude "the gay motes which people the sunbeams," &c. It would also be a wise step to eat a little before drinking, so that the stomach may be properly excited to healthy normal action; because, as doctors can tell us, when receiving food the stomach exudes an acid juice to help in the process of digestion, and we have discovered that the bacillus of typhoid cannot live in an acid solution. Merely drinking water does not excite the stomach in this way, therefore any bacillus in the water has a good chance of getting through to the intestines, and thus finding a comfortable home, where it can settle down to do a lot of mischief. It would be best to refuse watercress with any dirt on it, or grown in dirty water, and under all circumstances to wash it thoroughly in clean water, and then let it soak in brine in good daylight for some hours, with frequent turning over, so as to expose both sides of the leaves to the light as much as possible, before putting it on the table. Cleanliness is very necessary in the kitchen, both for the food and for the cooking-utensils. And general cleanliness is very necessary all over the house. No dirt should be left behind doors or in any corners, but should be carefully swept up and burnt, and the place where it was sprinkled with disinfectant, which in turn should also be cleared away after a few days. It is advisable to use a non-poisonous disinfectant, such as that prepared by Messrs. Rowan & Brother, of Dunbar Wharf, Limehouse, London, E.; and, speaking generally, the disinfectant should be liquid, except in such cases as a damp floor, when a dry powder may be used. The disinfectant just named is prepared from coal tar and is powerfully germicidal. Any emanations of foul air must be speedily traced to their origin and must be effectually stopped; merely depositing some disinfectant near the place whence the evil odour appears to arise is not sufficient to stop its evil effects upon health.

With regard to water supply a few more words must be said. We have already observed that two specific dangers often lurk in water, viz. the bacillus and the toxin produced by the bacillus. The

bacillus might be seen by means of a microscope, and most probably it would be in any sediment found in the water ; but the toxin would not be visible under any circumstances. The minuteness of the bacillus and the large amount of water would make it very difficult to secure the bacillus for observation, even when present, so that inability to find it would be no proof of its absence. However, it happens that chemistry has provided us with a means of detecting a class of bodies to which the toxins belong, and observation has shown that when a water gives the particular reaction due to their presence drinking it invariably leads to intestinal maladies. It often happens that an analyst will thus find a sample of water unwholesome, and will condemn it before it has time or opportunity to do mischief, but unfortunately there are also many cases on record where an outbreak of typhoid fever has called for an investigation. Then of course the process of tracing its origin must be retrograde ; and as the period of incubation for typhoid is about fourteen days, and as it takes after that a few days to find the epidemic nature of the attack, we can easily see that all traces of the actual source of infection may be lost, or at all events very difficult to find with certainty. The surest method is to have frequent analyses made of any water supply for public use, for then the report of the analyst can be made a good and efficient means of prevention, provided only that no Bumbledom stands in the way ; and, so far as we know, there is not sufficient of this ancient qualification now left to stand much in the way of sanitation. But no delay is admissible ; the analyst's advice must take immediate effect, or consequences will soon prove serious.

On a smaller scale, such as for domestic wants, hotels, restaurants, &c., prevention is still more easy. Many of the hotels and other high-class places in this country are beyond suspicion in the matter of water supply ; but unfortunately many such places kept by foreigners and other people, either too lazy to be clean, or else with such lofty ideas that they are unable to recognise the dirt and squalor to which they have been so long accustomed, are a distinct danger to health. Temperance "hotels" are often sad delinquents in this matter. Possibly they make so great a point of one virtue that all others sink into oblivion, and as cleanliness involves a little effort, it naturally suffers most. However, most people prefer to feed in clean places with clean things, so probably with a determined and consistent effort the modern host might find that perfect cleanliness would be as good an attraction to travellers as the good wine of his ancestors. Naturally, when we see a dirty water-bottle on the table

and dirty surroundings we conclude that the cistern is also dirty. Wise people will not drink water in such a place nor allow their children to. Of manufactured drinks, some are alcoholic to a degree which makes them antiseptic, and the others are obliged to be made fairly clean, or they would not keep, and so would be unsaleable. But we must have clean water, because it would not be safe to drink unwholesome water, though mixed with a goodly proportion of spirits or wine. How, then, shall we get it? We have two methods. One is that used on board ship, viz. distillation. If properly attended to this is a most excellent method; but for a general domestic supply it is hardly suitable, because distilled water lacks the small quantity of mineral matter necessary to health; and, further, the apparatus requires heat to boil the water and an efficient means of condensing the steam, and other attention which ordinary domestic servants could not be expected to give. The other method is filtration. This is quite simple, and a good filter should be in every house; but it must be carefully attended to by a responsible person, or it will soon become worse than useless. It must be kept clean, or a fungoid growth may develop in it to such an extent that it cannot be eradicated. Most water passed through such a filter will emerge worse than it enters. In any case, a filter not in good clean condition is often worse than none at all. Some filters are merely strainers; but others are more than this. A mere strainer might not allow a microbe to pass, but its toxin, being soluble in the water, would pass quite easily. Carbon filters are known to be able to deal with both the microbe and its toxin, by arresting the microbe and destroying the toxin. Carbon has the wonderful property of condensing in its pores a very large quantity of oxygen, if it can get it; therefore a definite quantity of water should be put in at the top of the filter, and no more should be put into it until the carbon block has had time to drain fairly dry, because then fresh air, which contains oxygen, follows the water into the carbon, and so the carbon is prepared to receive the next quantity of water, and any deleterious matter in the water is oxidised to destruction much the same as if it were burnt. However, carbon can also condense other gases in its pores; hence a filter should always be kept in a pure fresh atmosphere, and never by any chance in foul air or near dirt of any kind. It should be kept carefully covered, but not airtight, so that no dust can enter it but plenty of fresh air. Mr. Wanklyn, the celebrated water analyst, made some very interesting experiments upon filtered water, and he proved that water containing such poisonous bodies as strychnine, when properly filtered, can be drunk with safety. He used one of the

Silicated Carbon Company's filters (Church Road, Battersea), because he was aware of the power of vegetable charcoal or carbon to oxidise these deleterious substances. There is no other filtering medium known to science capable of giving these results. Silicated carbon is a special preparation made for filtering water, and it may very safely be recommended as being the most efficient form of filter known. It must not be supposed from the above remarks that a very concentrated solution of poison could be rendered innocuous by simply passing it once through a filter in any careless sort of way. Of course, we are now speaking in a reasonable way to practical people upon a definite subject, viz. domestic water supply. The carbon should be taken from the filter occasionally and well brushed under a running stream of clean water from a tap, and should then be boiled for half an hour in clean water to purify it and keep it in good order. It should be taken out of the boiling water, put upon a clean plate, lightly covered over by an inverted basin, and put in a wholesome atmosphere to cool, when it may be put into the filter again and will be ready for use. When the body of the filter requires cleaning, it should be done with clean water and a brush, and should be finally rinsed with filtered water. Animal charcoal is not suitable for water filtration.

If all the above remarks were carefully attended to by all people much disease might be prevented. The precautions are simple. Knowledge is definite, and Nature is on our side ; but cleanliness is essential, and idleness must not be tolerated when it interferes with sanitation. With very little effort all people can be clean, and the power of dirt can be kept at a minimum, if not altogether destroyed

F. GRAHAM ANSELL.

LOWLAND SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

IN order to study the life of a people, it is, I think, advisable to do so rather in the country than in the town. For example, the attempt to study national life in Edinburgh or Glasgow would be greatly complicated by the numerous types of persons assembled there—Scots from the Highlands or from the Lowlands, Anglicised Scots with scarcely any of the Scot left, Englishmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Colonials and foreigners. All these brayed together in one mortar produce an individual who is neither Scot, Angle nor Paddy, but an amalgam of some of the virtues and most of the vices of all three.

No ; we must go to the country to study the people of a nation, for there we shall find them in their primitive state, with the ideas and customs of their ancestors and living the life which has always been lived there. There we shall find the root of the nation, the people who made the nation, and who alone can preserve it in being as a separate nation. There also we shall find the remnants of antiquity which we shall look for in vain in towns—the curious customs, the odd costumes, the forms of words, and the pronunciation long since discarded by dwellers in cities. And the English philologist will be delighted to discover in the language and pronunciation of the Lowland Scot the language and pronunciation of Englishmen in former days. Thus the following lines from “Piers Plowman,” written by William Langland of Shropshire about 1362, might have been written in “braid Scots” to-day :

And my wyf at Westmunstre
That wollene cloth made,
Spak to the spinsters for
To spinne hit softe.

No doubt Shakespeare, who lived long after Langland, pronounced his name “Shak-spear,” just as the word “Spake” in the above lines was written and pronounced “Spak.” Indeed, Shakespeare signed

his name "*Shaksper*" to at least one deed. "Munster" for "Minster" and "hit" for "it" are still pronunciations in "braid Scots," and the phrase "for to" do this or that is thoroughly Scotch. The only distinctly English word in the above lines—one which a vernacular Scottish poet would not have used—is "softe," for which he would have substituted "saft," reminiscent of its German forebear "sanft."

The following studies of Lowland Scottish life and character were made in a Lowland parish as yet but little contaminated by outside influences. The persons under observation were country-folk belonging to the parish, talking Scotch or what remains of it, full of every prejudice which real Scotch folk have, gifted with all that quaint "canniness" which clings to the Scottish race, and having every virtue which Scotch folk possess.

My first observation relates to a well-known Scottish peculiarity, exhibited by an old schoolmaster, whom I had known for years, and who lived close to my dwelling in the country. Returning there one spring after a lapse of several months, I came suddenly upon my friend, who looked at me, and then, without the slightest sign of recognition, rapidly made for his cottage. I hailed him, however, and he stopped in his flight, and we had a long and pleasant chat, in the course of which he thanked me for some papers on gardening (to which he was devoted) which I had sent him. But wherefore his flight? I asked a city friend, and was told it was "another instance of Scotch manners," and of that *mauvaise honte* which seizes Scotch people of the humbler orders when they see anyone with whom they are acquainted but with whom they are not intimate. They do not know exactly what to do, so they solve the question by giving him the go-by, or they seek safety in flight.

The very day the incident with the schoolmaster occurred to me a similar incident occurred to my wife in meeting a young girl belonging to the parish who had been in our service a few months previously. The girl looked at my wife, and then steadily gazed at a dog till she had passed her former mistress, whom she had left some months before on the very best terms. No sign, no smile, no word of recognition on the part of the girl for her whom she had served faithfully, who had been very kind to her, and who had written to a lady recommending her as a servant only a few days before. "Scotch manners" again! What does it all mean?

Possibly these and similar strange manners may be traced to Atavism, or the influence of ancestors. For centuries Scotland (unlike England) was scourged by war. Every man lived in

a state of insecurity. Fear, doubt, suspicion lurked in every bosom. Hence the "canny" character still implanted in every Scot, and to which no one objects. But hence also, perhaps, that *mauvaise honte* which overcomes and paralyses so many excellent Scots people when they meet a comparative stranger. They view him with suspicion, just as their ancestors would have done. Scotland has not yet got over the horror of her stormy past.

Another characteristic of Scottish country-people is their attention to dress on all occasions of ceremony. Church-going or attendance at funerals demands full dress—tall silk hats, black surtouts and (for funerals) black ties, waistcoats and trousers for the men, and corresponding full dress for the women.

The men of the so-called "upper classes" are often regardless of this, and come to church in "bowler" or straw hats, short coats and light clothes, while humbler men are dressed as the former would dress in London during the season. This is clearly a mistake on the part of the gentry if they wish to gain the respect of the country-people, who attach much importance to dress, and consider a man or woman who does not do so as wanting in proper self-respect. The reply of some of the upper classes—that they would never think of dressing for a country church as they would do for a London one—is resented by the worshippers at the former, as they consider the service in the one place exactly the same as in the other, and as demanding the same formalities. There are many poor Scotch people absent from church because, as they express it, they have "nae claes"—that is, no clothes suitable for so important an occasion.

A peculiarity of Scotland (as of Germany) is the love of titles. I have been in a company of what I think Germans would call "Kleine Bürger" (small citizens) where every man had a title, either "Baillie," or "Councillor," or "Doctor"—in short, anything but plain "Mister." In fact I was the only plain "Mister" in the assembly, and was doubtless held in very small repute. This attention to titles becomes, in the case of Scottish working men, graduated according as the person addressed is an inferior or an equal. Talking in a friendly manner to another artisan, either at play or at work, a Scottish working man would never address him by his surname, but always by his Christian name. Whilst his master would be called "Mister Walker," and his foreman "Brown" or "Smith" (or whatever his name was), his fellow-workmen would be addressed affectionately as "Tam" or "Jimmy" or "Sandy," and this very kindly address would be given every time he was spoken to. To omit the

Christian name would be a piece of bad manners, and to add the surname would mean a serious misunderstanding between the two workmen. Thus we find such duologues as the following :

"Hae ye the screwnails, Jimmie?"

"Ay, Wullie, I hae them here."

"Are they the richt size, Jimmie?"

"I'm thinkin' they are, Wullie."

This conversation proves to Scottish ears that these two workmen are on good terms and working in complete harmony. If the "Jimmie" and "Wullie" were dropped, even from a single sentence, discord is apparent, and the men should be separated at once, as no good whatever, either to themselves or to their employer, can come of their co-operation.

Although the beautiful "auld Scots" spoken by our ancestors has disappeared, and a mongrel Anglo-Scots has taken its place, it is surprising how strongly the Scottish accent, pronunciation and language cling to Scotsmen still. Indeed, an Irishman or an American may by mixing much with Englishmen be eventually mistaken for one of the latter, but a Scotsman never. There is a peculiar hardness in his accent which will bewray him all his life.

The wonder is that with all our modern education, our close intermixture with each other, and our travelling facilities, the English still speak with a decidedly English accent and the Scots with a decidedly Scotch accent, and that each, to a large extent, preserves a vocabulary of its own. The frontier of the Tweed and Cheviots is as inviolate as that of two Continental nations, as far as accent and dialect are concerned.

I happened to drop a penny into one of those "penny-in-the-slot" machines which adorn our country railway-station, when, to my surprise, my penny was returned. In my astonishment I turned to a little boy of the parish who had swallowed I don't know how many "standards" of the educational milk purveyed by the village Board school, and asked him if he could explain why the machine had returned my penny to me?

"Ye've kickit a goal," replied the boy joyfully.

He meant that, when the ball in the machine which I had set in motion rolled between the goal-posts, the machine dropped out the penny—naturally a somewhat rare event.

It is to the wording of this boy's reply that I desire attention. Here we have a well-trained Scottish Board School boy in the year of Grace 1902 employing, not the orthodox English language of 1902, but an ancient and, some would think, obsolete tongue spoken

centuries ago, and which is spoken still, not by the ignorant, aged and departing, but by well-educated children, the men and women of the future. Of what use, some would ask, are schools if their scholars go on speaking the English language in the same dialect and with the same broad accent as their fathers did generations ago?

Turn to the boy's words again. The word "ye" is the ancient and now obsolete alternative for "you." It is used in the Bible, in Shakespeare and in Milton. Indeed, one Biblical text contains both forms: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." This was sixteenth-century English; but, as the boy proved, the word "ye" is still in general use for "you" in the Scottish Lowlands.

Again, the use of "kickit" for "kicked" is thoroughly Scotch, the monosyllable being preferred in English pronunciation. "Bakit," "killit," "sellit," are Scotch forms for "baked," "killed" and "sold."

The mystery is, I repeat, that these extremely old-world forms of speech should be used by educated country boys in Scotland to-day, after all the efforts of School Boards and "H.M. Inspectors of Schools" to ensure the correct speaking of the English language throughout at least that comparatively small island known as Great Britain.

Take another instance of Lowland Scotch. One Lowlander is offering another a quantity of wool all of the same quality, whereupon his friend remonstrates with him: "Oo waled oo, but no' a' ae oo." (We selected wool, but not all one kind of wool). The first "oo" signifies "we," and sounds like the French "nous." This is a good specimen of the Scottish version of English as spoken to-day in Roxburghshire, and which must be unintelligible to the stranger. I venture to say that nowhere throughout all His Majesty's dominions is that august creation, the English language, treated with less ceremony than in the rural parts of England and Scotland. The result is that, at least in these parts, language is being employed and pronounced to-day very much as it was in the time of Shakespeare, that no progress is being made in its employment, and that, as far as the future can be judged from the present and the past, the so-called "English" spoken in the rural parts of England and Scotland a hundred years hence will be spoken with the same accent and with many of the peculiar local terms which we know to-day, and which the country-bred Shakespeare knew and used in his time, and probably generations before him knew and used also.

A remarkable feature of our Scottish people is that, however

penurious they may be, however unwilling to spend even a sixpence if they can help it, they in large numbers refuse to accept the gratuitous services of the Established Church and prefer at considerable cost to set up and maintain "kirks o' their ain." This would not be so remarkable if the Established Church were not a Presbyterian Church ; but seeing that its tenets, its services and its aspect, to any but the most expertly critical eye, are precisely similar to those of the other Presbyterian Churches supported by the voluntary offerings of Dissenters, the action of the latter becomes a surprising sacrifice. Add to this the fact that the Dissenters are often poorer than the supporters of the Establishment, and we arrive at a singular feature in the Scottish character ; viz., that a very large body of Scots will not grudge money spent on ecclesiastical services of their own, whilst they decidedly object to take advantage of precisely similar services gratuitously afforded them by the State.

It has been said that the history of Scotland is an ecclesiastical history. "Why is Scotland Radical?" has often been asked. The key is to be found in the intense love of independence shown, and the serious sacrifices made by so many Scots in founding and maintaining "kirks o' their ain." The men who thus sever themselves from the State Church sever themselves also from the Conservative party, which has always supported State Churches. Our district is Unionist at present ; but why ? Not because it supports the State Church, but because it is opposed to Irish Home Rule. But for the Home Rule question, it would have gone Liberal.

There is a permanent democratic and levelling feeling in Scotland, which furthers Liberalism and destroys Conservatism. In Scotland one man is considered to be as good as another ; and if one man is more successful than another, it is set down not to his superior ability, but to the belief that he has had better opportunity of success. Tell a poor Scot of the Croesus-like wealth of his fellow-Scot, Andrew Carnegie, and he will only smile condescendingly and remark, "Ay, he had gawnd opportunities."

The ambition of a Scot is as boundless as his imagination. Well educated, healthy and energetic, he knows no limits to his ambition, and by the exercise of thrift, industry and intelligence frequently finds himself superior to his competitors out of Scotland. If he returns home with a fortune, his neighbours do not regard him as cleverer or greater than they are ; they only remark that he had the "opportunity" to make his fortune, and made it.

Men who are gardeners or grooms in our district are sometimes

nearly related to millionaires in America. The latter left Scotland poor, thrifty, active, intelligent—they had “gawnd opportunities” there—they became millionaires—*voilà tout !*

As old families are disappearing in our district and as new lairds are taking their places the democratic feeling just referred to becomes more and more intense. And there has been a wonderful break-up of old families in Scotland during comparatively recent years. I have known a family who held an estate since their ancestor hobnobbed with James V. (father of Mary Stuart) lose it by imprudence quite recently. I have known another family, who for six hundred years had an estate renowned in Scottish song, lose it the other day by the last laird breaking the entail.

Not very long ago the head of one of the oldest Roxburgh families lost his fine estate by dabbling in scientific agriculture. Not long ago the representative of one of the oldest Linlithgow families lost his equally fine estate by making iron implements. How does it come to pass that we are seeing the end of things? How did these families manage to keep their estates for centuries, and why are these estates gone from them in these latter days? Is there something iconoclastic and destructive in the very atmosphere of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries? As we are proceeding towards the end of all things, is the dissolution of old estates preceding that of the universe itself?

Scottish Borderers are celebrated for their honesty and independence. Craft and subserviency are associated (often unjustly) with the Scottish Highlanders. But the very honesty and independence of the Borderer lead to strangers occasionally resenting his plainness of manner and perfect indifference to rank. The oily politeness (and falseness) of the courtier is not to be found on the Scottish Borders; instead of that there is a simple, straightforward, thoroughly honest, but also thoroughly unvarnished, bearing—the proud independence of a Burns or a Carlyle—which made the former exclaim :

Is there for honest Poverty
That hangs his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toil obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

The Englishman is said to take his pleasure sadly. The Scottish Lowlander of the humbler classes certainly does. I have seen a

supper given to a large number of representatives of the latter which closely resembled a "funeral feast," so grave and silent was everyone. I have been present at a ball given to the tenants of a laird on his wedding day when, from 9 P.M. to 4 A.M., dance followed dance with as much regularity and seriousness as if some awful Power would punish the slightest pause or faintest sign of mirth. All danced—grey-haired fathers and matrons, strapping lads and winsome lassies—yet undertakers could not have been more grave and business-like. Several lads had provided themselves with little books entitled "Fashionable Dancing," and the dancers were regulated by their rules as absolutely as the players at a game of golf or football would be by printed laws.

Some scornful Southron once remarked that a Scotsman never "lets himself go" until he has had a glass or two of whisky. Well, my grave and reverent dancers never "let themselves go" and never had recourse to whisky. The dance occurred in the county where Robbie Burns "let himself go" much too frequently for his own welfare, yet I was glad to see that his successors, the farmers and ploughmen of the present day, had not Robbie's supreme failing. There was a tent outside, where whisky and other refreshments could be had, but those who resorted there were well-known thirsty characters, men who did not dance, and were not the peasantry of which the county was proud.

Are we to suppose, then, that mirth and hilarity are foreign or unknown to the Lowland Scots? Far from it. Just as frost-bound Hecla contains within its bosom inextinguishable fires, which, breaking forth at intervals, cast a ruddy glow all around, so the Lowland Scot is full of humour, sentiment and mirth, which well up every now and then. He does not talk much, because he thinks a great deal, but when he does talk he is worth listening to. He is the very antipodes of the London Cockney, whose chatter is as empty as it is incessant.

I fancy the reason why Englishmen have failed to appreciate Scottish humour is simply because they have failed either to elicit or understand it. Seated in a compartment of the train bearing them North, they behold entering it some lantern-jawed Scotsman with high cheek-bones and portentously grave visage. Rather than disturb him they would infinitely prefer to sit silent; but if they have to address him they only get in reply a few monosyllables in an accent which is as strange as it is grating. Let, however, another Scotsman come in, and watch how the one apparently fossil monster thaws and draws out the other. No piping English now is used,

only the strong guttural Scotch; yet soon the lantern jaws move, the portentously grave features relax, and the high cheek-bones form the outliers of a huge arching grin which lightens up the countenances of both Scotsmen. By-and-by stories begin to be told in language unintelligible to the Southrons, who cannot therefore appreciate them, and who consequently arrive at the altogether erroneous conclusion that Scotsmen can neither understand nor make a joke. Any man who says this must never have read Walter Scott, that Prince of Lowlanders, or "Mansie Wauch," or Professor Aytoun's inimitable tales in "Blackwood." Neither can he have gauged Burns's infinite humour, nor made the acquaintance of Dean Ramsay's "Stories of Scottish Life and Character," the raciest repertory of the kind the world has ever seen.

Much courtesy and consideration are observed by Lowlanders in addressing one another if strangers. The terms "lady" and "gentleman" are then substituted for "man" and "woman," if a polite rejoinder is desired. Having asked a Lowlander to find out where a certain peasant was to be found who could open a gate for me, he replied, "I must ask the lady yonder," pointing to a country-woman standing at a cottage door. Thereupon he called to her, "Can you kindly tell us where the gentleman is who opens the gate at ——?" We were at once courteously directed to where the peasant was. Now, an ignorant tourist would probably have asked for the "man," not the "gentleman," and instead of getting the reply regarding the gate which he expected, he might have been himself subjected, *more Scotorum*, to an interrogation, such as, "And what micht ye be wantin' wi' the yett, I wunner?"

When Lowlanders are on their P's and Q's, and either wish to be very civil or very dignified, they use the English language and employ an English accent; but when quite at their ease or giving vent to their feelings they employ Scotch with a breadth and vigour which shows that it is their native tongue.

Sir Walter Scott said that every Scot had his pedigree, and of course every Highlander bearing the name of a clan belongs, however distantly, to his chief's family. In the case of the Scottish Lowlanders there are very old families which are still peasant proprietors, but which go back to a remote antiquity. The stranger who buys or rents the mansion-house adjoining their little properties may be very wealthy and live comparatively in great style, but he is but a "creature of a day" compared with men whose families have lived on their own properties since the days when as Border reavers they harried the lands of their "auld enemies o'

England" or marched with the Lowland lads to Bannockburn or Flodden.

Other properties may change hands; theirs do not. And what changes do occur in rural districts among landed proprietors! I picked up accidentally a well-executed map of a Border county of Scotland surveyed in 1840, only sixty-three years ago, yet within that short time I found, on looking over the names of proprietors printed on the map, that about 70 per cent. of the gentlemen's seats had changed hands.

In Roman Catholic countries enthusiasm shows itself by people flocking to churches and singing *Te Deums*. Although the Scottish Borderer abhors Popery, his enthusiasm still runs in the old religious channel. The festivities attending the Coronation of King Edward VII. took the shape in Scottish Border towns of religious services of prayer, praise, and sermon, after which the inevitable collection was taken. I remember at a large gathering of village children asking their conductor, a working man, to get them to give us a cheerful song. The man pondered a while, and I again asked him if he could suggest something lively which the children might sing. The man thought once more, and at last replied, "Weel, sir, I'm thinkin' they micht sing ye a Doxology."

Although the Scot has by the teaching of generations become permeated with religious influence, the rising generation of young Scots do not seem so fond of church-going as their fathers were and are. I see multitudes of them loitering about the fields and highways on Sundays, instead of "gagin' til the kirk," or scudding along the roads on their cycles, regardless of the brassy boom of Scottish church bells. The bicycle has certainly cut into the minister's flock and, by carrying his youths off miles away from his parish, given them a feeling of freedom on Sunday which they never previously experienced. Cycling on Sunday is not regarded as Sabbath-breaking in Scotland, for it is used for church-going even by church officials.

However careless Scottish youths may occasionally appear to be of what are called "Sabbath ordinances," they are very particular not to indulge in "week-day recreations" on Sundays. Londoners may play golf and tennis on Sunday, but the young Scottish Borderer drops on that day fishing and football—the sports to which he is most passionately attached. He simply loafs about on Sunday, doing nothing in particular, neither turning it into a week-day nor into a day of church-going and gloomy meditations, as his Puritan forefathers did. For there was a time, before England bestowed

Puritanism on Scotland, when Sabbatarianism did not govern Scotland as it did afterwards. John Knox was from all accounts neither a Puritan nor a Sabbatarian, and the young Borderer seems returning to the John Knoxian pre-Puritan system of Sunday observance.

There is not much fraternity among the different ecclesiastical sects of the Borders. On my remarking to a minister that we were not to have the General Assembly of a rival sect in Edinburgh that year, he replied, "You're well rid of them!" At my other ear another minister was inveighing against the Episcopal Church of Scotland for taking the lairds away from the Presbyterian Churches. However strongly established Episcopacy may be in England, it was long ago disestablished in Scotland, where its churches are but Dissenting chapels. They commonly go under the name of "English Chapels," as if the Episcopal Church of Scotland had not existed there since the days of that modern Solomon, King Jamie! But most Scottish people have got it into their heads that Presbyterianism is the only *ism* which can or ought to exist in Scotland, and the descendants of Jenny Geddes may be found in every parish. At the same time, the Episcopal Church, small though it be, is proportionately making the most progress of any in Scotland.

Most Border towns fairly bristle with churches of all denominations, and Sunday is to many Borderers the liveliest day in the week. "Hae ye ony relaxations here?" asked a man on entering a Border town. "Ay, there's Doctor —— preachin' on Sabbaths."

And the joy of "gangin' to ane's ain kirk!" I have known a man willingly travel many miles every Sunday in order to attend his own conventicle and "sit under" his own minister. Yet the zealous church-goer is becoming scarcer as the older generation disappears, and a younger generation is rising less inclined "to attend ordinances," having no fear of the minister or elders before their eyes. Even that antique figure, the subject of so many jokes, "the elder at the plate"—that dour-looking individual, clad in rusty black, standing statue-like before the great gaping plate full of pennies—is disappearing, for collections are being taken in velvet bags at the end of the service. And that grand old instrument of extortion, "the ladle," a sort of wooden plough propelled by hand along the book-board, which a Prince of Wales is said to have upset at Crathie, being unused to such implements in church—that has departed never to return.

Since patronage was abolished in the appointment of parish ministers (who are now elected by the members of the congregation)

very fierce battles have been and are being fought. In one Border parish the "upper ten" declared for a minister who was a candidate. Instantly the commonalty of the congregation took fire and, mainly to spite the "upper ten," elected a much inferior man. Christian love and charity are not conspicuous in the contested elections of Scotch ministers.

Ecclesiastical rules often lead to trouble. A man expected to be made an elder of his church, but on finding that he had no chance of being appointed, he shook the dust of his old sanctuary off his feet and became a leading man in the church of a rival denomination. Another man committed a sin which his kirk session could not condone. They gave him the option of the "cutty stool" (public repentance) or resignation. He preferred the latter course and joined a rival sect. The sin he had committed was not drunkenness—that might have been condoned, for the "auld callants" of the Borders are often as devoted to John Barleycorn as to church-going. Indeed, one blend of good Scots whisky is known as "The Auld Kirk," and no one is offended.

A large portion of the work of Sheriff-substitutes on the Borders is connected with Poaching prosecutions. There is a considerable fraternity of Lowlanders addicted to both poaching and drinking, the one vice being as incurable as the other. Their lives consist of one endless round of poaching, drinking, prison—poaching, drinking, prison. At times, however, they sell their fish, rabbits or game, and get paid without being caught. When they catch trout or salmon they send them by post to some English firm (one in Manchester was mentioned to me), and money is remitted and no questions are asked.

How long is this debasing round of "poaching, drinking, prison," to be allowed to go on in a country boasting of civilisation and Christianity? Was ever a "mission to poachers" proposed by any of the churches which jostle each other in the Lowland towns in their efforts to save sinners from the error of their ways? There have been "missions to cabmen" and "missions to navvies," yet the life of a cabman or a navvy is respectable, and is not, like that of a poacher, simply a round of "poaching, drinking, prison." A cabman or a navvy is usually a hard-working man engaged in a most useful and honourable occupation. The typical poacher is a lazy, loafing lout, who supports himself by poaching rather than by honest industry, who drinks the proceeds of his ill-gotten gains, and who when caught poaching goes to prison.

I wonder what the intelligent foreigner thinks when he sees, as he

must often do, the gangs of prisoners travelling by the South train to Edinburgh to be incarcerated there. Probably he conceives that Scotland is a peculiarly criminal country. Yet these wretched prisoners are chiefly poachers, going, perhaps for the hundredth time, to the Calton Gaol, to be returned to Tweed or Teviot in due course stronger and healthier than ever (because kept from drink), ready once more to ply their hazardous but enthralling vocation. Are they beyond the reach of the churches, and is that the reason why there never has been any "mission to poachers"?

And the poacher's wife and children—what endless degradation must be theirs! The head of the house, when not engaged in illegal acts, is drinking or in prison. What a life for his wife to bear, what a training for his children! Can we be surprised that the wife also becomes a drunkard, that the poacher's sons become poachers like their father, or that his daughters sink beyond reclaim? Thus one evil generation breeds another, and the race of poachers is indefinitely prolonged, to the breaking of laws, the disturbance of the country, the filling of prisons, and the degeneracy of mankind.

The army of poachers permanently garrisons the Scottish Lowlands. There is, however, another, a moving army, which passes through the Borders without cease. This is the grand army of Tramps. There must be thousands and thousands of men, women and children in this army, moving ever forward, as if the curse of the Wandering Jew rested on them. Where they come from, or whither they are bound, no one asks or cares. All that the parish authorities want is to get them out of their respective parishes as quickly as possible, for they are a dangerous and immoral class, stealing, drinking, and causing breaches of the peace wherever they go.

Mr. Haldane, K.C., M.P., brought in a Bill to regulate this army of tramps, but bewildered, I suppose, with the complexity of the subject, he dropped the Bill. He is the only one I ever heard of who grappled with the question in a serious and practical manner, for the good ladies and gentlemen who convert the Jew and clothe the negro seem unaware of the vast moving mass of wretchedness gliding morning, noon and night through their church-bristling towns and past their cosy country-houses—a horde of British-born men, women and children, with souls as good as the Jew's and raiment as scanty as the negro's, prowling like beasts of prey, not knowing where they may lay their heads, and unrecognised by any Christian society whatsoever.

We spoke of a "mission to poachers." A "mission to tramps" seems quite as necessary. How horrified the good ladies and gentle-

men we have referred to would be if they knew all about the army of tramps which ceaselessly passes over every highway between John o' Groat's and Land's End ; if they knew that the male tramp is as polygamous as a Mormon, and often carries about with him three or four wives and a dozen children ; if they knew that marriage and morals, religion and education, are to tramps unknown ; if they knew that theft, drunkenness, and rapine are the tramp's daily round of life, and that murder does not daunt them, if necessary for burglary ; if they knew that a vast herd of wild beasts in the shape of British men, women and children, none of whom know either the fear or the love of God, is daily roaming over a land which sends millions annually abroad to convert heathen infinitely more religious and respectable than the godless pariahs who infest our own country roads and villages.

This is a more serious question than many suppose. Polygamous tramps inflict upon the community a mass of children born in crime, nursed in crime, and trained to crime. Thus the army of tramps is a huge breeding-ground of crime. How long is our Government to stand idly by and allow this great seed-plot of crime to remain undisturbed ? These Tramp-children, born in hedgerows, weaned on drink, and trained to steal, are destined to disturb our homes, occupy our police, and fill our gaols for the next generation. Is there to be no stop put to this ? No doubt, Foreign politics have great attractions for any Government, and must be attended to ; but Home politics, like Home missions, ought to come first, and until our country is purged of this vast, debasing, demoralising army of tramps, no British Government can be held to have done all that it might have done for the safety, honour and welfare of Britain.

As is well known, the Scottish Borderland is *par excellence* the land of Romance. It is not merely that its ruined abbeys, castles and towers speak with the voice of history and tradition. There is not a hill, rock, or stream which has not its ancient ballad or legend. There is not a cairn, mound, or dell which does not invoke stories of heroes, battles or fairies. Even to this day a halo of mystery hovers over the Scottish Borderland, and things occur there which do not occur elsewhere.

Sir Walter Scott tells of seeing a huntsman passing over his lands at Abbotsford and vanishing into thin air as he eagerly followed his movements. There was nothing peculiar about the place where this huntsman disappeared ; nothing, for example, like a dell sacred to fairies, a class of persons said to be particularly sensitive to the intrusion of mortals. Two friends of my own were walking in the

"Fairy Dean" described in Scott's "Monastery," a lovely dell near Melrose, through which the little Alwyn flows. It was about 7 o'clock on a September evening when these two ladies remarked a horseman riding along the top of the Fairy Dean. Desiring to know who this could be, as the appearance of a horseman there was most unusual, they rapidly climbed to the top of the Dean, but, lo! the horseman had vanished, and the field through which he must have ridden, and which admitted of no concealment on his part, was empty and silent.

Again, Hermitage Castle is a weird and awful pile, with its memories of prisoners starved to death and Englishmen boiled in cauldrons. Hither a distinguished Borderer and his wife came one day, and were admitted to the enclosure surrounding the Castle-ruins by an old woman, who then left them. They had not been long within the enclosure when they heard a loud knocking. Thinking it might be the old woman, the gentleman ran to the door, but found it open and no one there. Retracing his steps, he proceeded towards the Castle, when the knocking began again. He and his wife endeavoured to discover the cause of this mysterious sound, and looked in every direction, but could find nothing. Before they left the Castle the terrible knocking was renewed a third time, and they experienced that feeling of awe which one knows when brought suddenly face to face with an unfathomed mystery in a ruined castle of frightful memories and amid surroundings of inexpressible grandeur and gloom.

It was this witchery of romance, legend and ballad, added to scenery he loved, which caused Sir Walter Scott to make the Scottish Borderland his home. And he brought to it the finest intelligence, the grandest imagination and the raciest humour Scotland ever produced. He is the High-priest of the Scottish Borders. As there is not a road he had not traversed, a mountain he had not scaled, or a ruin he had not studied, so his great spirit fills the whole Borderland, and roams over hill and dale, castle, tower and fortalice, as if the mighty minstrel were not dead, but still alive.

RALPH RICHARDSON.

DICK STEELE.

ONE of the privileges attaching to that otherwise rather empty commodity, Fame, is the secret of perpetual youth. One's own great-grandfather, or one's cousin a few times removed, is in most cases a mere nonentity, while a favourite author—dead, it may be, centuries ago—is a real and living friend. It would be difficult to say exactly how such an impression grows, so many and so subtle are the influences which mould it. We may judge a man from his works, we may form our opinion of him from what others have said or written about him, or we may think we hear him speaking in his letters.

How truly and how much the character of a man is revealed in his writings will probably always remain a more or less debatable point. So much depends upon the disposition of the writer. Steele would never have shared Browning's horror of the inquisitive minds which expect a man to "unlock his heart with a sonnet key"—a horror which would make us inclined to shrink from all such prying were it not that Browning himself in the end authorised the publication of his love-letters.

It is indeed almost impossible to dissociate a man from the thoughts he utters. "He may be full of inconsistencies elsewhere," says Hazlitt, "but he is himself in his books. . . . An author's appearance or his actions may not square with his theories or descriptions, but his mind is seen in his writings, as his face is in the glass. . . . Let me, then, conjure the gentle reader, who has ever felt an attachment to books, not hastily to divorce them from their authors. Whatever love or reverence may be due to the one is equally owing to the other. The volume we prize may be little, old, shabbily bound, an imperfect copy, . . . but whatever there is of truth or good, or of proud consolation or of cheering hope, in the one, all this existed in a greater degree in the imagination and the heart and brain of the other. To cherish the work and damn the author is as if the traveller who slakes his thirst at the running stream should revile the spring-head from which it gushes."

Against this view Isaac Disraeli, in his book on the Literary Character brings forward a host of examples : Seneca writing—on a golden table—in favour of moderate desires ; Molière, whose bearing was serious almost to melancholy ; Young, of the “ Night Thoughts,” whose conversation was of the most volatile kind ; gross writers who have lived unblemished lives, and *vice versâ*. And Montaigne says of authors that by their writings we may judge well enough of their ability, but not of their manners nor of themselves. Most unprejudiced observers will, however, I think, agree that the writers to whom Disraeli and Montaigne refer are but the inevitable exceptions.

As a matter of fact, Steele seems never to have had time to conceal his real feelings in his writings, and to a man of his open disposition such a course would not come naturally. The necessary amount of “ copy ” scribbled off in bed, or at a coffee-house table with the importunate printer hanging over him, must necessarily compare unfavourably with the productions of his fastidious colleague, for example, who, having none of the editor’s responsibility, would often stop the press to insert a preposition or conjunction. The one advantage which this impulsive style of *writing* (there was nothing *composed* about it) gives to Steele’s work from a literary point of view is that when he is very much in earnest about his subject the result is a graphic vehemence seldom found in calm and corrected compositions, and a happy expression every now and then which strikes home and lasts, as when he says of Lady Elizabeth Hastings “ to love her is a liberal education.” And, as far as our purpose is concerned, this haste is rather an advantage than otherwise, for we have his thoughts set down just as they occurred to him.

His essays, of course, are practically all that we read of his effusions nowadays. His political writings, with the exception, perhaps, of parts of his “ Apology,” are only for the student of political history, and one cannot but grudge the time he spent—nay, surely wasted—upon them, not to mention the trouble and strife they entailed. Swift played the Pot to Steele’s Kettle when he admonished him thus :

Believe me what thou’st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon,
For madmen, children, wits and fools
Should never meddle with edge tools.

Had Swift’s advice only come earlier, in a kinder form, and had it only been taken (which it never would have been), we might have had many more interesting contributions of a *Tatler* nature from Steele’s pen. His political works show, however, a great deal of

enthusiasm, and a consistency and loyalty by no means common in those days of ups and downs of power and party.

The "Christian Hero," his first publication worthy the name, is no maudlin tract, but an excellent little treatise which quite comes up to what we are led to expect from it by the sub-title: "An Argument proving that no Principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a Great Man." It would be more novel and interesting reading in Steele's own day than in ours, when this idea of religious theories becoming practice in daily life enters into nearly every sermon preached. It has consequently shared the fate of some of his moral essays, which have grown "stale by repetition."

There are some good things to be said for his plays, but drama was not his forte. There is a kind of happy-go-lucky impossibility about many of his plots and situations, and they are not always original. His character-drawing is at times very good, for Steele knew his fellow-man well, and his fellow-woman perhaps better; but the most noteworthy characteristic of his plays is their purity. To the more refined reader of to-day this description of much that seems decidedly coarse may sound absurd, but it is nevertheless a fact that Steele was one of the first to dare to represent virtue as attractive and vice as repulsive. Unfortunately it is only too true of his comedies that they contain "some things almost solemn enough for a sermon," and one of them was, to use Steele's own words, "damned for its piety." It was, of course, disastrous to attempt so terrible a combination, yet Steele seems rather to have fancied himself as a writer of drama-sermonettes, and during many busy years still hankered after another attempt, for we are told by Swift that he "long threatened the town with a comedy." As long as it was only political articles that hindered him from fulfilling this threat, it is difficult to see that we have benefited much; but if we have *Tatlers* and *Spectators* instead, we can gladly dispense with the comedy.

It has been said that his object in his plays was "to reconcile morality and the stage," and in his essays "to reconcile morality and the world," but in the latter case, at least, his rebukes took so pleasant a form that the world quite enjoyed the scolding. Nevertheless, it did it good. There is a familiar story of two well-known gamblers who, entering a coffee-house while smarting under some of Steele's paragraphs, swore loudly and lustily that they would cut the Captain's throat to teach him better manners. "In this country," said my Lord Forbes, then a guidon in the Horse Guards, "you will find it easier to cut a purse," and the bullies were

unceremoniously "hustled out at doors, with every mark of disgrace."

Steele, as the genial Isaac Bickerstaff—more man of the world than scholar, yet well schooled and well bred—became a great favourite with his readers. His aims with regard to his paper he explains in its first issue,¹ and to say that the feast promised by

¹ He heads it with a motto from Juvenal, which he translates :

"Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley Paper seizes for its theme."

and then begins :

"Though the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of State. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think ; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honour of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present gratis, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, and dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner.

"All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house ; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house ; learning, under the title of Grecian ; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house ; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment.

"I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges ; to White's under sixpence ; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table ; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney at St. James's without clean linen ; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my gratis stock is exhausted) of a penny apiece ; especially since

the bill of fare there set forth was duly provided is to describe in some measure the brilliant yet homely series of essays which followed in the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and their successors. Their kindly sarcastic treatment of the foibles of the day, their genial gossip, their freedom from personalities, and, at first, from politics, and the attractive style in which all this wit was set forth, could hardly fail to command the enormous popularity they actually enjoyed. Unlike other periodical literature, their interest is perennial. The secret of their vitality lies, perhaps, in the fact that the writers did not follow blindly the fashion of the day. For instance, Steele was the first, in those days of club and town life, the coffee-house and the tavern, to show that a picture of home life might also be made attractive. There are several such idylls whose only fault is that they are too long to quote. In *Tatler* No. 95 we have Mr. Bickerstaff on a visit to an old schoolfellow: the boys and girls striving who shall come first when they think it is he that is knocking at the door ; the husband, in his wife's absence from the room, confiding to his visitor his fears regarding her health and that fading of her countenance chiefly caused by her watching with him in his fever ; the wife, on her return, guessing from her husband's forced cheerfulness what they had been talking about, and immediately setting herself to enliven them with her gentle raillery, so that her husband's eyes sparkle with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance, and his fears vanish in an instant. All this and much more is admirably portrayed with a living sympathy which, when he attempted, a month later, to write an account of her death, quite overpowered him, so that he was unable to complete the paper, and a frigid academic close was supplied by Addison. This emotion recalls that remark which he makes about himself at the end of the well-known description of his father's death when he tells of his mother's grief. "She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul and has made Pity the weakness of my Heart ever since."

they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

"But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors."

Steele's generous praise of Addison's character and abilities peeps out every now and then in his *Tatlers*, as it did in dedications of plays and elsewhere. He tells how the *Tatler* rose to something much greater than he had intended, because of Addison's help, and he does not omit when winding up the *Spectator* to make admiring reference to his still anonymous auxiliary: "I am indeed much more proud of his long continued friendship than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember, when I finished the 'Tender Husband,' I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished as that we might some time or other publish a Work written by us both, which should bear the name of 'The Monument' in Memory of our Friendship."

This fond praise of his friend has since been taken undue advantage of by Addison's editors, who have practically attributed all the best things in these periodicals to Addison, and allowed Steele to take the credit of what is left. It is not everyone who can appreciate the generosity which prompted Steele's expressions of admiration. If he has suffered from overpraise (not personally administered) for essays which were not his, he has also suffered from overblame. Swift should have remembered this when he described his former friend as

Steele who owned what others writ,
And flourished by imputed wit.

This is what Steele himself says on the subject: "Many of the writings now published as his [Addison's] I have been very patiently traduced and calumniated for, as they were pleasantries and oblique strokes upon certain of the wittiest men of the Age, who will now restore me to their goodwill in proportion to the abatement of wit which they thought I employed against them."

Not even the most ardent admirer of Steele would venture to assert that in practice he approached at all near the theories he insisted on in his writings, but he was so thoroughly and frequently reminded of this fact that it is hardly necessary to add our reproof to the rest. To quote Hazlitt:

"The mind of man is like a clock that is always running down, and requires to be as constantly wound up. The *ideal* principle is the master-key that winds it up, and without which it would come to a stand; the sensual and selfish feelings are the dead weights that pull it down to the gross and grovelling. Till the intellectual faculty is destroyed . . . it is impossible to have all brutal depravity;

till the material and physical are done away with . . . it is impossible to have all virtue. There must be a mixture of the two, so long as man is compounded of opposite materials, a contradiction and an eternal competition for the mastery. I by no means think a single bad action condemns a man, for he probably condemns it as much as you do, nor a single bad habit, for he is probably trying all his life to get rid of it."

Without pretending that Steele was a "Spirit without spot," we may confidently affirm that too much stress has been laid on the points where his practice does not square with his theory, and too little on those where his principles were strong and fixed. The practice of duelling, which was then so frightfully common, he held in as much abhorrence as we do to-day, and never ceased, in plays, essays, or conversation, to wage war against it. Such heterodox views so violently insisted upon naturally laid him open to a charge of cowardice, and we find him, with his usual luck, forced into fighting the only duel of his life through having prevented a junior comrade from sending a challenge. His singularly modern spirit and ideas on many subjects are apt to be lost sight of now that they have become universally accepted. His attitude towards women, for instance, is usual enough nowadays, but was far from being so two hundred years ago, when they were regarded not as reasonable creatures, but as the "mere puppets of a false admiration or a flighty pursuit." "When due regard is not had to the honour of women," he writes, "all human society is assaulted," and it has been said that the women of the eighteenth century owe as much to Steele as those of the nineteenth to Tennyson's "Princess."

His failure to live up to his ideals was recognised and deplored by Steele himself above all others, and his frequent lamentations on this subject have earned for him a worse reputation than he really deserves. It is very often true that the world takes a man at his own valuation, or, if anything, a little lower; so that Dick Steele's modest estimate of himself has had nothing of good added to it, but a great deal of bad. Hear Steele's own explanation (in his "Apology") of how he came to write the "Christian Hero":

"He first became an author" (he says) "when an ensign of the Guards, a way of life exposed to much irregularity, and being thoroughly convinced of many things of which he often repented, and which he more often repeated, he writ for his own private use a little book called the 'Christian Hero' with a design principally to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of Virtue and Religion in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable

Pleasures." And then he goes on to explain how "this Secret Admonition was too weak ; he therefore printed the Book with his Name in hopes that a standing Testimony against himself and the Eyes of the World (that is to say) of his Acquaintances upon him in a new light, might curb his desires, and make him ashamed of understanding and seeming to feel what was Virtuous and living so quite contrary a life."

Hear now the conclusion, based upon this frank confession, that a writer in the "*Biographia Britannica*" comes to : "He spared not to indulge his genius in the wildest excesses, prostituting the exquisite charms of his conversation-talents to give his pleasures a daintier and more poignant relish."

We are not, therefore, obliged to believe all that has been said about him either by his contemporaries or by succeeding generations, and yet from the conflicting judgments passed upon him we may strike an average which will come out somewhere near the truth. Some of his friends—or foes, as the case may be—are not always consistent in their opinion of him. Swift, who, in his early Whig days, shared Steele's office and was on terms of the most friendly intimacy with him, expressed very unflattering opinions of his old crony in later years when he was wielding his terrible pen in the service of the Tory "*Examiner*." Thus politics, which interfered so much with Steele's literary labours, interfered also in his friendships, leading even, in the end, to a slight estrangement from his lifelong friend and hero Addison—a quarrel which caused him much sorrow.

Then Mrs. Manley, who calls him a "wretched common trooper," a "bubble," and showers on him various other delightful epithets, we find afterwards dedicating a play to him and writing thus : "I shall say no more, trusting to the Gallantry of your Temper for further Proofs of Friendship ; and allowing you, like a true Woman, all the good Qualities in the world now I am pleased with you, as well as I gave you all the ill ones when I was angry with you."

Berkeley, who, when eight and twenty, came over on sick leave from Trinity College, Dublin, with the avowed intention "to make acquaintance with men of merit," writes of him as "extreamly civil and obliging," as having "in his natural temper something very generous and a great benevolence to mankind," and quotes as an instance of it his kind and friendly behaviour to him, a Tory. "Somebody," he writes, "(I know not who) had given him my

Treatise of the Principles of Human Knowledge, and that was the ground of his inclination to my acquaintance. For my part I should reckon it a sufficient recompense of my pains in writing it, that it gave me some share in the friendship of so worthy a man."

Yet another literary man—also a Tory—has left us a very flattering tribute to the effect of Steele's writings, pointing out that he had ventured to tell the Town that they were a parcel of Fops, Fools, and Coquettes ; but in such a manner as even pleased them and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth. "He has indeed," says Gay, "rescued learning out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea-tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchants on the Change. Accordingly there is not a Lady at Court, nor a Banker in Lombard Street, who is not verily persuaded that Captain Steele is the greatest Scholar and best casuist of any man in England."

Against such flattering opinions we have to set the plentiful abuse (hardly to be dignified by the name of criticism) heaped upon him by the Grub Street hacks in the pay of his political opponents. Many and varied were the accusations brought against him by writers of this calibre, but it is a matter of grave doubt whether many of us would have shown any fairer record had we exposed ourselves as he did. Even the immaculate Addison, if he had flown in the face of these people, would have had many spiteful and exaggerated remarks made and handed down to posterity—about his pedantry, for instance, or his love of flattery, or his splendid and unhappy marriage.

It is also possible that Steele's friends, in but a lesser measure than his enemies, have contrived to give us no very exalted idea of his character. When we think of him as a jolly captain and playwright ("poet and warrior too"), as a well-known figure at Will's, as a rollicking member of the Kit-Cat Club, as one of the jovial practical jokers protesting against Partridge's obtrusive and indecent vitality, we realise what a boon companion and *bon vivant* he was, and understand how it is that the testimony of his friends is easily familiar, and even patronising, but never very respectful. He was a man who was always unbent: hence we have a record of all his little foibles—his chemical misadventures, his lottery scrape, his grand Fishponds Failure. No sooner does one hobby collapse than his projecting mind is full of a grand scheme to take its place.

That project sunk, you saw him entertain
 A notion more chimerical and vain . . .
 Still on his wide unwearied view extends,
 Which I may tell, since none are here but friends ;
 In a few months, he is not without hope,
 But 'tis a secret, to convert the Pope.
 Of this, however, he'll inform you better
 Soon as his Holiness receives his Letter.

We know his many faults and we love him in spite of them ; and the fact that we so often deem a man of many blemishes a *better* man than another who has fewer seems to suggest a flaw in our human estimate of faults.

And so it happens that not only his contemporaries, but also those who came after him, have been careless as to how they have talked of him, and we find Macaulay doing him this obvious injustice—to the advantage of Addison the reserved and irreproachable : “He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting ; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honour ; in practice he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler.” As if all our lives were not spent in sinning and repenting ! The kindlier criticism of Thackeray treats Steele more fairly, but is not altogether faithful, because Thackeray is, after all, the novelist writing an essay, and inclined to overdraw the easy-going nature of his character to make it more picturesque. The Steele of his “Lecture” is practically the Steele of his “Esmond,” which, with a little smoothing down of what has been added for the sake of effect, is a very fair portrait of him as his fellow-men knew him. All his good points are well brought out—his kindness to young Harry, his sympathetic help after the death of the Viscount, his loyalty to his friends, his chivalry to women, his devotion to his wife ; but over the whole portrait a slightly false tone is thrown by the patronising way in which he is referred to as “poor Dick,” “poor fellow,” “the sentimental Captain,” and so on.

Esmond, we are told, “had many a jolly afternoon in company of his friend, and a hundred times at least saw Dick into his chair. If there is verity in wine, according to the old adage, what an amiable natured character Dick’s must have been ! In proportion as he took in wine he overflowed with kindness. His talk was not witty so much as charming. He never said a word that could anger anybody, and only became the more benevolent the more tipsy he grew.

Many of the wags derided the poor fellow in his cups, and chose him as a butt for their satire : but there was a kindness about him, and a sweet playful fancy, that seemed to Esmond far more charming than the pointed talk of the brightest wits with their elaborate repartees and affected severities. I think Steele shone rather than sparkled. Those famous *beaux-esprits* of the coffee-houses (Mr. William Congreve, for instance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us) would make many brilliant hits—half-a-dozen in a night sometimes—but, like sharpshooters, when they had fired their shot, they were obliged to retire under cover till their pieces were loaded again, and wait till they got another chance at their enemy whereas Dick never thought that his bottle companion was a butt to aim at—only a friend to shake by the hand.”

In the course of his theological arguments with Harry he utters many a true and characteristic word :

“ ‘Tis not the dying for a faith that’s so hard, Master Harry—every man of every nation has done that—’tis the living up to it that is difficult, as I know to my cost,’ he added, with a sigh. ‘And ah !’ he added, ‘my poor lad, I am not strong enough to convince thee by my life—though to die for my religion would give me the greatest of joys—but I had a dear friend in Magdalen College in Oxford : I wish Joe Addison were here to convince thee.’

“ ‘You seem very good,’ the boy said.

“ ‘I’m not what I seem, alas !’ answered the trooper—and indeed, as it turned out, poor Dick told the truth—for that very night, at supper in the hall, where the gentlemen of the troop took their repasts, and passed most part of their days dicing and smoking of tobacco, and singing and cursing, over the Castlewood ale—Harry Esmond found Dick the Scholar in a woeful state of drunkenness. He hiccupped out a sermon ; and his laughing companions bade him sing a hymn, on which Dick, swearing he would run the scoundrel through the body who insulted his religion, made for his sword, which was hanging on the wall, and fell down flat on the floor under it, saying to Harry, who ran forward to help him, ‘Ah, little Papist, I wish Joseph Addison was here !’ ”

As a novelist, Thackeray had the undoubted right to depict his characters so as to suit his own purposes, but in studying Steele from the historical point of view it is only fair to him to remember that he was a trifle more dignified—if a trifle less picturesque—than Thackeray would have us believe. It is fortunate, therefore, that we have preserved to us in his letters Steele himself, pure and simple, not only what others knew of him ; and we could not have a better

means of getting at the man himself than these straightforward, impulsive, and generally hurried epistles, so different from Pope's garbled letters, for instance, with the possibility-of-publication feeling ever lurking behind their studied elegance.

Very few men could bear so well to have such private letters made public property. If at all natural and interesting, they must cause the writer to appear foolish occasionally, and the letters that he would be inclined to suppress are precisely those which are the most characteristic. The few that Steele afterwards made use of, by attributing them to imaginary correspondents in *Tatler* or *Spectator*, although perfectly sincere and natural, are not the pre-eminently characteristic or interesting ones. For instance, we have one of his earliest letters to Prue—then only Mistress Scurlock to him—reproduced in a *Tatler* two years later. After begging she will grant him an interview, he goes on: "I shall not trouble you with my sentiments till I know how they will be received, and as I know no reason why the difference of sex should make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reason, I shall affect plainness and sincerity in my discourse to you as much as other Lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of saying I shall die for you, I profess I should be glad to Lead my life with you: you are as beautiful as witty and prudent, and as good-humoured as any woman breathing, but I must confess to you I regard all those excellencies as you will please to direct 'em for my Happiness or Misery. With me, Madam, the only lasting motive to love is the hope of its becoming mutual." The manly frankness of this is all very well in its way, but this next—dictated by the emotion of the moment, and never converted into copy—is more like Steele: "I know not what to say but that I love you with the Sincerest passion that ever entered the heart of man. I will make it the business of my life to find out means of convincing you that I prefer you to all that's pleasing upon earth." And to attempt to work in the following as a letter of anyone else's than Steele's would be well-nigh impossible:

"September 19th, 1708: 5 in the evening.

"DEAR PRUE,—I send you seven pen'orth of Wall nutts at 5 a penny. Which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being with my whole heart

Yours,

"RICHARD STEELE."

Then follow two PSS. But apparently the walnuts were too great a temptation to be resisted, for when the letter was folded and addressed he wrote outside in the corner: "There are but 29 Wal-

nutts." We have this from a letter he inserted in one of his *Spectators* :

"MADAM,—It is the hardest thing in the World to be in Love and yet attend business. As for me, all that speake to me find me out, and I must Lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning what news from Lisbon, and I answered She's exquisitely handsome. Another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor, I replied 'twill be on Tuesday come se'nnight. Prithee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure."

This is a pretty good revelation of himself, but nothing to the unpublished one which the lady received a few hours before :

"DEAR, LOVELY MRS. SCURLOCK,—I have been in very good company where your Health under the Character of the Woman I loved best has been often drank. So that I may say I am Dead Drunk for your sake, which is more than I die for you. Yours,

"R. STEELE."

This is only one of the many instances in which he refers to his over-"happy" condition at the time of writing, and which have been taken so seriously as to lend quite an undue prominence to this feature of his character. Every now and then we find him writing thus : "Dear Prue,—I have been a little intemperate and discomposed with it ; but I will be very sober for the future, especially for the sake of the most amiable and most deserving woman who has made me her happy slave and obedient husband—R. S." Or thus : "I am, Dear Prue, a little in Drink, but at all times your faithful husband, Richard Steele."

Then again :

"DEAR PRUE,—I am come from a Committee where I have been Chairman and drank too much. I have the headache and should be glad if you would come to me in good humour, which would always banish any uneasiness of temper from, dear Prue, your fond fool of a Husband,

RD. STEELE."

This letter does not by any means imply that the chairman was the only member of committee who drank too much, but merely that he was probably the only one who told his wife. Moreover, no one who had been really "Dead Drunk" would have been able to explain his condition so neatly as in the letter quoted a little way back ; and the fact that Prue received these communications not

only after but before marriage shows that she knew better than to believe that he was as bad as he made himself out to be. We must also remember that to indulge freely was as much the habit of a man of fashion of that day as to sport the sword and the periwig. Steele really drank less than most of his comrades, only he showed the effects of it sooner; and we find Dr. Hoadly, in a letter, telling how "Sir Richard in his zeal rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th of November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation-pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time Steele was not fit for it."

Another habit of the age is responsible for what might appear to be almost servile flattery in some of his letters to people of consequence. The only and the recognised way of getting on then was by patronage, and all the adulation offered was no more than a matter of form either to the applicant or to the patron. Certainly Steele, who was so tenacious of the fact that he was a "gentleman born," saw nothing servile in such an attitude, and was as ready in the days of his prosperity to beg favours for others as he had been to sue for himself.

"The eternal want of pence that vexes public men" is another of the predominant notes in his correspondence. From the days of his youth, when we find him so anxious about the payment of his small scholarship, right on through all his variations of fortune to the very end, this impecuniosity never leaves him. One of the most characteristic anecdotes of this seems to refer to the time when he was *Sir* Richard, and might reasonably have been expected to be in easier circumstances. It was at the time of the building of the Censorium—one of his pet projects—that, wishing to judge of the acoustic properties of the hall, he asked a carpenter to go into the pulpit, which was at one end of the room, and speak a few sentences. When the man got there he found himself at a loss to know what to say. Sir Richard told him to say the first thing that came into his mind. Thus encouraged, the new-made orator, gazing fixedly at the knight, thus began, in stentorian tones, his maiden speech: "Sir Richard Steele, here has I and these here men been doing your work for three months and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have." Sir Richard replied that he was in raptures with the eloquence, but by no means admired the subject.

He was like his fellow-countryman Goldsmith inasmuch as he

was always hard up, and always would have been, be his income what it might. Being inclined by nature to improvidence, and to reckless generosity and expenditure, the kind of life he led and the precarious nature of the appointments he held tended to intensify this natural failing. Hence we find such letters to his wife as the following :

"Dear Prue,—I enclose 5 guineas, but can't come home to dinner. Dear little woman, take care of thyself and eat and drink cheerfully." Or this: "My Dear,—I shall not come home to dinner, but have fixed everything and received money for present uses." Or this: "Dear Wife,—Take confidence in that Being Who has promised protection to all the good and virtuous when afflicted. Mr. Glover accommodates me with the money which is to clear this present sorrow this evening." Again: "I have paid Mr. Addison his whole Thousand Pound and have settled every man's payment except one which I hope to perfect to-morrow." Still another instance: "Within a day or two I doubt not we shall have the money." And in a model letter of new-year resolutions he is so determined to turn over a new leaf of economy to be able to provide for his children that he writes to his "Dear, dear Prue": "That you may be convinced of this happy change you shall be yourself the keeper of what I lay up for them by quarterly portions from this day." Whether *this* resolve was kept or not, it is satisfactory to note that the determined effort he made in the last few years of his life to satisfy his creditors was entirely successful, and in these last four or five years he paid off between three and four thousand pounds.

These continual money worries are the most obvious excuse for his wife's peevishness, regarding which we find so many remonstrances in his letters. In truth her temper appears to have been a little uncertain, and she seems to have taken advantage of the way in which her husband idolised her to tyrannise over him to a considerable extent. He meets all these petulant moods with an unvarying good-humour and patient tenderness which lasted to the very end, and among the last letters he wrote to her (while she was in Wales, the year before her death) he is "her languishing relict," her "happy slave," "her most obsequious and obedient husband." She is his "poor, dear, angry, pleased, witty, silly, everything Prue." The least little kindness on her part evokes an outburst of happy gratitude; for instance: "I have often told you," he writes, "I believe you have used enchantments to enslave me, for an expression in yours of *Good Dick* has put me in so much rapture that I could

forget my present most miserable lameness and walk down to you . . . my dear, little, peevish, beautiful, wise governess. God bless you."

This subscription reminds us of the insinuations of Swift and others as to his being "governed by his wife." This theory certainly gains colour from such an appeal as the following. Instead of coming straight home from the office, he is staying out to supper without his wife's permission, and his fear of being brought home in disgrace prompts him to write beseechingly: "Dear Prue, do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous." But that he could on occasion assert himself is evident from such complaints as this: "You are extremely cruel to a generous nature which has a tenderness for you that renders your least dis-humour insupportably afflicting. After short starts of passion not to be inclined to reconciliation, is what is against all rules of Christianity and justice. When I come home I beg to be kindly received, or this will have as ill an effect upon my fortune as on my mind and body." Again: "Dear Wife,—How can you add to my cares by making so unjust complaints against me as in yours of last night?"

Yet he is for the most part a model of submissiveness, and we find him writing to her "In obedience to what you ordered me," and to "beg your pardon for every act of rebellion I have ever committed against you"; and one of their many tiffs—more prolonged than usual—seems at last to have reduced him to this: "Dear Prue, I will do everything you desire your own way. Yours ever, Richard Steele." This charming epistle *may* be as meek and guileless as it is short and sweet.

Their quarrels were not always of his making, for we have traces now and then of her not getting on very well with her mother and others. And Steele seems to have made more allowances for her than most. It can hardly be said that he expected too much, seeing that he himself says of her: "I consider that Good Nature added to that beautiful form God has given you would make an Happiness too great for human life." It is to be feared, too, that his knack of reading between the lines is a rare one. "Dear Prue," he writes, "the manner in which you write to me might perhaps to another look like neglect and want of Love, but I will not understand it so, but take it to be only the uneasiness of a doting fondness which cannot bear my absence without disdain."

Of course there is something to be said on Prue's side of the question. For one thing, her health in her later years seems to have been none of the best; then, too, her married life turned out to be

more precarious than she had expected ; besides which, Steele was able to throw off the weight of his troubles and enjoy himself in the best company of his time, while Prue fretted at home. The lively Irish temperament which was his, though sparkling and attractive, had its drawbacks, and a little more steadiness—even with a little less brilliancy—might have made life easier for a woman of Prue's disposition. Steele's mode of life, with its want of repose, was only a degree better than the everlasting drive of much modern life, which leaves little or no time for doing anything comfortably, thoroughly, or well, and which makes, in the end, a life not really *lived*, but merely got through in an inartistic and unsatisfactory manner.

This is the impression left by a perusal of Steele's letters. They are over four hundred in number—written for the most part to his wife at Hampton Wick when duty kept him in London ; so that his loss has been our gain. The temptation to go on quoting from them is one not easily resisted, so well do they show the lovable disposition of the man.

Prue, too, cannot have been so "horrid," "odious," and "vulgar" as she is depicted in "*Esmond*," for instance, else she could hardly have been so much to Steele as that he should write from the press at one o'clock in the morning

"DEAR PRUE,—I am very sleepy and tired but could not think of closing my eyes till I had told you I am, dearest creature,

Your most affectionate and faithful husband,

"RICHARD STEELE."

It is just as ridiculous to suppose that she was that kind of woman as to believe that Steele would have been so absurd as to take in good faith the satirical compliments that St. John paid his wife. It is much more likely that the facetious nobleman would suddenly have found a decanter hurled at his head. Dick Steele was no fool. He was simply an earnest-minded, well-meaning, generous, sociable, high-spirited man, full of fresh and noble impulse. Stripped of the social customs of the time, his character rises clear above the petty faults which were the target of his critics. Could we number him among our acquaintance to-day, we should have a man much maligned by the few and well-beloved by the many—now rolling in wealth, now "saving off" everything but his crossing-sweeper's copper—an enterprising speculator ever floating companies for the abolition of fogs and similar evils—an acquisition to all social gatherings—a man to put everyone at his ease—an ideal friend in trouble—a general

favourite with us all, whose solider qualities, nevertheless, it would have been left to the twenty-first century fully to appreciate.

If he could hear us now, neither scolding him like his dear Prue nor abusing him like his political foes, nor advising him like his candid friends, but actually appreciating his undoubted merits, he would hardly recognise himself and would be quite overcome with emotion. "Dearest and most Honoured Friends," he would say, "I am indeed affected almost to tears by the Favours heaped upon so unworthy an Object. That I do not deserve the Commendation which your Kindness has bestowed upon me is as clear and plain as that the Cause and Inspiration whence it flows lies in that Greatness of Heart which is yours. You do indeed 'treat me after your own Honour and dignity' and 'the less I deserve it the more Merit is in your Bounty.' That your Largeness of Heart and Loving Sympathy may never abate or grow less is the best possible and Heartfelt Wish of

"Your Grateful and Devoted Friend and Humble Servant,

"RICHARD STEELE."

J. K. TULLO.

ANCIENT ÆGITNA AND CANNES THE MODERN.

A CELTO-LIGURIAN tribe that filled an important rôle in the destinies of the maritime regions of Southern Gaul, both previously and subsequently to the advent of the Romans in those parts, is known to historiographers under the name of the Oxybians. The Oxybians inhabited that district of the *littoral* comprised between the Siagne—or, as this river was denominated by Polybius, the Apron or Acron—and the Loup. They formed a section of the Celto-Lygian populations, whose dwelling-place, on the authority of Pliny the Elder, lay between the Estérel and the Var.

There was not a little in the tacitly acknowledged national Constitution of the Oxybians that recalls to mind the laws governing some of the ancient diminutive Grecian republics ; but we are not so strictly concerned with the primitive form of government distinguishing this branch of the Celto-Ligurian race as with their marked national characteristics. Commerce they practised none. Besides being a warlike people, they were by invincible tendency a fierce race, who supplemented the merely natural produce of the soil by the proceeds of fishing and piracy. The Lérins Isles¹ facing Cannes undoubtedly owe their appellation to the name of one of their piratical chiefs—to Lero, who was wont to secrete his booty in some of the numerous creeks indenting this detached strip of land.

In the minds of these corsairs the love of personal liberty and national independence amounted to fanaticism. In war they were capable of the most ferocious acts of self-immolation in order to escape the inexpressible ignominy (as they considered it) of falling alive into the hands of their enemies. To valour were joined many

¹ The Lérins Isles were once called respectively *La Trapa* and *Auriana*. Lerina, as it was termed by Pliny, the more diminutive island, but the one better known to fame, has at different periods borne various appellatives. By Strabo it was called *Planasia*, the Greeks conferring this titular epithet upon it on account of its slight elevation above the level of the sea. After the foundation of the celebrated monastery it was known as the "Island of the Saints." In later times the poetic designation of "Aigrette of the Sea" was bestowed upon it by mariners.

virtues commonly deemed essentially Oriental, especially the observance of the sacred laws of hospitality. In conjunction with these qualities may be mentioned a sense of abnegation that might have rendered honour to a far more enlightened age than their own. The irregular mode of life followed by these barbarous hordes was the direct cause of the armed intervention of the Romans in the affairs of this region of Southern Gaul, which, as a result of this interference, was eventually termed by its conquerors *Provincia*.

Long before the Christian era Phocæan colonies had been founded along that part of the Mediterranean coast extending between the spots now occupied by Marseilles and Monaco. In the year 155 B.C. it so happened that two of the principal settlements, namely, Nice and Antipolis,¹ were being hard pressed by the Oxybians and the Deciates.² The Marseillais, finding themselves powerless to defend these colonies, appealed in their great extremity to the Romans, their allies. After one abortive attempt at settlement by means of negotiations—in the course of which Flaminius and the two other Roman deputies, finding it necessary to beat a retreat to their ships, narrowly escaped with their lives—the paramount power determined to undertake a military expedition in due form. Upon this second occasion the Senate sent Quintus Opimius at the head of a considerable army. The consul landed at a point in the gulf of La Napoule, near the mouth of the Apron. Upon the left bank of this small river he pitched his camp, and there waited in expectation of being attacked. The enemy not appearing, he led his forces against Ægitna, a town which was situated within the Oxybian territory, and was also the place where the deputies of the Roman people had been violently assailed by the tribesmen. Ægitna was taken by storm. The consul at once marched against the main body of the Oxybians, who were engaged in the siege of Antibes. Filled with rage upon hearing of the fall of Ægitna, and the desperate nature of their position becoming fully apparent to them, the Celto-Ligurians discarded all prudence. Without awaiting the arrival of four thousand Deciates, who were to join them, they hurled themselves upon the Romans. The general, a marked proficient in the military art, knew well how to distinguish promptly between an attack founded on strictly calculated tactical principles, and a mad rush impelled solely by despair. After a few brief moments of hesitation caused by surprise, he confidently

¹ Antibes.

² The territory of the Deciates lay between the Marseillais colony of Antipolis and the Var.

made the necessary dispositions. In the battle that ensued, which, in the opinion of Sardou,¹ must have taken place on the coast of Golfe Jouan, the furious and ill-judged impetuosity exhibited by a warlike primitive people, whose want of experience and lack of contact with more civilised communities alone made them barbarians, was overcome by skilful strategy and disciplined valour. The Oxybians were defeated and put to rout. At this juncture the Deciates, their allies, appeared upon the scene. Rallying the fugitives, they joined them, and once more the invaders found themselves attacked with desperate courage. But the amalgamated forces were defeated, and the victory of the Romans was complete.

In accordance with a rule that had been adopted on previous occasions with regard to the Celts, the inhabitants of Ægitna who remained, that is to say, the actual warriors who had survived the engagement, as well as those of the population who escaped slavery, were prohibited by the victors from residing within a certain distance of the coast. The length of the forbidden area ranged from eight to twelve stadia. Upon their forced retirement from their capital, the Oxybians entrenched themselves upon a neighbouring mountain, on the summit of which they built a town. The exiles preserved the name of their former city in the one that they bestowed upon their new seat of habitation, denominating their retreat Egitna Mountain (*Mons Ægitnæ*). Eventually the two-worded name became contracted into Mongins. The view of the small town of most ancient aspect known as Mougins²—the last and slightest contraction that the name has undergone—gracefully crowning yet proudly standing upon the eminence two hundred and sixty mètres in altitude forming its site, must be familiar to many.

The mere act of excluding the remnant of the Oxybian nation from access to the coast did not constitute a measure sufficient to paralyse the energies of this indomitable people. Within as brief a period as three years after the destruction of their capital, they—thanks to their resolute character, their physical robustness, which enabled them to support the greatest hardships, aided materially, moreover, by the topographical difficulties presented by the surrounding country—were prompted to revolt. For a brief space they regained their independence. They were subdued a second time

¹ *Notice historique sur Cannes et les Iles de Lérins.*

² This derivation is accepted by Papon, a deservedly great authority. (*Voyage littéraire de Provence*, vol. i. p. 373.)

by Consul Aulus Posthumius. We are told by Polybius that more stringent measures were eventually adopted to reduce the formidable Oxybians and Deciates to impuissance. Opimius resorted to the following means, among others, to bring about this result. As large a portion of their territory as Rome deemed it expedient to allot had been granted to the Massaliotes. The Ligurians were also constrained to send hostages periodically to Marseilles. The Oxybians especially chafed under this yoke, and ardently sought for an occasion to enfranchise themselves. At length a favourable opportunity occurred. A war having broken out between the Massaliotes and the Salluvians, a powerful people inhabiting a large tract of the territory lying to the north of the Phocæan cities, the Oxybians formed an alliance with the Salluvians. In the hostilities that ensued the confederates were defeated by Caius Sextius Calvinus. The Oxybians were forced to retire definitely to their fastnesses, and with their retreat is coincident their disappearance from history—as far as the scope of the present subject is concerned.

Cluverius or Cluvier—to use the name in its gallicised form—a celebrated Danzig geographer,¹ expresses the conviction that the site whereupon the ancient *Ægitna* stood is the same as that upon which the *old* town of Cannes was erected twelve or thirteen centuries later. Sardou and Abbé Alliez strongly support the Prussian authority in his estimate. The decision is arrived at by the establishment of the identity of the river known as the Siagne with the Acron or Apron of Polybius. Cannes is undoubtedly situated at a short distance from the Siagne. At one time this river flowed into the sea at La Bocca.² Eventually its course at its termination appears to have slightly deviated, for its fecundating waters are described as emptying themselves into the sea at a point distant one kilomètre from La Napoule. Strabo makes an allusion to a certain “Oxybian harbour” (*Oxubios limen*),³ but without assigning any name to the locality. Cluverius maintains that this Oxybian port is identical with the *Aÿghitna* mentioned nearly a century and a half previously by Polybius, which town was in close proximity to the Apron. The name of the Oxybian capital eventually became

¹ 1580–1623. V. *Italia Antiqua*.

² What was evidently at one time the mouth of the river Siagne now constitutes the second secondary branch (*deuxième branche secondaire*) of the four arms into which the artificial watercourse, the Siagne, is now divided. The word is derived from the Provençal *saïgnos* or *siagnos* (French *massettes*), which grew on the borders of the little river.

³ Strabo, lib. iv.

latinised in the form of Ægitna, and has descended to our days in that of Egitna.

Furthermore, upon the ruins of Ægitna the Phocæans of Marseilles established a kind of commercial settlement upon which was bestowed the name of Marsellinum. French archæologists translate this designation by the terms *comptoir marseillais* or *château-fort marseillais*. In 1131 what had once been *Castrum Marsellinum* was known as *Castrum Francum*. *Castrum de Canoïs*, upon the site of which was erected the *old* town of Cannes, still existing, took the place of *Castrum Francum*. From what has preceded, it will be seen that no reasonable opposition can be raised to Cluvier's opinion, and that, as clearly as it is possible to elucidate the matter, Cannes can boast of the distinction of having had ancient Ægitna for its cradle.

The opinion is all the more worthy of credence, not only on account of the accuracy pervading its construction from base to summit and from the fact of Cluvier's idea having been supported by two such great authorities as Sardou and Abbé Alliez, but also for the reason that the arguments of those writers who oppose the notion of Cluverius can hardly be considered to be strictly relevant to the matter, inasmuch as in several cases no proof exists in favour of the contrary reasoning that they put forth. Their evidence is even in some instances contradictory. The latter observation is applicable to Honoré Bouche, as it is also to D'Anvilles, Papon, and others. Mr. Walkenaer, who also differs from Cluverius upon this subject, goes so far as to surmise that Ægitna and La Napoule formed one and the same locality, the ancient name of the latter place, according to him, having been Ægitnapolis. The presumption is not without plausibility, as it is undeniable that there exists a great resemblance of form between the word "Napoule" and the last three syllables of "Ægitnapolis"; but, on the other hand, as Sardou states, this latter name is not found in the writings of a single author of antiquity.

In course of time the waters of the Foux and the Châtaigner have formed alluvial deposits, thus extending the coast to a point non-existent as *terra firma* in Oxybian times. Prior to this geological formation, the sea, washing the shore where Cannes now stands, penetrated to some distance further inland. An artificial beach has therefore been created. The precise site of ancient Ægitna was not on the promontory, where the remains of the old feudal castle are still seen, but upon one of the hills composing the Petit Juas district. As late as a century and a half before the Christian era

the Petit Juas hills nearest to the sea formed the shore. At the present epoch the waves may be said to be furiously endeavouring to regain their lost pre-eminence. Twice during the last four years has the Boulevard du Midi been overwhelmed by the sea, while in the same interval the Croisette itself has experienced similar ravages.

Notwithstanding the conquests effected by the Romans along the Celto-Ligurian coast, the towns in these parts remained, to all intents and purposes, Greek commercial and industrial colonies. The conquerors did not actually establish themselves with a view to permanent settlement in the territories that they had progressively gained by force of arms. Julius Cæsar, for example, after annexing Marseilles and the entire Phocæan colony in a purely military sense, contented himself with disarming the Greeks, and with taking possession of their ships and the public treasury. It results from these facts that few Roman remains reward the searches of archæologists on the ancient Oxybian soil. The sole vestiges still existing in the region occupied by Cannes are, in the first place, the part of one side of a bridge flanked by six counter-forts. This ruin is situated to the north-east of the *Château des Tours*, at one time the residence of the Duke of Vallombrosa. The apertures formed by two arches have been filled up.¹ Beneath this fabric, which testifies to the passage of the *Via Aurelia* at Cannes, flowed the torrent called La Fréjière,² or the Riou. What remains of the Roman bridge would almost escape notice were not special attention drawn to it, the construction, in the eyes of superficial observers, merely resembling a high wall. Topographical changes have condemned this remnant of antiquity to serve apparently as a support to some elevated ground, upon the summit of which is a small dreary public garden named Square Méro.³ Next in importance to the bridge in an archæological sense, and perhaps superior to it as the special survival of a distinct age combined with the associations almost indubitably relating to a remote epoch, is a square-shaped funereal

¹ A sepia sketch of this bridge, as existing a short time before these alterations were made, is to be seen in the Rothschild Gallery in the Hôtel de Ville at Cannes. The artist is the late Mr. Sénequier, the father of M. Paul Sénequier, the archæologist.

² Signifies *fresh water*. In later times this primitive word has been regretably corrupted into La Frayère, which has no meaning.

³ The Roman origin claimed for this bridge has been called in question by M. Mérimée (*Notes d'un Voyage dans le Midi de la France*), who, nevertheless, attributes considerable antiquity to it. But M. Aubenas (*Histoire de Fréjus*, p. 765), M. Révélat, M. Paul Sénequier (*Auribeau*, p. 117), and other savants firmly consider that the structure is Roman.

cippus bearing a sepulchral inscription easily to be deciphered. A tomb and a few coins complete the collection.

An additional reason for mentioning these traces of the Roman past is that the inscription upon the cippus is considered to testify to the importance possessed by *Castrum Marsellinum* in the times of the early Roman emperors. This inscription is thus worded : *Venusiæ Anthimillæ C. Venusius Andron Sex Vir. Aug. corp. filiæ dulcissimæ*.¹ The stone bearing this inscription, which dates at the latest from the beginning of the second century of our era, is now in the Lycklama Museum at Cannes.² It was found underneath the chapel of St. Nicholas. According to popular tradition, the place where this oratory is to be seen forms the spot upon which the first Christian altar was erected in this region.

Two reasons have been given in explanation of the discovery of this funereal stone within the Cannes district. The first surmise, in its more prosaic nature, is not neutralised by the somewhat conjectural though plausible character of the second, while, whichever version be adopted—and both are collectively acceptable—they each vouch for the fact that at the Roman period in question, *Castrum Marsellinum* (*i.e.* Cannes) enjoyed greater prosperity and consideration than did the town existing upon this site throughout the Middle Ages, or during any period prior to the years following 1837.

Presuming in the first instance, as is natural, that the *Sevir* in question was officially settled at *Castrum Marsellinum*, this strong presumption would tend to prove that the place was a *municeps*, for not otherwise would the town have been entitled to possess a corporation of priestly magistrates forming an order analogous to the equestrian rank.

Coming now to the second assumption, which has been termed conjectural, but which carries with it nothing that is improbable, it has been surmised, with reference to the inscription, that in the first and second centuries of the Christian era this strip of the

¹ Epigraphical interpretation : *Venusiæ Anthimillæ, Caius Venusius Andron* (or *Andronicus*), *sex virorum Augustalium corporis, filiæ dulcissimæ*.

² The Lycklama Museum is in possession of another cippus. The dimensions of the second are greater than those of the one mentioned above. The funeral inscription carved upon it is in reference to a woman, the wife of a *Flamen* of Jupiter (*Flamen Dialis*), and herself a priestess : *...lla Flaminicæ Et Sacerdos . . . Viva Sibi Fecit . . . Memoriam Consummavit*. A deep basin-shaped cavity has been hollowed out in the base of the cippus. Before this ancient monument was acquired by the Cannes Museum a farrier at Peymeinade, a *commune* in the Cabris district, had been accustomed to keep the cavity filled with water, in which this erudite Wayland dipped his tools.

Mediterranean coast was, as it is now, a resort of those in search of a temperate climate in the winter. This idea is borne out by Pliny the Elder,¹ who, alluding to the Narbonensis, speaks enthusiastically of its flourishing cultivation and opulence, concluding with the words (uttered originally by Augustus), "It yields in nothing to any part of the empire; in a word, it is Italy rather than a province." This testimony is all the more valuable since the Romans did not come from the most distant parts of their dominions, but from a short distance—from Italy, the *littoral* of which presented similar climatic advantages. Tacitus,² in reference to the same region, makes an allusion to the Roman patrician families who, in the days of the Emperor Claudius, there enjoyed the same consideration as the nobility in Rome itself; while, finally, Strabo³ mentions the fact that the Lérins Isles contained a large number of Roman habitations.⁴

When we admire the Cannes of to-day in the height of its winter season we cannot fail to be affected by the thought that perchance this block of stone, with its few words chiselled upon its surface, may be an isolated memorial of a *filia dulcissima*, the innumerable twentieth-century counterparts of whom may be enjoying the same southern climate, without it being necessary for the disconsolate father of any one of them to leave a similar painful record for the contemplation of a remote posterity.

A period of sorrow and desolation in the history of Castrum Marsellinum was the end of the ninth century. At that epoch the Saracens not only reduced the town to a heap of ashes, but simultaneously carried away into captivity all those inhabitants who had escaped massacre. As a natural result of this sanguinary inroad, the shore was transformed into a wilderness. It was with a view to giving an additional impulse to repopulation that Raymond Bérenger, in 1131, made Castrum Marsellinum a free port in perpetuity. The conference of this privilege was not only nominal, though absolute, but was also symbolised by the new name bestowed upon the settlement, Castrum Marsellinum being changed into *Castrum Francum*, as an earnest of the prince's sincere wishes.

Four years later, that is to say, in 1135, Raymond Bérenger ceded

¹ L. iii. cap. 4.

² *Annales*, l. xi. 24.

³ L. iv.

⁴ This statement of the great Greek geographer of antiquity has been strengthened in later days by the researches of M. Mérimée, who expresses the conviction that the large number of bricks, débris of cement, as well as more decided remains in the form of cisterns in a perfect state of preservation that he found in the island of St. Honorat, are of Roman origin.

for ever all his seignorial rights over *Castrum Francum* to the Abbots of Lérins.

When both Sardou and Guigou state that "*Castrum de Canoïs* took the place of *Castrum Francum*," their assertion somewhat out-balances facts, without, however, belying them. A comparison of dates—in which a curious point of history is elucidated—will, in fact, show that the locality must have borne the names of *Castrum Francum* and *Castrum de Canoïs* concurrently. The appellation of *Castrum Francum* obtained an ascendancy while the special facts of its conference were fresh in the minds of contemporaries; but it was the designation *Castrum de Canoïs* that ultimately prevailed. *Castrum de Canoïs* is alluded to for the first time in a deed of gift dated 1035, whereby Gulielmus Gruetta, *Miles militum insignis miles*, the second son of Rodoard (*Comes Antipolitanus & Princeps Antipolitanus*), as the latter is designated in "*Gallia Christiana*," having put aside the sword for the cowl, retired to Lérins, and bestowed upon his beloved abbey all that he possessed at Mougins, Arluc, and Cannes. Rodoard had received, in recompense for his services in aiding to expel the Saracens from Provence—at the latter end of the tenth century—half of the diocese of Antibes from William II., king of Arles, and Count of Provence.¹

Lérins, in the eleventh century, thanks to the devoted care of Rodoard and his son, was visited with what may be termed a renaissance. Simultaneously *Castrum Marsellinum*, phoenix-like, began to rise from its ashes. To quote Sardou: "It was reconstructed somewhat further out on the shore, and, like all the towns of this epoch, upon a hill, and surrounded with a mural *enceinte*. Genoese families came to repeople this *bourg*. It is at this moment that the origin of Cannes must be placed, rising on the Suquet, and called for the first time *Castrum de Canoïs*."

In a poem, bearing the name of "*Vida de Sant Honorat*," composed at the end of the thirteenth century by a troubadour named Raymond Féraud, the locality is termed *Villafranca*. This expression forms an almost exact translation of the Latin name *Castrum Francum*. Nevertheless, the spot is called *Castrum de Canoïs* in a census compiled in the year 1200.

The lofty tower, offering so striking and imposing a point of view almost at the edge of the promontory, is the principal remnant of the *oppidum*, reconstructed in the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Although its foundations were laid by Aldebert II., an abbot of Lérins, towards the year 1080, it was not completed until

¹ 992-1018.

1395, when the Abbé de Thornafort gave the finishing touches to what is considered to be one of the finest towers in Provence.

In their fond desire to associate etymologically the modern name Cannes—that is to say, the appellative designating the winter resort conjointly with the eleventh-century remains and adjacent *old* town—with the ancient Ægitna, some historians and archæologists who have especially treated of this locality decline to accept either of the two following etymological interpretations that have been severally put forward by various authorities as accounting for the name.

A definition that has met with acceptance from those who have been willing to adopt a simple and plausible explanation offered by those who possibly may have looked more closely into the subject than their followers, is that the appellation Cannes was purely and simply bestowed upon the town on account of the reeds (*cannes*) that were “at one time” luxuriantly plentiful at this spot. This derivation does not rest upon any serious proof. In various charters of the Middle Ages Cannes is alluded to by the names of Castrum, or Portus, de Canoïs, Canoës, Canuis, Canoas, and finally by that of Cannis. These designations would seem to prove that the abundance of reeds has nothing to do with the modern term. In a second attempt at elucidation, it is hemp (Provençal *canapis*) that has given its title to the town, it being averred that this plant was in former times much cultivated in the district. The only authority on which this assumption leans is that the denomination, Castrum de Canope, is applied to Cannes in one instance in the Lérins archives. With reference to a third explanation that was enunciated many years ago by a writer named Carlone, it need hardly be entered into, as it is not more applicable to Cannes than to any other locality.

Concerning the etymological connection linking the modern name Cannes with the ancient denomination Ægitna, it is maintained¹ that, in spite of the titular transformations that the locality has undergone at different periods, the word Ægitna has ever hovered in the background, and that it even pervades and characterises the orthography of the most recent appellative—Cannes.

The result is arrived at in the following manner: the *g* in the latinised form Ægitna was pronounced hard (Æghitna), as, in fact, must necessarily have been the case, judging by the way in which the name is written in the Greek text of Polybius—Aīghitna. It is presumed that the word eventually underwent the following

¹ V. A. L. Sardou (*Notice historique sur Cannes et les Îles de Lérins*, pp. 22-23).

structural modifications: Ækitna, Ækana, Ecatna, Catna, Cana, whence the Provençal Canoï or Canaïs, and, more recently, the French Canes or Cannes.¹ A notable parallel to the changing of the *g* hard into *c* is furnished in the modern spelling of Cadiz, which in antiquity was Gades.

It is, in fact, only reasonable to agree with Sardou when he observes: "It is impossible to discover the origin of the actual name of the town of Cannes, unless it be admitted that the etymology proposed be the correct one."²

When the three following facts are borne in mind, it is strongly to be presumed that Sardou is right in his estimate. First, what had once been *Castrum Marsellinum* had been known as *Castrum de Canoïs* ninety-six years before the name of *Castrum Francum* was conferred upon the locality; secondly, the name of *Canoïs*, as well as two other forms—*Canue* and *Canuis*—was in use concurrently with *Castrum Francum*; thirdly, these three terms survived among the populations, and, finally, utterly supplanted the merely official denomination.

During the long period extending between the dawn of the three hundred years preceding the end of the Middle Ages and the French Revolution, Cannes formed a dependency of the Abbey of Lérins. The feudal rights of the Abbots over Cannes and its environs constituted the Abbey's principal source of revenue. Throughout these primary three centuries the tenure of the Abbots seems to have been absolute; but with the advent of the Renaissance a spirit of independence was manifested by the feudatories. The desire for reform that the latter expressed to André de Plaisance

¹ The following names of towns in their ancient and modern forms afford remarkable instances of the manner in which the original appellation can be altered in the course of ages:—*Forum Julii*, which has become Fréjus; *Lugdunum* (Lyons); *Aquæ-Sextiæ* (Aix); *Bituriges* (Bourges); *Burdigala* (Bordeaux); *Lemovices* (Limoges); *Dunium* (Dorchester); *Calleva* (Silchester); *Cæcæ Gwent* (white city) (Winchester); *Cæsar-Augusta* (Saragossa); *Puteoli* (Pozzuoli); *Ebrodunum* (Yverdon); *Ripa Undæ* (La Riponne); *Abbatia cella* (Appenzell); *Giacomo Postolo* (successively *Como Postolo*, and, as now, *Compostella*). By the disappearance of the first syllable, *Gia*, the name of the Apostle has been lost, except to etymologists—so much so that *St. Jago di* has been added to what has now become the designation of a locality. Finally, in addition to this striking example of the suppression of a primary syllable, the three following names afford instances of the disappearance of the initial vowel(s), as may have taken place in the case of the word *Ægitna*: *Ariminum* (now Rimini), *Apulia* (now Puglia), and *Epidauros*, Argolis (now Pidovra).

² Mgr. Guigou is of Sardou's opinion. (*V. Histoire de Cannes et de son Canton*, pp. 28-29.)

in 1447 bore with it nothing of an aggressive character, but as time progressed circumstances altered. Nevertheless, the Abbés Commendataires of Lérins were able to retain for a long time a portion at least of their ancient feudal privileges. As a rule, these Abbés Commendataires were men of great secular as well as ecclesiastical importance, such personages as the Sieur de Joinville, Cardinal La Valette, the Prince de Conti, Cardinal Mazarin, and the Dukes of Vendôme not disdaining the dignities and prerogatives of the ancient historic foundation.

For a number of years a curious argumentative dissension has reigned among many of the most famous French historians and archæologists who have written upon Provençal history, with regard to the exact site of Horrea, a station where military granaries were established during the period of the Roman occupation of Provincia. The matter has a direct bearing on our subject, as D'Anville and Papon have attempted to prove—although unsuccessfully—that Cannes stands upon the spot once occupied by these military granaries, which the discussions of the learned have rendered historical. That there exists not the slightest basis for such an assumption is proved by reference to the Itinerary of Antoninus and to Peutinger's "Table" or "Map." The latter was edited in the sixteenth century by the German archæologist whose name it bears. It is supposed that this chart was originally drawn up at Constantinople in the days of Theodosius the Great, or in those of Theodosius II. For this reason the title of "Theodosian Table" has sometimes been conferred upon it. In both the Itinerary and Peutinger's Table the distances separating Horrea from Antipolis and Forum Julii respectively are given in Roman miles. The intervals dividing Cannes from Antibes and Fréjus reciprocally do not by any means coincide with those separating the two classical equivalents of these towns from the Roman station. Therefore the extraordinary theory enunciated by D'Anville and Papon falls to the ground. On account of some similarity of nomenclature admitting of plausible derivatives, various historians, geographers, antiquaries, and other *savants*, among whom may be cited Walckenaer,¹ Fortia d'Urban,² Lapie, Abbé Doze, Abbé Carles, not forgetting E. Garcin, the author of a much-criticised work,³ and, finally, M. E. Blanc,⁴ have formulated the opinion that the site of the ancient Horrea is to be found in the picturesque village

¹ *Géographie des Gaules.*

² *Recueil des Itinéraires anciens.*

³ *Dictionnaire historique et topographique de la Provence ancienne et moderne.*

⁴ *Annales de la Société des Lettres, Sciences et Arts des Alpes-Maritimes.*

of Auribeau.¹ M. Sénequier, however, in his monograph of this name, has expressed the most recent opinion on this much-disputed point, dispossessing Auribeau of any right to be considered the ancient Roman station, and agreeing with Abbé Laugier, who, in accordance with Anthelmy, the geographer Sanson, Abbé Alliez, P. Labbe, and others, assigns the ancient site to La Napoule.

In the course of its passage through the centuries, Cannes has been irresistibly forced to participate in many historical events. Its entanglement in the risky vortex was more due to its geographical position than to any national importance that it ever possessed.

During the wars occasioned by the rival claims of Charles V. and Francis I. to imperial sovereignty, Cannes fell into the hands of the Spanish. Sixteen years later, in 1536, the town was sacked. At a later date it was pillaged by Andrea Doria.

Two circumstances in the life of Charles V. may be mentioned in connection with Cannes. There exists a tradition that the Emperor once took up his quarters in a hostelry situated in the Suquet.² This house was still standing in 1875, in which year it was pulled down to make room for the building of a hospital. Upon another occasion, after a most disastrous retreat through the Estérel, Charles arrived at Cannes almost unaccompanied. Embarking upon a fishing-boat, he proceeded to Nice.

Cannes suffered cruelly during the "wars of religion," a horrible internecine struggle between Catholics and Protestants, that deluged Provence with blood during the latter half of the sixteenth century. At length a Union Party, as it was termed, composed of members of both factions, made a laudable attempt to terminate the ferocious contest, and the place selected for the deliberations was Cannes. No compromise, however, could be effected. Assassinations and nameless atrocities continued to be committed "for the greater glory of religion and God," while "barbarous cruelties were perpetrated on both sides by fanatical bands."³

From 1580 until 1587 Provence was desolated (for a second time) by the plague, or *Grande Peste*, as this terror of the Middle Ages was termed by local historians. The horrible scourge, the *mortalitas*

¹ The word means simply "fine air" (*aura bella*); Low Latin, *Auribellum*; Romanic, *Auribell*; Provençal form, *Aùrìbeù* (pronounced *Oouribèou*). (Mistral's Provençal-French Dictionary.)

² A Provençal word meaning *summit* and applied to the *old* town.

³ Sénequier (*Cabris et le Tignet*, 1900).

prima of the old writings, was brought to these shores by a vessel arriving from the Levantine seas. The ship merely touched at Cannes, and almost immediately sailed away after landing a woman passenger, who, as it transpired, was stricken with the plague. Deadly consequences resulted from this isolated occurrence. An entire region underwent the calamity implied by seven years' epidemical ravage!

The wars of the Ligue were productive of much suffering to Cannes, the townspeople being constrained to submit to the inconveniences of military occupation and to the extortion veiled in the expression "forced contributions." The Cannois found the less consolation to counterbalance their misery, since they appear to have taken little or no interest of a partisan nature in this politico-religious struggle. Their trials only came to an end when Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, was compelled to evacuate the country.

Between 1635 and 1746 Provence experienced three distinct invasions, on the part severally of the Spanish, Piedmontese, and Austrians. The first two were expelled in a relatively brief period; but the disastrous consequences arising from General Maximilian Ulysses Brown's German inroad left a painful impression on the minds of the inhabitants.

Passing over the ensuing forty years, it is gratifying to find that the tranquillity of Cannes was not seriously disturbed by any repercussion of the Reign of Terror or by the effects of the Revolution generally. An excellent spirit of moderation was exhibited by the local ruling powers, and the populace, omitting very few exceptions, admirably seconded the wisdom of the authorities. This praiseworthy demeanour manifested by the Cannes people at a time when the greater part of France was so severely tried bore with it a noble reward, the neighbouring populations conferring upon the town the touching epithet of "Cannes la Pucelle."

We now come to one of the most heroic incidents in the history of modern Cannes. This event is summarised in Napoleon's passage through the place upon his escape from Elba. After landing at Golfe Jouan, the Emperor marched to Cannes, where he arrived at eleven at night, on March 1, 1815. His escort then bivouacked in close proximity to the town, the scene of the small encampment being a strip of waste ground, upon which site the Rue Bivouac was afterwards built. The prints and engravings that are so frequently to be seen in the windows of the beautiful antiquity and curiosity shops (for which the Rue d'Antibes is so justly famous) representing the greatest military commander of modern times, are not a sign of the

prevalence of Anglophobia, but are merely tokens of the perpetuation of a Homeric episode.

Those who might now alight at Cannes for the first time, without perchance being acquainted with the history of the ancient foundation—of which *Cannes the Modern*, in all that this title is intended to convey, is the continuance—would experience no small difficulty in attempting to realise the extent of the undertaking completed since the initiation of the enterprise in 1837 by Lord Brougham. The progress and growth made and developed by Cannes in generations more immediately preceding had been most tardy. In the course of two hundred and ten years its population had only increased to the extent of 1,800 souls! It is not that the capacities of the spot were unacknowledged, in spite of various deficiencies, by competent authorities; but disregarded applications for improvements and general official neglect menaced the old historic agglomeration with gradual extinction. In an historiographical and archæological work published at Grasse in 1900, Cannes is alluded to as being “a small unknown *bourgade*,” at a period so relatively recent as to be termed by the author “the times of our grandfathers.” At a more remote date, in 1627, there were five hundred heads of families at Cannes, occupying the same number of houses. The entire population at this time may have amounted to about 1,200 persons, of which number two hundred were fishermen. The principal resources of the place were derived then, as subsequently, from the produce of fishing. In 1724, nearly a century later, there were but 3,000 men, women, and children in the town. The population inhabited six hundred houses. This total does not seem to have been surpassed, for as late as 1837 the aggregate was not exceeded, while in 1815, according to Guigou, it was barely attained. The inhabitants derived their chief means of livelihood from fishing and the salting down of sardines and anchovies. As is pointed out in a report drawn up in 1724 by Sieur Poncet, Commissaire de la Marine, the latter trade at this epoch might have attained considerable proportions had it not been crippled by the heavy salt dues, the salters enjoying no commercial privileges. As after so long a period as two hundred and ten years there had been but an increase of 1,800 in the population, and as in the course of one hundred and eighty-eight years there had been a slight diminution of the augmentation realised in ninety-seven years, it may safely be assumed that but for circumstances more providential than fortuitous the Cannes population would not only never have undergone any further increase, but would probably have dwindled away.

From these eloquent statistics some faint idea may be gleaned of the brilliant position that Cannes would now occupy in the eyes of an admiring or envious world had the town been left to its own resources.

At the time when strangers first began to settle at Cannes land was to be bought at the rate of *a few centimes the mètre*. It did not long remain a *pays de cocagne*, and prices rose rapidly. In 1869 two hundred and fifteen *châteaux* or villas and thirty-four hotels had already been built. Two years previously the population numbered 10,000. At the present moment it has reached the total of 25,000, exclusive of the winter visitors, while there are now between seventy and eighty hotels, without counting villa-pensions, the number of which it would be difficult to state, even if it could be accurately ascertained. Cramming people into premises none too large to accommodate their legitimate tenants is, judging from various signs, increasing to such an extent at Cannes as greatly to puzzle the fiscal authorities. The *percepteurs* strike far and wide, and occasionally commit the most incomprehensible blunders. It is not pleasant for ladies and gentlemen of undoubted social position, who are guiltless of all but passing the winter and spending their money at Cannes to the advantage of the Cannois, to be wrongfully accused, in open communications sent through the post, of taking boarders and letting lodgings, without speaking of being unlawfully summoned to pay a heavy tax under pains and penalties. French historians do not attempt to deny that the remarkable resurgence with which Cannes has been visited during the past sixty-five years is directly due to two causes, namely, to the arrival of Lord Brougham and to the construction of a mole. The need of this latter protective work had been urgently felt for generations ; its first stone was laid in June 1838.

It is of the present condition of what some fervent French admirers call "the most beautiful town in Provence" that it is now time to treat—yea, of *Cannes the Modern*, not merely "Modern Cannes." The latter term, in connection with an ancient foundation possessing a history that can be clearly and minutely traced from the times when the Celto-Ligurian tribes rendered the classic shore perilous to the ablest and boldest, applies merely to the period that takes its starting-point from the moment when the old town now existing in the Suquet reared its head above the ruins of former *oppida* and *castra*, and assumed its name, derived, although in a corrupted form, from ancient *Ægitna*. It is of *Cannes the Modern* that we would speak, not merely "Modern Cannes," the adjective in the latter tame expression applying merely to all new places. In Cannes

the Modern strong emphasis is laid upon the utter modernity and mundanity of the resort, being, as it is, a temporary rendezvous of much connected with the idlest refinement of life, and the ground where some of the greatest and most prominent for a brief space press their feet. It is verbally descriptive of the scene of a luxury almost approaching a discreet epicureanism of an occult rather than of an ostentatious kind. Its very frivolity is not entirely unsubstantial.

While in the course of the last two decades the bright Mediterranean trysting-place, meriting in its sunlit brilliancy the Italian epithet *raggiante*, may be said to have gradually changed its character, the last four years may be considered in the aggregate as a period of great material progress. In 1898 Cannes took a new start. The two epochs, one far briefer than the other, yet latterly concurrent, are mentioned in conjunction by reason of the very opposition that the shorter time offers to the longer. Twenty years ago the marked characteristic of Cannes was utter privacy. There were no places of public amusement. Human life was chiefly represented by the humdrum existence of the inmates of the villas, who lived in a somnolent seclusion that a lotus-eater might have envied. Originally huge tracts, both on the level and on the hillside, had been brought into requisition for building villas and laying out the grounds surrounding them. Woods, dales, groves, vales, and dells, the whole configuration, in fact, of a terrestrial superficies in miniature, were divided and sold in lots. The purchasers either cut down the trees and copses or left them standing, and razed or filled up in proportion as things existing fell into the artistic plan that had been drawn up for the adornment of their gardens, lawns, and grounds. The axe and the pick were plied unsparingly, and met with no obstacles either natural or financial. Many of the original owners of these paradisaical retreats now know their residential creations no more. Far fewer private carriages of English ownership are now to be seen than formerly. When the local authorities began to perceive, some years ago, that the immediate successors of the original staid, substantial residential phalanx that had conferred upon Cannes its tenacious *cachet* were gradually forsaking the spot, they embarked feverishly upon various enterprises of a public nature, which, paradoxical though it may appear, would, had they been initiated earlier, have pleased the old residents to the same extent that they have given satisfaction to the multitude. During the heyday of Cannes life an exiguous stuffy hovel served as a post-office. The new, handsome, roomy, and properly ventilated building was not opened until the end of 1898. Up to the latter date, also, travellers when arriving

in Cannes alighted at a station to a great extent unprotected from the elements. When at last the discovery was made that, for several reasons, people arrived later in the winter and left earlier in the spring, the longitudinal station was provided with a glass roof. The level crossing at the head of the Rue d'Antibes, a nuisance that had impeded traffic to a vexatious extent ever since the line had been constructed, was, in the course of last year, swept away, while over the deep chasm resulting from the improvement—the whole of which has been carried out at a prodigious expense—a bridge has been thrown, now that there are fewer carriages to cross it !

Among other great innovations that owe their birth to the last four years the following may be mentioned : the Albert-Edward *jetée* ; the “ Gallia,” a huge edifice in the *papier-mâché* style, combining a theatre with an hotel ; the new Tribunal de Commerce ; and the institution of electric trams. Public opinion is not unanimous in its appreciation of the latter sign of an advanced civilisation. What transcendent good they may possibly confer is not thought to be unmingled with a considerable amount of evil. The Rue d'Antibes is evidently far too narrow to permit conveniently of the laying down of tram lines, while the vibration experienced by some of the houses along the route, as the cumbersome vehicles heavily roll along, proves that the foundations of this street were not laid with the expectation of being so severely tried. The accidents and mishaps which so frequently occur are dreaded by anticipation, when the unfortunate victims are only likely to find themselves litigiously confronted with a company, the motto of which is, “ Heads I win—tails you lose.” Owners of carriages, finding that the principal street of the town is too narrow to guarantee safety to their horses, end by driving away from Cannes once and for all. To make amends theoretically for this loss is that portion of the general public which avails itself of the trams. The fact, however, must not be forgotten that a great many centimes are necessary to make a sovereign.

Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the material progress made by Cannes during these four eventful years is colossal.

The problem now confronting the local authorities is the following : whether the social and material transformation that the town is now gradually undergoing will be more productive of prosperity than a dependence upon the class who originally made the place, and for whom it was ostensibly made ; for the two rivals for ascendancy form two utterly distinct sections representing two irreconcilable orders of ideas. When the advance that Cannes

began to make by leaps in 1840 is pointed out to us, we find that these signs of progress consisted in the rapid building of villas and hotels. Contrary to the experience furnished by nearly all settlements, the leisured class, in this case, preceded the eager and hungry pioneer. English money, it is true, laid the foundations of success; but the natives of the country naturally desire that the site thus favoured shall blossom into a French centre, containing all the appurtenances of a national civic organism. The sole question that now fastens itself upon the imagination is whether the general progress lately made is likely to continue, or whether the spasmodic impulse has not come too late. It has been hinted that important English families who pass the entire winter at Cannes are less numerous than twenty years ago. This is correct, many of the more influential foreign—that is to say, non-French—*hivernants* being of Russian, Austrian, German, and other nationalities. At the same time, no Riviera station can afford to dispense with the English custom. Also any diminution in the number of English visitors to the Riviera is particularly felt by British houses of business, which, naturally, chiefly depend on their country-people for a livelihood. A speaking sign of the material advancement made by Cannes of late years is visible in the establishment of increased facilities for banking. Some of the greatest banks in France are represented in Cannes by branch houses. These firms, so far from limiting their dealings to ceremoniously yet timorously cashing a cheque for a few pounds, are enabled, thanks to the huge capital at their command, to undertake the most complicated financial transactions to the extent of millions of francs, should their customers desire it. Many English people favour these houses with their patronage.

With regard to the actual state of the maritime commerce of Cannes, it is by no means contemptible. The harbour, which, in a picturesque sense appealing to the poetic contemplator, is ever full of life, is rarely without the presence of two or more large mercantile steamers, chiefly hailing from septentrional countries. Quite recently the port has technically been rendered more worthy of the name by the construction of the Albert-Edward *jette*, a magnificent marine extension of great length and unusual breadth, which seems to prolong Cannes into the sea. Built ostensibly for the accommodation of steam yachts, the owners of the latter have not hitherto shown any great desire to avail themselves of the conveniences that it offers. On the other hand, merchant vessels are not so reticent. Planks heaped up in symmetrical piles resembling wooden houses, and

huge pyramids of bricks and tiles, while contributing to indicate some commercial activity, serve also to impede a view that was free of all obstacles until the *jetée* thus gave an opportunity for obstruction.

Cannes at the present moment is undergoing some of the disagreeable inflictions experienced by a town in a state of transition. Few foreign season places could be mentioned where the loafer element of the "rough" description is more conspicuous. Among these men bad characters are no rarity. In the sober opinion of the Cannois themselves the entire district is infested by a dangerous set of idlers of the lower class who are hardly to be surpassed in criminal propensity in any part of the South. To oblige the annual visitors, some householders permit foot passengers to pass through portions of their property, so as to enable promenaders to attain certain favourite spots without making long *détours*. This privilege has been so greatly abused in some instances by the gross misconduct of wandering vagabonds and tramps as to lead to the withdrawal of the tacit permission, and the passages have been barricaded. Even in the Rue d'Antibes, women hardly dare to remain alone in their shops in broad day for fear of molestation. Occasionally crimes, attended by circumstances of exceptional barbarity, have been committed in the neighbourhood. The authors of the most recent of these atrocities have hitherto remained undiscovered, the assassins having laid their plans with such fiendish ingenuity as utterly to baffle the researches of an astute police.

Improvements and embellishments are matters of secondary importance to a town in comparison with perfect sanitary arrangements. It cannot be denied that disagreeable drainage odours make themselves unwholesomely obtrusive at Cannes, even in the Californie Quarter, while during the last two or three years the death-rate, judging by various unmistakable signs, must have been considerably above the average. When sickness is prevalent, local medical authorities are perhaps at unnecessary pains to prove that the deceases resulting therefrom have not been caused by such-and-such maladies. When the termination, however, is fatal, relatives and survivors in general experience slight consolation from a knowledge of the fact that death has not been caused by typhoid fever, but by some very similar malady presenting nearly the same symptoms, which are more conveniently expressed by a lengthy sapient definition than by an actual name. The water supplying the town so plentifully (except during that idyllic period¹ when the *chômage* is in full swing) would be greatly purified if the more absorbent parts of the

¹ From October 15 until the end of the month.

"canal" or aqueduct were more thoroughly cemented. It appears indispensable also that the conduit should be covered over, so as to protect the stream flowing through it from the contaminating filth and refuse so frequently cast into it. An examination of domestic filters after the hard water has passed through them sufficiently demonstrates that these improvements are by no means unnecessary.

There is a purpose for which water might be used less sparingly at Cannes, especially as in its employment in this case precautions are not obligatory. As the hot early spring sun gains power, dust correspondingly increases on the white glaring roadways. The pulverulent visitation is rendered almost unbearable by the large number of motor-cars, which at Cannes are a positive pest, not only on account of the dust that they cause but also by reason of the dangerously furious rate at which they are driven. The slight distances separating all the Riviera resorts, and the consequent short time necessary to journey by road from one to the other, are partly responsible for this nuisance. Complaints are loud and numerous. To quote a well-known French paper enjoying a very great circulation in the South, that recently expressed a strong opinion on this subject: "The heavy and hideous automobiles succeed each other, raising clouds of dust, and change a delicious site into an inferno replete with whirlwinds of microbes."

It must, however, in all justice be observed that not one of the defects that have been touched upon is of an irremediable nature. The newly elected mayor, M. Capron, is acknowledged to be a man of energy and devoted to the interests of the town, which, taking pattern from its history, has a chance of being alluded to five hundred years hence much as the resorts of Southern Italy flourishing two thousand years since are referred to at the present time.

Concerning winter amusements, when the experienced resident recalls to his remembrance the kind of people who participated in the Battle of Flowers a dozen years ago, the annual spectacle, socially, may now be said to be deteriorating. It is true that the "tribunes" afford more protection and amusement to their occupants than innocent onlookers enjoy who elect to be half squeezed to death by the mob of roughs and loafers swarming on the narrow pavement of the "house side" of the Croisette; but, on the other hand, "society" does not care to be vigorously and triumphantly pounded and battered by persons with whom its component members are not likely to come into social contact upon less public occasions. The Carnival, on the contrary, which, at Cannes, is only in the seventh year of its existence, is almost entirely free from the "rowdiness"

characterising the corresponding masquerade at Nice, the night gatherings on the *allées* presenting a fairylike aspect.

Ambitious Cannois hope that one day in a future not yet determined, their "incomparable winter station" may rival, if not eclipse, Nice. Without exaggeration, the perimeter of Cannes may be said to exceed that of her elder aspirant to worldwide popularity. What may be termed the sea front extends in one long and almost unbroken line—nearly ten kilomètres in length—from La Bocca, on the west, to far on the road to Golfe Jouan, on the east. A line drawn from the thickly wooded Croix-des-Gardes hill to that of Californie may be said to form the land boundary. The magnificent Boulevard Carnot (where the tramway is not out of place) connects the centre of the town with Le Cannet. The steeple of St. George's, the most beautifully situated English church on the Continent, appears, as long as it remains visible from the fine roadway, like a slender whitish-grey point. The whole intervening huge space, as on the western side of the boulevard, is sparsely in comparison with the extent of ground, yet numerous in point of positive number, occupied by villas and *châteaux* planted on the many sites at the caprice of their owners. It is still villas that, to a great extent, testify to the material advancement of Cannes. Along the Boulevard Carnot, striking though it is, business slowly creeps by inches. Lengthy as are the traced-out lines constituting the geometrical framework of still uncompleted Cannes, all animation is to be found on the Croisette, in the Rue d'Antibes, and immediate neighbourhood. The numerous long lonely winding roads at the back are merely occasionally enlivened by carriages, either public or private, bearing their inmates to secluded villas or to hotels distantly situated. Much time must yet elapse before these parts lose somewhat of their desolation.

Thus, in some districts, ground that has not yet been enclosed for building purposes has been allowed to lie waste. The contemptuous neglect in which tracts are thus left is the cause of painful contrasts unseen in any other part of the Riviera. Confronted with much unchallenged beauty is the extremity of ugliness. It would be difficult to find in any season-place a stretch more hideous than that traversed by the winding road which, starting from the head of the Boulevard de la Ferrage, passes by the back of an hotel there situated, and, after leading into the Boulevard du Riou, abuts finally on the commencement of the Route de Fréjus, near the drearily situated Woolfield Library. At irregular intervals on either side of the roadway leading through this Vale of Tophet are sundry repugnant-

looking huge pits, partly choked up with the veriest abomination of rubbish: old battered and broken metal receptacles become of a yellow-reddish hue with the rust that has accumulated upon them since they were disdainfully discarded; blocks of the stems of palm trees that have been cut down when exhausted at full growth—without mentioning horrors of many descriptions. This *débris* is allowed to rot away undisturbed, and presents a miserable aspect in its corrupt and putrescent squalor.

Although much has been done of late years to increase the monumental aspect of Cannes, there are some alterations to which exception might be taken as not harmonising sentimentally with their immediate architectural surroundings. The transformation that the part of the Cercle Nautique facing the Croisette has lately undergone, by the transference of the principal entrance to the back, and by the construction of the ponderous, vacant, inanimate bow-window in front, has tended to give a dispiriting air, even in the height of the season, to this part of what is justly considered to be the most beautiful marine walk on the Riviera. The *façade* of the Cercle Nautique absolutely casts a wet blanket upon the cheerfulness that the Grand Hotel buildings and Rumpelmayer's do their best to confer.

But the season is advancing, and spring is approaching rapidly. Visitors appear in an agony to leave, and anxiously inquire of their acquaintances when they intend to depart, as if in dread of being left behind. The very lapdogs, when the time comes, seem to enjoy their transport to the railway station. At last all have melted away, and at the moment when the earthly paradise is at its loveliest—when the six avenues of plane-trees composing the cheerful *allées* are heavy with foliage, the trimmed summits, as appearing from Mont Chevalier, forming a surface so level as to raise the idea that a carpeted walk is formed by the umbrageous tops; when Californie is a bed of roses; and when the flora for which Cannes is so justly famous is in full bloom. Ungratefully—nay, indelicately—has the Siren been cast aside like a worn-out garment; and "*Misère!*" is the cry of those unsuccessful shopkeepers in the Rue d'Antibes who have not reaped sufficient substantial advantages from the past season to permit them to transfer their *Lares* and *Penates* to a summer hunting-ground, and mingle once more, though distantly, in the crowd of wealth and fashion.

F. G. DUNLOP-WALLACE-GOODBODY.

MARCEL AND OTHERS.

MARCEL meets me at the station with a wheelbarrow—for the transport of my luggage, not myself. I always say to myself as the train draws up, "Coach, carriage, wheelbarrow?" For my friend Monsieur de Fayel is a little variable in these matters.

We load up the barrow with my belongings, and start for the château. The tall iron gates of the park open almost on to the booking-office of the diminutive station, which is also a post-office—of such an unpretentious nature that we buy stamps out of one of the station-master's pockets and post our letters in another. When we reach the bridge over the little river I invite Marcel to stop and try some English tobacco. He makes himself a cigarette, and sits down on my portmanteau, blowing his smoke into the face of a Diana who guards the spot.

Things wear a gloomy aspect for him just now. He has asked Madame, it appears, for leave to go into Paris more often than she likes. At last she has struck. "Figure to yourself, Monsieur," says Marcel, "that which Madame has come from saying to me: 'Your uncle that you wish to go to see all the days at Paris, Marcel, is it that he wears petticoats?' Oh, Monsieur, it is frightful; it is the devil!"

We smoke on in silence. The tall grasses rustle about the marble feet of Diana and the trout grab lazily at the struggling flies. All is peace, except in the soul of Marcel. "Is it not ravishing," I suggest, "under these waving trees, by this running stream? Who would be in Paris? Think of the noise and glare and dust! Live the country!"

"Oh, no, Monsieur; live Paris! There one finds of the music, of the gaiety, of the conversation, of the distractions; here one works, works; always of the labour; nothing of theatres, of friends, of——"

"Uncles?" I suggest.

Marcel slowly declines one eyelid, and the corners of his mouth elevate themselves into rather a sour smile. We understand one

another. "And again, Monsieur, regard here. I was going all the Tuesdays and Fridays in the evening into the village, where one gives lessons of the dance and of the deportment. But now Monsieur has bought himself a dog, large and black and savage, which has eaten already two Messieurs who trespass. What wish you? If I go to the course as before, Porthos devours me the legs. Therefore I rest at the house."

I can say nothing comforting. If Porthos does not leave Marcel a leg to stand on, it will be no good his learning to waltz. Deportment without legs is a farce. Perhaps we can tame Porthos, or ensure his being chained up a little longer in the evenings.

"Oh, Monsieur," breaks out Marcel, "the country, how I detest it! Yes, Monsieur, I repeat—detest it! The songs of the little birds, they pierce me the ears and make me to weep of *ennui*, and the smell of the hay makes me to vomit. Yes, Monsieur, I sit alone in my room, and I write, always I write——"

"To your uncle?"

With the same gentle wink and bitter smile Marcel wheels my luggage away. I have no doubt that within a mile of the ugly Eiffel Tower, which he can see as he writes, always writes, there dwells, unconscious of the strange effect of hay upon his liver, an Eve who could make this a paradise for poor Marcel.

Monsieur de Fayel hails me from the *embarcadère* by the lake, where he is fixing up some Venetian lamps, his latest and best-loved treasure. He appears from amid the bulrushes like a middle-aged infant Moses with a great many wisps of dank weed about his figure. He invites me to make with him a safe and inglorious voyage of some hundred yards in a little tub, painted, it would seem, to represent a blanc-mange.

"It is necessary that the boat looks very beautiful from the windows of the château," he observes, as he perspires at the oars with the sort of stroke which condenses into three inches the work that should be spread out over three feet, with much displacement of water and little of our raft. We are, owing to imperfect balancing, very much down by the stern and our bows point hopefully to heaven. I am sure we cannot look beautiful from the château or any other point of view, more especially as we are both of a figure more solid than elegant.

The coachman, the second coachman, the stable-boy, the gardener, the under-gardener, the gamekeeper, the bailiff and the "second man" are all engaged on the hay. Hence the barrow at the station. The butler and the peacock grace the terrace. The

coachman steps respectfully to the edge of the lake. "Pardon, Monsieur. Is it that Monsieur knows that the tails of his coat float on the waves there behind?" That is the finishing stroke to any idea of beauty about us.

Madame de Fayel is waiting to welcome our errant bark. We sit down in a shrine of Flora at the end of a long avenue of poplars. It is a charming spot, and I always feel that we ought to be highly romantic in it. We should be Roman or Greek philosophers, shepherds and shepherdesses, or lords and ladies of the Grand Monarque's days, with costume and conversation to match. But we wear, alas! modern clothes, and we talk about bedspreads.

Madame de Fayel's friend from New York joins us. She is frank of manner, and in her speech always *sans peur*, and often *sans reproche*. "You must do somethin' to that stoopid old Gaston," she says to our host; "he looks as if he had been dug up. He gives me a pain in the stomach." Monsieur de Fayel promises to dig Gaston in again, if that will allay the internal pangs of the New York friend.

The bell clangs for *déjeuner*, and we make our way up to the house. My host pours his troubles into my sympathetic ear. He is, it appears, the victim of two invasions: one of electricians, the other of ants. His wrath is such that he forgets to discriminate. "I assure you, my friend, that they are in all the places. I go to repose myself in my study in the after-mid-days, and there see these frightful beasts! I raise myself in the mornings and behold me covered of them!" The poor Monsieur!

Marcel waits at table, splendid but gloomy. Nothing cheers him. The cork of a bottle on the sideboard bursts its moorings and lights gracefully on his head. The children shriek with joy, but Marcel is as solemn and unmoved as if it always rained corks in his part of the world. A (purely accidental) reference on my part to dancing-lessons causes him to turn a beautiful crimson and to fix his eye sternly on a particular corner of the ceiling. He takes his revenge by neglecting me in the ministration of wine and disregarding my signal for bread.

We have coffee and strawberries in a garden that is the private domain of our hostess and can only be got at through her boudoir. Here is a splashing fountain, a *baaigneuse* disdainful of a bathing costume, a sheltering trellis clambered over by beautiful creepers, circular benches and recesses, and, behind all, roses and ever roses, in terrace above terrace. A place to dream in. A place to be intellectual and refined in. The drawl of the Yankee lady rises on

the fragrant air. "No ; no strawberries for me, dear. They make me itch so."

Monsieur the Curé comes to dinner in the evening. He is very small and shiny and black. Except for his red face, indeed, and his tonsure he is nearly all black : black hair, black soutane, black bands outlined in violet, and black gloves. Madame de Fayel, who is large, tucks him under her arm and sweeps him off across the hall to the dining-room. I often wish we could have dinner in the cold, severe hall, with its vaulted roof and quaintly carved beasts, its great picture of some ancestor in lace and satin, and its echoes. But perhaps it would not do. It is, on the whole, better to dream that you feed in marble halls than actually do so. Monsieur the Curé speaks English for my benefit. "Madame will pardon me that I tell Monsieur of my voyage to London. I am arrived ; there are two hours in your grand metropolis, when figure my horror of finding that my—Madame will pardon me?—that my pantaloons is tore. What to do ? I demand to a gendarme, and he has indicated to me a magazine of the garments. I am entered ; an amiable Monsieur demands that which I seek. 'Pardon, Monsieur,' I say, 'my pantaloons is broke ; give me another.'"

The American friend, *à propos* of the flies that Paris has in all her quarters these hot days, tells us how she waved her parasol at what appeared to be a raspberry tart, and it became a custard. She then proceeds to a little disquisition on appendicitis, and its utility as a means of introduction into high society.

Marcel visits me the last thing at night and brings me some iced water. This is a vain compliment, as it makes my tooth ache—the tooth on which, literally, everything depends. The nightingales and crickets bring the tears to the eyes of Marcel. And yet he hails from Savoy, and loves to tell me of his country—its rocks and torrents and snows. I suppose they have nightingales there too ; I hope not crickets.

I ask him if I can have breakfast with the children. "Is it that it is defended from having the little breakfast there below with the infants?" "My God, Monsieur ! why should it then be defended from having the little breakfast where one wishes?" I like breakfasting with the children, because they are nicer then than at any other time. Later on in the day, when lessons have taken off the edge of the pleasure of life, they get a little cross. But in the early morning chocolates in the form of dominoes appeal to them very strongly, and often prove the keys which unlock a good many valuable secrets, such as the name and age of the chicken that died last night,

the exact stage of education of the coachman's second boy, and so on.

Marcel tells me of his past experience and his ambitions for the future. They are both entirely laudable and circumscribed. If he can learn English he will go to New York—as a temporary measure I suppose, for I am sure he can never be happy far from the Eiffel Tower. “Ah, quel bonheur! if he should be able to apprehend the English!” I make a suggestion to him that I shall give him lessons. The idea is hailed with joy, and he listens now with greater equanimity to the varied notes that rise to our ears as we lean at the open window. Every morning, therefore, he comes to my room, *très matinal*, with an offering of a cup of tea in one hand and a grammar in the other. We plod with heavy breathings and wriggles from “the cat is not Pat, but Pat is fat,” and such tongue-tying contraptions, to “I love,” “thou lovest,” &c., and so soar to empyrean heights.

The “second man” is an Italian, an enthusiast for his own language. “Ah, Monsieur,” he says to me in the intervals of polishing the gallery floors with one foot in an ungainly shuffle, “ours is the language by excellence. French is the language of Courts; Castilian of compliments. Russian is bow-wow. But Italian, it is the language of science, of poetry, of music; it is the language of the angels; it is the language of heaven.” I sincerely hope it is not the last, for, if it is, about thirty-nine fortieths of the blessed will be reduced to silence.

Marcel is, it appears, by way of being an artist, and in a moment of confidence he brings me some of his work to criticise. I am sorry, for criticism is, honestly, all I have to offer. I could point out to him that châteaux, farms and churches are not all built of yellow mud and furnished with tightly closed blue shutters; that though swallows in flight are easy to picture, they are not, therefore, the only living things in this world; that roses do not grow on cactuses, and, if they did, would not, I take it, be pink with white trimmings and as large as cartwheels; and that the best way of getting to the other side of a cedar forest is by walking through it, and not by means of a bridge. But I do not wish to hurt his feelings too much, so I merely show him a little thing of my own. From that moment he abjures art.

One morning he comes to my room with mingled joy and regret on his honest face. Madame has given him *vacances* of a month, and to-morrow he will go to Chambéry. Thanks, a thousand thanks, to Monsieur of all his amiability, “Pas de quoi, mon ami.” Marcel

will make himself the honour of writing to Monsieur in English well understood. Monsieur is enchanted. He supposes that Marcel will visit his uncle *en route*; will he convey Monsieur's respectful salutations to her?

And so I am relegated to the care of a "locum," who is very deaf and quite dumb. At the end of three weeks Madame de Fayel receives his respectful resignation from Marcel; and by the same post I get his first, and probably last, letter in English:—

"Mister,—Behold me arriven to home, and see me surrounded of my dogs, my cats, my pigons, and my father. I have made a voyage very excellent. There is comed here an forign mister, which have seen of the snow not before. He run at it, kick up any, eat any, and put any in his poche. Alas! what damage! He is fallen of the montain and is slayed. I have writed to Madame, and I have made to her my demission. For there has much of the work in Chambéry, and I can to gain fourty francs by week. Wherefore then to go to New York, and wherefore to come again to the house of Madame? Mister, I thank you very well of all your pains. You see how I have did very grand progress. Agree my respectuous sentiments.

MARCEL."

I think from the look of it that Marcel has found another uncle at Chambéry.

CHARLES OLIVER.

AIR AND LIFE.

ALMOST every living creature breathes, and, for the support of life, air is as necessary as food and water. This is a well-known fact, and might indeed be considered almost a truism; but the investigations of modern science have taught us many interesting facts respecting living things and the air which surrounds them, and a short account of these facts may prove of interest to the general reader.

The height of the earth's atmosphere is not very accurately known, but it probably extends to a distance of over 200 miles above the surface of our globe. As, however, life could not probably exist at a greater height than six to nine miles, the air above that height does not materially concern us. The depth in the ocean at which life can exist does not probably exceed from four to six miles, so we have a total thickness of ten to fifteen miles for the support of all the living organisms with which we are acquainted. This thin stratum is, of course, very small when compared with the earth's volume, but it forms the most wonderful and interesting portion of our globe.

Considered from a chemical point of view, the air is composed of several gases, the principal components being oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas, together with a little ozone, and very small quantities of the lately discovered gases, argon, neon, crypton, and xenon. These form a mechanical mixture, not a chemical compound, and the proportions in which they exist in atmospheric air are almost practically constant.

Oxygen, which may be considered as the life-supporting principle of the air, was discovered by Priestley and Schiele in 1774. Its name was given to it by Lavoisier. It forms about one-fifth of the air by volume, the remaining four-fifths being principally nitrogen. By *weight*, the proportion of oxygen is 23.58 per cent. This relative proportion remains practically constant, or nearly so, up to the height of the highest mountains on the earth's surface. Oxygen also forms nearly 90 per cent. of the weight of water, and is a

constituent of all rocks and minerals. Plants have the curious property of decomposing carbonic acid gas, retaining the carbon and liberating the oxygen into the atmosphere. It seems probable that by this process the oxygen consumed by combustion, the respiration of animals, and chemical action is restored to the atmosphere. The air, however, loses its proper proportion of oxygen in crowded dwelling-places, mines, &c., but this does not materially affect the general proportion present in the atmosphere. The proportion by volume varies from about 19.9 in a lecture-theatre to nearly 21 on the open moors of Northern Scotland.

In recent years oxygen has been reduced to the liquid state, but to liquefy it requires a cold of 140 degrees below zero of the centigrade thermometer, combined with a pressure of 320 atmospheres.

Nitrogen was discovered by Rutherford in 1772, and its existence in the atmosphere was proved by Lavoisier. It is not combustible, nor can it support combustion or life. It is not, however, in any way poisonous, but merely dilutes the oxygen which, in its pure state, would be too strong for the purpose it is intended to serve. Nitrogen has, however, other uses, which will be referred to further on.

Carbonic acid gas is a chemical compound of carbon and oxygen. It is a heavy gas, and does not support combustion or respiration. It may be liquefied at the zero temperature of the centigrade scale and under a pressure of about 39 atmospheres. It has nearly double the density of air. Water dissolves about its own volume of the gas. It exists in the atmosphere in very small quantity. The usual proportion in the open air is about three volumes in 10,000. This, however, varies to a considerable extent. As might be expected, there is less carbonic acid in the air of the country than in that of towns. The ordinary proportion may increase to about twenty in ill-ventilated rooms, but with such a high proportion the air becomes very close and unpleasant. A proportion of 4 per cent., that is, 400 volumes per 10,000, is rapidly fatal to life. Carbonic acid gas is produced by the respiration of animals, an average man exhaling about 0.7 cubic foot per hour, and an ox about seven or eight times as much. In proportion to their size, birds are the greatest producers of all. Considering the enormous number of animal inhabitants of the globe, it will be seen that the annual production from this source must be very considerable. To this we must add the production of the gas by the combustion of fuel, by the exhalations from plants, from decaying vegetable matter, from hot springs, and from volcanoes. M. Gautin has computed that the total amount from all sources is

probably not less than eighty-eight billions of cubic feet per annum. What becomes of this enormous quantity of a gas which, if allowed to accumulate in our atmosphere, would eventually become fatal to animal life on the earth? There are three causes at work which tend to reduce the amount of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere. These are plants, animals, and the sea. Plants, although they exhale a certain quantity of the gas, absorb a much larger amount, retaining the carbon and giving back the oxygen to the air. Animals, such as shellfish, corals, and others, secrete carbonic acid to form carbonate of lime, and sea-water absorbs a large quantity of the gas in order to form the soluble bicarbonate of lime.

In addition to these principal constituents of atmospheric air, there are also present in very small quantities ammonia, nitric acid, ozone, and the recently discovered gases, argon, neon, crypton, and xenon.

Ozone is an allotropic form of oxygen, discovered by Schoenbein in 1840. It has a useful hygienic effect in keeping the air pure and fresh. It acts by oxidising, and is a powerful disinfectant. It exists in the air only in small quantities, about one volume in 10,000. It is usually absent in the streets of large towns and in the air of inhabited rooms. Its absence in towns is explained by the fact of the larger amount of organic matter in towns than in the country. Air in the open country, near forests, and especially near the sea, is very rich in ozone, and this fact probably explains why it is that life in the country and on sea voyages is usually more healthy than in cities and towns. Like oxygen, ozone is, in excess, injurious to life. It is formed in the air by the passage of an electric spark, and is therefore unusually abundant after thunderstorms. Ozone has been reduced to the liquid state by a temperature of 100 degrees below the zero of the centigrade scale, combined with a pressure of 127 atmospheres.

Let us now consider the part which the air plays in the support of animal life. The average volume of air inhaled by a human being is about 30 cubic inches, but by breathing long and expanding the chest, about 130 inches may be taken in. The capacity of the lungs is, however, much greater, amounting to about 330 cubic inches. It is a curious fact that the weight of air—light as it is—inhaled by an average human being in the course of the day is about six times the weight of food and drink consumed! Human beings consume a large amount of oxygen. Out of twenty volumes inhaled, about sixteen volumes are returned to the air and four volumes are taken up by the system. Persons of middle age consume more than

children and old people, the amount consumed by a child of eight years old and a man of middle age being about in the proportion of thirty-seven to ninety-one. A man consumes more than a woman, as might be expected from his usually larger size.

For healthy living, every person requires 3,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour. This would necessitate a space of about 1,000 cubic feet to each person, as, if the ventilation is good, the air will be renewed about three times an hour. It has been proved by experiment that, if the proportion of oxygen in the air be decreased by one-fourth, it becomes unfit for the support of animal life. On the other hand, if the proportion of oxygen be largely increased, it becomes an active poison, not only to animals but also to plants. It seems that the tissues of the animal system will not tolerate the presence of free or uncombined oxygen. They will only take it up through the medium of the red corpuscles of the blood. The injurious effects of too much oxygen in the air is one of the most curious discoveries of modern science.

Nitrogen is quite inert in its action on life. An animal placed in pure nitrogen will quickly die, not because the gas is in any way poisonous, but simply from the absence of oxygen. What, then, is its use in the atmosphere? The answer is, to dilute the oxygen and render it fit for respiration. But it has another important use. For all the higher animals, food containing a certain proportion of nitrogen is absolutely necessary. Flesh food is derived indirectly from plants, and we consume plants directly in the form of vegetables. These plants derive their nitrogen from the air, partly from nitrates in the form of manure, and partly through the medium of microbes which act on their roots. This latter action has been fully proved by the researches of German scientists, and applies especially to leguminous plants, which in this way can grow well in soils poor in nitrates.

Carbonic acid is a poisonous gas. It is not, like nitrogen, merely inert, but it is injurious to life when present even in small quantities in the atmosphere, and when in larger proportions it is deadly in its action. It is, however, beneficial to the growth of plants. Carbon, which is a necessary constituent of plants, is derived by them partly from the carbonates in the soil and partly from the air. The carbonic acid derived from the air is taken up by the leaves of plants through the medium of a substance called chlorophyll, the colouring matter of the leaves. This substance requires the presence of light to make it active, and therefore acts only during the day-time. It will therefore be seen that the carbonic acid, although

directly injurious to animals when present in the atmosphere, is *indirectly* necessary for the support of life on the earth.

In addition to the gaseous constituents just described, the air always contains a certain amount of the vapour of water. This is derived partly from evaporation from seas, lakes, rivers, and from the ground, and partly from the respiration of animals and plants. This water vapour has a most useful function in the economy of life on the earth. It moderates the sun's heat during the day, and retards the cooling of the surface by radiation during the night.

The atmosphere also contains a considerable amount of dust. This consists of various materials, such as vegetable fibres, minute insects, pollen, mineral dust, &c., which seem to have little injurious effect upon the health. The number of these particles in the air is almost incredible. One authority states that he found 41,000,000 "in the cubic inch in a room where gas was burning." It also contains microbes, some of which are harmless, while others are of a deadly character, such as the microbes of small-pox, measles, and other infectious diseases. In the air of ordinary rooms there are many microbes of various kinds, but they are most numerous in crowded museums and other public buildings, and especially in railway carriages, when the windows are shut or only open for a few inches at the top. On mountains over 6,000 feet high, and at sea over 100 miles from land, they are practically absent. The average number of microbes in large cities is about 21 per cubic foot, but in dry, dusty weather this number may rise to 150, and after wind and rain it may be reduced to six. Strange to say, very few microbes are found in the air of sewers, if well constructed.

Having given some account of the chemical and mechanical constituents of the air we breathe, let us consider some of its physical properties. Like all matter, air possesses weight. This is shown by the mercurial barometer, in which a column of mercury of about thirty inches in height is required to balance the weight of the atmosphere. In a "water barometer" a column of about thirty-four feet in height would be necessary, and in one made with glycerine a height of about twenty-eight feet is requisite. This pressure varies according to the height of the place, being greater at the level of the sea, and less at high elevations. It also varies a little according to the wind and the distribution of pressure in different places. Slight changes of pressure seem to have little effect on animal life, but great alterations produce injurious effects. The rarefaction of the atmosphere on high mountains often produces what is called "mountain sickness." On the other hand, an increase of pressure—

such as is mechanically produced in the caissons used in putting in the foundations of a bridge pier — produce serious effects on the workmen. The increase of pressure in deep mines is insignificant, and of no practical importance.

The effects on human health of living at moderately elevated stations are well known from experiments. For persons suffering from anæmia or consumption, a residence at a mountain resort (such as St. Moritz in Switzerland) is found very beneficial. To obtain the best results, the height should not exceed 5,000 feet. But for those suffering from nervous diseases and heart troubles, and for old people, high altitudes are injurious. People in robust health can, however, bear greater altitudes with impunity. The town of Quito, which is situated at a height of 10,000 feet, on the Andes, is found to be fairly healthy.

J. ELLARD GORE.

WOMAN AND MUSIC.

A FRENCH lady, writing to an eminent critic, said recently, "I go in for music, like the rest of us. Well, among all the women who have been strumming the piano since the beginning of the world, how many composers are there? Men, always men! It is a disagreeable, disheartening, melancholy, provoking fact, I admit; but there it is!" Yes; there it is—the disagreeable, disheartening, melancholy, provoking fact! No lady composer has ever arisen to take her place by the side of Bach or Handel, Haydn or Mendelssohn, Beethoven or Wagner; and the world, musical and other, is still as ignorant of the reason as it is about the graves of Moses or Molière.

Plato said long ago that the world was right in maintaining the general inferiority of the female sex. Nearer our own time, Schopenhauer gave the statement a particular application when he declared that the most distinguished intellects among the whole sex "have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really great, genuine and original, or given the world any work of permanent value in any sphere." According to Rousseau, women have in general no love for any art—"have no proper knowledge of any, and no genius." Owen Feltham says that "no woman hath a soul," a statement which, if true (fortunately it is not true), would alone account for the non-appearance of the lady musical genius. An American philosopher with a turn for æsthetics thinks that woman can never be a great composer because she cannot sing bass, which is the root of all harmony! And, finally, to crown all, Professor Lombroso, who analyses the human character and the human tear with equal ease, has dispensed with the female genius in any form by propounding the theory that all the noted women of the world have been men at heart.

When one has genius to account for the Lombroso theory is very convenient of application. It may, for example, serve to explain how we came to have a George Eliot and a Georges Sand, a Joan of Arc and a Jane Austen. But the dictum leaves untouched the great question of why, in certain forms of creative art—in painting and in poetry as well as in music—we have had no female genius

at all. There have been lady painters and lady poets, of course, just as there have been lady composers, but there has been no lady Raphael or Michael Angelo, no lady Shakespeare or Dante. Any explanation which would meet the one case would go far to meet the other. But what explanation can be offered?

Some cynical people content themselves with the view that love and matrimony are such all-engrossing factors in the life of the gentler sex that no time or serious thought can be given to anything else. Great heights, it is said, are not for woman owing to the element of "the love life," for which alone woman is destined. Anton Rubinstein, the eminent virtuoso of the pianoforte, put this point in a very characteristic and emphatic way in conversation with a friend. He said that ladies ought never to study music as an art. At least, they ought not to take up the time of teachers who are able to teach and make true artists. "There is no question," he continued, "but that there are twenty musical ladies to one musical man, and my own experience is that they learn more quickly, have more poetry¹ and, in fact, are more diligent pupils than men. But what is the invariable result? When a young lady has become a perfect artist, some handsome moustache comes along, and she chooses the handsome moustache in preference to her art." And then the virtuoso announced that his favourite pupil, who was but twenty-one years of age, one of the most accomplished artists, and, to his idea, undoubtedly the greatest living lady pianist, had just become engaged to a handsome Russian officer.

There is, undoubtedly, some truth in this view of the question. The active, emotional force in woman, notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary, is comparatively deficient; and it is only in very rare instances that she has shown herself capable of that complete devotion to abstract theories which is absolutely necessary for the discovery of original ideas. She will assiduously practise a musical instrument until, within the measure of her physical capabilities, she can play it as well as a man; but experience has shown that she rarely continues her practice or her study of the art after marriage—at least, she seldom does so from the impersonal love of music itself. And this is, of course, readily accounted for presuming that we leave the "new woman" out of the reckoning. Pope has declared that the proper study of mankind is man, and no doubt the average married woman finds the study "proper" enough to engage most of her time and consideration. Nowadays, of course, if we are to believe herself, woman is coming to look upon matrimony as less of an absolute necessity of existence; but the laws of nature,

however heretical it may appear to say so, are still on the side of that conception which regards the destiny of woman as subservient to the wants of man. It is a pity, perhaps, but still it is true.

But admitting all that has been said so far, it does not help us very much in trying to account for the lack of lady musical geniuses. Nor is there much to be said for the recent contention of a medical authority, to the effect that as the opportunities of the girl for cultivating the art have been greater than those of the boy, she ought, other things being equal, to have excelled him in the matter of musical development. It is certainly the case that girls have been well schooled in what the world in general is pleased to call "music." That subject is among the first to which every daughter of the well-to-do is put; it is among the very last she is allowed to leave off. But the point to be noted is, that practice of musical instrument or voice will never of itself evolve the creative faculty. Some of the most brilliant executants have made the poorest composers; while, on the other hand, there have been composers—Berlioz and Wagner, for example—who could not play the piano so well as the latest juvenile prodigy. The one accomplishment depends almost solely upon physical conditions; the other has its root in a Heaven-sent power, guided by strenuous study and by mental culture in one or more directions. As well say that George Eliot by mere practice in penmanship should produce "Adam Bede," as say that the ordinary cultivation of "music" by the average schoolgirl should produce a second "Lohengrin" or "Eroica" symphony. If mere practice in the mechanical side of the art were alone sufficient for the evolution of the creative mind, the world would have seen hundreds of lady composers before now.

As a matter of fact, granting to woman the possibility of possessing the Heaven-born gift, she has had no real opportunity to develop any capacity she might have as a composer. Rubinstein put it very plainly when he said that until quite recently she has been altogether excluded from the field of art, while man has had hundreds of years to develop his intellect and emotions in an art direction. What chance had woman of becoming a composer, say, in the time of Palestrina, or even in the time of Bach and Handel? What was her social position? What her art cultivation? If she could have written, would she have dared to write?—would she have been allowed to write? Again, what opportunity has been afforded her of pursuing those severe theoretical studies, without which no musical genius of any kind can adequately express itself?

For it is only those who have penetrated no farther than the

threshold of musical science who can suppose that the construction of great works is the outcome merely of imaginative impulse. Music certainly springs from the emotions, but it has to be proportioned and guided by the intellect, employing in equal measure the heart and the brain. As has been truly remarked, it needs but a glance at the lives of the great composers to show us that the high gift of original creation has ever had to be fostered by active care and congenial surroundings—that, moreover, it exacts for its full fruition a degree of detachment from the common concerns of life which would be sure to overwhelm the solicitous soul of many a woman with the obloquy it would bring upon her. And it is just here that woman, either of her own choice or of necessity, has failed to secure the advantages and conditions necessary to her development as an artist.

Take as an illustration—a typical illustration—the case of Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny. The biographers are almost unanimous in their testimony that the lady had the finer musical organisation, and was supposed in early years to offer the greater musical promise. But what happened? Precisely what has always happened, and what, under similar circumstances, would probably happen still, in spite of the boasted emancipation of the sex: the training of each gradually diverged—stopped short, in fact, with the girl, while the boy was encouraged and assisted by every available means. The girl was simply taught, as girls are taught now, to dally with the keys of an instrument; the boy was prepared for an exacting art in an exacting manner. It was the old case of what the evolutionists would call “arrested development”: a probable genius being sacrificed to conventionality, social law, and unreasoning prejudice.

Even now, so little chance of real, hearty encouragement has the woman who enters the field of musical composition, that the very circumstance of her being a woman is made a kind of pretext for criticising her work on different lines from the work of men. “For a woman,” says the critic in effect, “the composition is remarkably good.” Just as if art were a matter of sex! This sort of criticism is peculiarly irritating, and it is quite possible to conceive of its having had a detrimental effect on woman’s work as a composer. Charlotte Brontë rose in wrathful revolt against the reviewer who had dared to measure the merits of “*Jane Eyre*” by the lower standard which he deemed becoming to the sex of the writer. “I wish you did not think me a woman,” she wrote to George Henry Lewes in 1849. “I wish all reviewers believed ‘*Currer Bell*’ to be a man; they could be more just to him.” And so it may be with criticisms of

the kind just specified as directed to the efforts of the female composer. Praise mingled with pseudo-gallant allusions to sex may mortify more than actual blame, and a lowering of the standard of criticism can be no compliment or consolation to one who seeks to be judged on her merits alone.

Nor am I quite sure that the absurd ecclesiastical fad of excluding women from our Church of England choirs has not had a detrimental effect on woman's progress as a musician. I call it an ecclesiastical fad, for it is certainly not based either on reason or on natural law. As I wrote elsewhere some years ago, the "feeble pipings" of boys can never compare with rich-toned mature voices; nor—to take a higher ground—can the parrot-like song of children, with its unmeaning hollowness, ever be a satisfactory substitute for the hearty, truthful praise of the adult singer, to whom the trials and sorrows of life have been a personal experience. There are hundreds of fresh young, delicate voices being constantly ruined by the undue strain that is put upon them in endeavouring to do the work of matured organs; and there is no excuse for this but the conventionality of a custom which is as little founded upon Scripture as it is upon common-sense. Fortunately, here also there are signs, though as yet they are feeble signs, of a return to reason. The age of sentiment is going, and with it the monopoly of the choir-boy will go. Our church music will no longer be deprived of its greatest means of effect, and woman will have equal chances with men of training in a school which, in England at any rate, has always shown itself productive of musical talent.

But there is another side to this question of woman and music. When one comes to consider the lady instrumentalist he arrives at a somewhat different phase of the subject. A great American musician has expressed the opinion that women make quite as good instrumentalists as men. But this opinion is not supported either by facts or by experience. There are only certain instruments that a lady can even attempt to play with anything like becoming grace and dignity. The manipulation of the trombone, for example, is grotesque enough even for a man; for a woman to attack the instrument would, to say the least, hardly improve her appearance. Nor can one easily imagine a woman struggling with the bassoon, or the ophicleide, or the saxophone. And what about the flute, the oboe and the clarinet? Alcibiades threw away his flute because it distorted his features. A woman must be very charming indeed to look nice when she is throwing the whole strength of her lungs into a wind instrument.

But leaving the wind instruments out of account, there is still enough of work in our orchestras to satisfy the sex for many years to come. About the propriety of ladies playing a violin a good deal used to be said. Even Lord Chesterfield's typical gentleman was advised not to fiddle, lest he should be taken for "a low fellow." But the practice of stringed instruments, even by ladies, is old enough. A reverend author has reminded us that on the roof of Peterborough Cathedral—said to have been painted in the twelfth century—there is depicted a female figure holding on her lap a kind of viol with four strings and four round holes ; her left hand grasps the head, while with her right she draws the bow across the strings. From the royal accounts of 1495 it appears that "a woman who singeth with a fidell" was paid two shillings ; although it is evident that "women's rights" were then unheard of, since the same accounts reveal that the queen's "male fideler" was paid at thirteen times the rate of the lady. Burney, two centuries ago, heard at Venice an orchestra composed entirely of girls, even to the horns and double-basses ; and female fiddlers were common enough on the Continent during the eighteenth century.

In late times many women have excelled on the violin, and London has seen a string orchestra of virtually a hundred members consisting almost solely of ladies. Not so long ago it was reported that there were two thousand lady students of the violin at the Guildhall School of Music, while at the Royal College of Music one session there was not a single male student of the violoncello, all the students being ladies. Certainly there is no orchestral instrument better suited for handling by the sex than the violin. Arms, hands, fingers and wrist are all thrown into the most graceful positions by the action of bowing and fingering ; and, indeed, as some rhapsodist has said, a lady violinist has only to follow sympathetically the undulating and delicate curves of her instrument in order to become "one of the most beautiful sights in the world."

Nor is the useful altogether lost in the sweet. Those who have given a fair trial to lady violinists in the orchestra declare them to be, in many respects, more satisfactory than men. "They play," says a conductor of some standing, "with greater expression and certainty than the average orchestral musician. They give close attention to details, they are quick to understand, prompt at rehearsal, obedient and attentive to the conductor's remarks, and not inclined to sneak away under one pretext or another if a rehearsal is a trifle long. They give good work for the money paid them, and behave always with propriety. If such an incentive as paid employ-

ment in this way were given to many hundred female violinists who are now without work, what a benefit it would be to some of our public places of amusement ! The scratching and the untuneful playing heard in some theatres is a reasonable excuse for the temporary absence of gentlemen escorts." The only deficiency of the lady violinist seems to be in power and roundness of tone ; but for this she makes up by a delicacy of touch and refinement, a sweetness and purity, which male players find it difficult to rival.

Not the least encouraging feature of the new departure is the prospect that opens up of woman's gradual emancipation from the long-suffering piano. Hitherto the household instrument has been accounted peculiarly the thing for what Shakespeare terms the "tender inward" of woman's hand. It has been held as an essential part of the furniture of every dwelling in the land whose occupant can afford it ; and not only has it been regarded as the sole instrument for a lady to cultivate, but the instrument which every lady is bound to cultivate. The "accomplishment" of playing it has, in short, become nothing less than a tyranny, and all because of the unwritten dictum which holds it a disgrace for a lady *not* to play it. There are certainly good reasons why those who care for music should study the piano. Putting aside the organ, it is the only instrument which for harmonic as well as melodic purposes is complete in itself ; and it is, besides, the only instrument for which every great composer writes as a matter of course. But there will be still more than enough players of the piano when half the number of those who now study it have given their attention to other instruments ; and the gain to music, especially to the music of the home, will be so considerable as to open up quite a fresh field of composition at present lying practically uncultivated. We have got the length of recognising that the piano is not the only instrument suitable for women ; the full result of this recognition must be only a question of time.

Meanwhile let us wait for further evidence as to the ability or disability of woman as a composer. Such evidence is certainly not yet in our hands. That woman has not so far produced a truly great composer has, unfortunately, to be admitted. But it does not follow that she can never do so. There is no such thing as finality in art ; and considering that it is only now that woman is entering upon an open path, where she may have perfect freedom of action, there is every reason to assume that she will attain to greater heights than she has yet reached. As Ebenezer Elliott said long ago, "woman's best is unbegun, her advent yet to come."

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

TABLE TALK.

VOLUME IX. OF THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" SUPPLEMENT.

IN continuation of what I wrote last month in regard to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," I now add that the ninth and last of the supplementary volumes, the thirty-third of the full sequence, completes the alphabet. With the prefatory article on "Methods and Results in Modern Theology" I will leave men wiser or bolder than I to deal. There is enough on which to write without venturing on polemics. To the soldier the volume is deeply interesting for its articles on Strategy and Tactics—things often confused in the mind of the civilian, but in fact widely different. Under Suicide are given some interesting and consoling particulars, showing that in the United Kingdom the number of suicides per million inhabitants is less than anywhere else in the world, with the exception of Norway. The rate in Ireland is only 17 as against 392 in Saxony. Among subjects which virtually preclude discussion, on account of their importance, are Taxation, Technical Education, Trade Organisations, Trade Unions, the United Kingdom, United States, Wages, and War. An excellent account of Taine by the Hon. Maurice Baring rewards study. Dr. John Macdonell, C.B., gives a lucid account of Suzerainty—as lucid, that is, as is conceivable when "all definitions of suzerainty are of little use." "Titan Cranes" is noteworthy for the information contained, and for its abundant and admirable illustrations, which are throughout a feature in the work. Four different writers, professors or experts, deal with Telegraphy, the march of which in recent years has been rapid; while Telephone is by Mr. Charles R. Cross, an American Professor. Sir Frederick Pollock writes on Torts, and Dr. Barclay on Treaties; Dr. Rashdall, to whom we owe an admirable and authoritative work on Universities, writes on his favourite subject. To the period which the new volumes are intended to cover belongs the settlement of the site of Troy, long in debate. Difficult as it is to make everything fit the Homeric descriptions, there is now little question that the broader facts of geography are recognisable in the modern plain of the

Menderle. "The old bed of that river is the Scamander ; and its little tributary, the Dumbreksa, is the Simois. In this fork lies Hissarlik or Troy." Under Vegetarianism Dr. Oldfield indicates that, while the working classes are eating more meat, the middle classes are tending in some degree to a fruit diet. In dealing with Vivisection Dr. Poore tries to hold the scales evenly between two opposing classes, but is obviously in favour of the permission of the practice. Illustration constitutes in all the volumes an attractive and a valuable feature. Among other pictures in the present volume are a delightful plate after Troyon, and a capital portrait of Queen Victoria to accompany the biography of that august lady.

DRAMATIC RENDERINGS OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."

I HAVE been reading lately the *Francesca da Rimini* of the Italian writer known under the pseudonym of Gabriele d'Annunzio. This is the third play on the subject which has seen the light during the last twelve months, and is on the whole the ablest and most considerable work that the theme has produced. Adaptations chiefly operatic are common enough, sixteen *Francesca da Rimini*s having been played between 1829 and 1877 on the stages of Lisbon, Turin, Naples, Madrid, Venice, Paris, and other cities. None have equalled, however, in importance those of the last two years. *Francesca da Rimini* by Gabriele d'Annunzio was first given in Rome on December 9, 1901, with that delightful and incomparable artist Eleonora Duse as the heroine, and, after the tour of Italy, found its way to the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, on April 11, 1902. On April 22, 1902, Sarah Bernhardt—who had gone to an American, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, for a rendering—gave it at the Parisian house named after her in a translation by M. Marcel Schwob. A few days earlier, on March 26, 1902, Mr. George Alexander had produced at the St. James's the *Paolo and Francesca* of Mr. Stephen Phillips, a tragedy which worthily upheld the standard of the English poetical drama.

DANTE'S "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

SO far as the story of the loves of Paolo Malatesta of Rimini and Francesca Vecchio da Polenta, daughter of Guido, the lord of Ravenna, are concerned, the story belongs to Dante, who, devoting to it a dozen lines, has placed it side by side with that of Romeo and Juliet, and has told concerning the lovers a legend the most fateful and pitiful of mediæval times. Dante chronicles that upon

hearing it from their own lips in the circle reserved for the luxurious in Hell he swooned and fell like a corpse. In the translation of Longfellow—which, though inadequate, is on the whole the best—Francesca thus relates the sudden revelation of their love :—

One day we reading were for our delight
Of Launcelot, how Love did him enthrall.
Alone we were and without any fear.

Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading, and drove the colour from our faces ;
But one point only was it that o'ercame us.

When as we read of the much-longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,

Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.
Galeotto was the book, and he who wrote it.
That day no farther did we read therein.

This rendering is far from conveying an idea of the original, which has inspired Ary Scheffer and many a painter and poet since, and has supplied the world with two types of tragic and enduring love.

ORIGINAL STORY OF PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

IN his *comento* upon Dante, Boccaccio has supplied the accepted story of the lovers, and a squalid story it is. Like Tristan in Tristan and Yseult, Paolo has charge of Francesca, who looks upon him as her destined husband. Through the treachery of others she espouses, instead of the handsome Paolo (*Paolo il bello*), the savage and deformed brother Giovanni—known, in consequence of his lameness, as Gianciotto. She can never reconcile herself to the substitution, and the love of Paolo and Francesca, continued in secret, lead to their joint death at the hands of the enraged husband. All this, as reflected in Dante, is fateful, tragic, harrowing. It is otherwise, however, when we hear that Paolo was already married and had children, and that the adulterous and incestuous connection lasted for years, and was prolonged after Francesca had had by her husband a daughter all but nubile. Under these conditions, which no one, so far as I am aware, except Mr. Marion Crawford, has dared to preserve, squalor and infamy are substituted for romance, and I am pardonable—taking into account the comparative non-success which, in my estimate, has attended Mr. Crawford's experiment, and the moderate results obtained in other instances—for wishing that poets would leave the theme alone. In the hands of Dante it is immortal, and its eternal sadness should preserve it from profanation. No one, except

in opera, has sought to tell afresh the story of Romeo and Juliet. Paolo and Francesca I would also leave to the musician.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S DRAMA.

HOLDING the views I proclaim, it is natural that I should derive no great delight from D'Annunzio's work, which however, as literature, has strong claims upon attention. It is more successful as a portraiture of Italian society than as a treatment of the legend. The blood-thirst and cruelty of one of the most depraved periods of Italian annals are shown with marvellous fidelity and power, and the garrulity of the female attendants upon Francesca has a mixture of eroticism and humour worthy of the ladies in Boccaccio's immortal "Decameron"—or rather, indeed, of those who at the Court of Margaret of Navarre took part in the less refined narratives of the "Heptameron." In its original shape, as issued by the author from the Milanese press of Treves, the book is one of the most luxurious that modern Italy has supplied. It has been translated into English by Mr. Arthur Symons, and published by Mr. William Heinemann in the same form as the recent plays of Ibsen. Mr. Symons's rendering preserves both the spirit and the poetry of the original. I am sorry that considerations of space prohibit me from giving an adequate idea of its beauties. The only passage I dare quote is the justification for her weeping by Francesca when she receives the final and fatal visit of her lover. It shows the kind of irregular verse in which the original is written, and has considerable poetic and dramatic beauty :—

Pardon me, pardon me,
Sweet friend ! You have awakened me from sleep,
Freed me from every anguish.
It is not morning yet,
The stars have not gone down into the sea,
The summer is not over, and you are mine,
And I—I am all yours,
And this is perfect joy,
The passion of the ardour of our life.

Fine as is this, as well as much by which it is preceded and followed, I still wish that the poet had left the subject alone.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1903.

THE PASSING OF NERO.

BY W. B. WALLACE.

I. THE CLOUDS.

IN and around the Golden House that June day there brooded a pulseless, breathless, ominous silence, only broken by the monotonous chirp of the cicalas. For the nonce the sun, not Nero, was master of the situation, and fierce was the radiance he dispensed from a Roman sky of cloudless, metallic blue. Olives and planes, cypresses and poplars stood perfectly motionless, their outlines dimly defined against the beautiful but merciless heavens. Beneath their shadow the beasts of chase, which abounded there as in a Persian paradise, sought refuge from the blinding heat. The lakes were veiled in a ghostly haze which covered them as a linen cerement does the face of a corpse. It was midday; the mighty luminary had not long entered upon his westering path; and yet, for aught there was of life or movement within it or in its vicinity, Nero's Palace of Delight, with the vast park that encircled it, might have been a mausoleum of the dead standing in the midst of a pathless cemetery. Jove, in whose breast are many secrets, looked down with supreme irony upon the city of Mars, his wayward son—a city founded, ruled, and ruling by the sword, and destined in the fulness of time to perish by the same.

Within the shade of a magnificent banqueting-hall—its ceiling and walls were encrusted with gold, pearls, and jasper—which opened out on to a broad terrace, a young man lay upon a low

delicately carved ivory couch, richly draped in Serican *stragula*, taking his siesta. His bright abundant chestnut hair, all dishevelled, spread in many a strand over the soft embroidered cushion which supported his head; for his sleep was restless and troubled, and agitated by quick convulsive movements.

No one could have regarded the slumberer without interest. The brilliant rose and white of his complexion might well have been envied by the dusky beauties of Rome, and his beardless face was still smooth and soft as that of a girl, although he was over thirty years of age. His neck was full, round, and sensual, and his eyelids heavy. The countenance was, on the whole, an attractive one, especially in repose; but it betrayed a nature wherein keen and genuine artistic tastes, perceptions, and even power, and strong animal passions did constant battle together, with varying success. It was a mask that, according to the dominant mood of the soul beneath it, showed now sweet, glowing, and inspired as the presentment of an Apollo, now lascivious and intemperate as the bestial aspect of a leering satyr. Thus in waking hours. But it was no god of the Golden Bow, no licentious follower of Silenus, that slumbered there in the stillness of the meridian heat; sleep and dream, forswearing their usual beneficent office, had stolen upon the man like Gorgons, and frozen his features into a stony glare expressive of horror alone.

All at once his spirit, with a strong despairing effort, freed itself from these dread influences. With dilated eyes, with cold drops bedewing his brow, with wildly throbbing heart, he started from his couch.

"Immortal gods!" he shrieked, "grant me death rather than such visions."

Measuring the vast apartment with disordered strides he continued: "Methought I stood as a suppliant before the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, and fain would have entered in. But even as my foot touched the threshold, the god himself came forth, terrible as when he smote the Greeks upon the plains of Troy in his wrath for Chryses' sake. He bent his flashing bow, and made as though he would transfix me with his sunbright arrow. 'Hence,' he thundered, 'foul Roman, parody of Orestes and Alcmaeon, base pretender to my art! neither here nor at Eleusis is there an asylum for matricides.' Then the doors of the adytum flew open, and the Eumenides rushed forth like a pack of questing hounds. Their robes were black; their lowering faces were begrimed with the smoke of Tartarus; and their eyes emitted livid flames. Whips of writhing

snakes were in their hands, and their torches wheeled through the murky air with the speed and gleam of a flaming *falarica*. They were on my track, and I fled panting across the champaign towards Crisa, while, even as I ran, a dense cloud of hornets buzzed around my head, maddening me with their ceaseless drone and envenomed stings. Marvel of marvels! Crisa I reached not, but the familiar seven hills of mine own Rome instead. There, before the theatre of Pompeius, another wondrous thing happened. The marble statues of the tutelary gods of the nations of the earth, which stand around it, descended from their pedestals, pressed around me, impeded my progress, and actually laid their icy hands upon me, as though to detain me prisoner and give me over to the pursuing Furies. Horror! the pale visages that thronged around me, that peered into mine, were no longer the imaginary presentments of the divinities of mountains, rivers, and cities; Claudius, Britannicus, Agrippina, Octavia, Burrus, and Seneca glared upon me with threatening eyes. Then the tireless Erinyes came up, and I was delivered into their hands. Tisiphone claimed me as her special prey. Rome vanished in the twinkling of an eye, and I stood on the very verge of the fathomless abyss of Tartarus. The sulphurous stench of the pit invaded my nostrils; tongues of devouring fire quivered in the darkness that hung above it; the clank of adamantine chains and the eternal wail of the tormented shades were in mine ears; and my soul was filled with hopeless agony. The Fury dragged the diadem from my brow, spat upon it, and trampled it under foot. Next, she plunged a burning hook into my quivering diaphragm and hurled me far into the pitchy chasm. The sombre flames engulfed me, and I sank lower—lower—lower, till I awoke with a spasm that wellnigh rent body and soul asunder, and found myself within my Golden House. . . . How long will it be mine?"

The man was such a born actor, such a victim to theatrical craving after effect, that although his inmost soul quaked and trembled after the frightful vision of judgment which he had just witnessed—although his very heart was riddled by the fiery hail of calamities which for many days past had been pouring upon him thick and fast from the angry heavens—although the reins of empire were momentarily slipping from his grasp—he declaimed his tragic dream experiences to an imaginary audience in the same sustained artificial recitative which he would have adopted in delivering a *rhesis* from Sophocles at Olympia or Athens.

Nero—the reader will ere now have divined his identity—had

hardly concluded when a girl hastily entered the hall and flung herself in a passion of tears at the Emperor's feet.

"What new plague have the gods sent us, Acte?" he petulantly inquired. "Nymphidius, the Prefect of the Prætorians, is a traitor; Julius Vindex, the boastful beer-drinking Gaul, has revolted; the staid and sober Verginius Rufus wavers in his allegiance; the dotard Sulpicius Galba craves for my Golden House when he should be thinking of the shadowy halls of Pluto. Does aught remain in the poisoned vials of Olympus?"

"My love, my master, my dearest lord," exclaimed the girl, raising her beautiful tear-stained face to his, "worse *does* remain. The Golden House is deserted. The Prætorians have departed to their camp; your courtiers and those who called themselves your friends have fled; only Phaon, Terpius, the Numidian slave Naravas, and myself remain."

At these words the wretched Emperor gave way to a frenzy of despair, and seizing two priceless golden bowls—his most treasured possessions—adorned with scenes from the *Iliad* in *alto-relievo*, the work of the famous Mentor, dashed them violently one after the other to the ground.

"The oracle is fulfilled," he screamed, "and I am abandoned by the world. Yet, how have I sinned, ye false Olympians? Ye made me an emperor, forsooth, when I should have been happier far as a musician or a charioteer. Better the garlands of Pisa, Delphi, Nemea, and the Isthmus than all the diadems of all the Cæsars. Oh, the diadem! the diadem! That accursed fillet, not I, slew Claudius, Agrippina, Britannicus, Octavia, and—the rest. Wearing it, I had to be one or the other—victim or executioner."

Then, bending his turbid eyes upon Acte, who still clung to his knees, he cried: "This desertion is but the prelude of my fate. To the Servilian Gardens!"

II. THE TEMPEST.

The "Julian star," it seemed, was about to set at last in darkness and in blood. Henceforth the throne of the Cæsars was to be filled by those who were only Cæsars in name.

After a reign of thirteen years, the Legions—probably disgusted with the fate of the valiant Corbulo, the conqueror of Armenia—and the *Senatus* and *Populus* of Rome, unanimously forsook the grandson of the illustrious Germanicus. Acte had spoken but too truly when she said that four persons alone adhered to the fallen Emperor.

A discrowned monarch, whatever his faults, whatever his sins, whatever his vices and follies may be, is such a pathetic spectacle that posterity, not content with dropping a tear to his memory, regards with interest, if not with admiration, the few who, through evil report and good report, cling to his side to the very last.

Not all the world detested Nero ; although the virulent hatred of the Senate, which he fully reciprocated, has made his name a hissing and a reproach among the nations for all time. Tiridates of Armenia, to whom he accorded a right royal reception, and Vologeses of Parthia loved and honoured him ; even in Rome a strong reaction of popular feeling in his favour—of which Otho took advantage—set in after he was gone ; and now three men and one woman, who knew him well, were content, if need be, to die with him or for him.

Acte, fairer and brighter far than the ambitious Poppæa and the insipid Octavia, sprung from the royal blood of the Attalids of Pergamos, had been the first and, perhaps, only love of his heart. Pure amidst the impure, unselfish amidst the selfish and plotting, she would have adored the son of Agrippina as much in a private station as clad in the imperial purple. Her great and deathless love even now almost rehabilitates the ruler who above all other men has been set in the pillory of the ages. No mortal, be sure, is utterly vile upon whom a true woman bestows her heart for time and for eternity.

The freedman, Phaon, and the African slave, Naravas, “faithful among the faithless,” deserve the meed of recognition at our hands. To Terpius, however, we must devote more space.

An Athenian, he was also an actor and a musician of no mean calibre. He had been the Emperor’s instructor, and subsequently became his friend. Careless, profligate, and extravagant in dress, demeanour, and living, he nevertheless possessed two redeeming virtues which belonged rather to the heroic age than to that of the decadence upon which his unhappy country had fallen : he was brave as Achilles, and true and devoted as Pylades. The most remarkable thing about him to the casual observer was his resemblance to Nero, which was so pronounced that he might well have been his twin brother. Strangely enough, this circumstance had contributed in no slight degree to the unpopularity of the Emperor, who got the credit, or rather discredit, of being implicated in many a midnight brawl and escapade in the streets of Rome wherein Terpius had been conspicuous ; and when the city was burning, his absence in Antium did not secure Nero immunity from the odious charge of

incendiarism, for the Greek was seen, inebriated and garlanded, chanting, to the accompaniment of his lyre, a maudlin rhapsody on the conflagration of Ilium, and was by many mistaken for his master.

Let us now return to the tragic events which we have taken in hand to record.

The Servilian Gardens had always been the Emperor's favourite resort, and here the five fugitives sought temporary refuge. In a secluded arbour, his fevered head supported on the knees of his faithful Acte, the wretched prince reclined, bewailing his hard fate, and revolving the most desperate expedients, which no sooner suggested themselves than they were dismissed as impracticable. Should he seek the camp of Galba as a suppliant? Should he don a mourning garb and throw himself on the mercy of the Roman populace, promising amendment for the future? Should he abdicate, and beg to be appointed Prefect of Egypt?

"I am only an artist," he said to Acte, with a pitiful smile—"only an artist, not an Ajax. Some have called my voice 'divine'! Be that as it may, one thing is certain: I have neither the brazen beard, nor the iron face, nor the leaden heart of my ancestor, Gn. Domitius Ahenobarbus, the conqueror of the Allobroges and Arverni. Such men alone the brutal Romans understand and appreciate. Why did my mother Agrippina thrust empire upon me?" he went on lamenting. "Would that I had been born a Greek in the vale of Elis, or on the banks of your Ilissus, my Terpius!"

Only the brave man or the philosopher can face with equanimity a sudden reverse of fortune, and Nero was neither the one nor the other. As we have already remarked, he was simply a weak dilettante, not devoid of artistic talents, and devoted, as most musicians and players are, to a life of pleasure, whom Fate in one of her ironical moods had called to be master of the Roman world, when she should have made him a harper or a mime. Consequently, where the great Julius would have entrusted his gallant life to the hazard of the die and the might of his own strong right arm, his degenerate successor could only lie on the lap of a love-sick girl, moaning forth vain regrets and propounding impossible schemes.

Shortly after their arrival in the Servilian Gardens, Naravas had volunteered to go forth and ascertain how matters were progressing in the city. Towards nightfall he returned. Any faint hopes the fugitive prince might have entertained were rudely banished by the slave's report. The bloodthirsty Roman *plebs* were clamouring for his death, as though he had been some defeated gladiator; and the subservient

Senate, that had ever intensely loathed even while it had fawned upon him, had plucked up courage enough to adjudge him a public enemy, to be punished, when captured, *more majorum*.

Nero shuddered in that soft balmy evening air as though the icy blast of doom had chilled him to the heart.

"What," he presently asked, "is the meaning of being 'punished according to ancient custom'?"

With difficulty he elicited from his weeping and reluctant followers the explanation that in such cases the culprit's neck was placed within a fork-shaped instrument of torture, and that he was then scourged to death with rods.

"Even as I left the Forum," said Naravas "the soldiers were going forth in bands to scour the environs."

Phaon now came forward: "Beloved master and author of my fortunes," he said, "you are not safe here another moment. Well do your enemies know your love for these garden shades. Let us take horse immediately, and under cover of night seek my villa, four miles hence, near Nomentum. They will never seek you there."

Acte and Terpius urged the acceptance of Phaon's offer. It afforded at least a chance of concealment, and, perhaps, ultimate escape.

The horses were ready, and the Emperor, who was a prey to the most abject panic, did not need much persuasion. He promptly cast aside his purple and assumed a coarse travelling cloak, which he drew, hood-wise, over his head. For further precaution he covered his face with a handkerchief as the little party struck into the road leading to Nomentum.

Scarce had they commenced their journey, however, when it seemed as if Olympus and Tartarus had conspired to crown with accumulated horrors that peaceful night in June.

The moon, which was fast rising, was in her first quarter, and shed but feeble light at the best, while ever and anon she was obscured by scudding rack and clouds of fantastic, threatening shape and portentous blackness. The summer lightning flashed in blinding sheets, and in almost unbroken sequence, athwart their faces, and the solid ground was shaken beneath their feet by the convulsive throes of an earthquake. Nor did the threatenings of man fail to accentuate the wrath of heaven. They passed close to the camp of the Praetorians, which lay outside the Viminal Gate, and could distinctly hear the soldiers cursing the name and genius of their hapless Emperor, and extolling the hoary usurper Galba. They

met but few persons on the road that fearful night ; but some of these, seeing their faces turned from the city, hailed them with wild cries, "What news of Nero in Rome?" A little later the Emperor's horse suddenly reared and nearly threw him, startled by the foul odour of the putrefying dead : the corpse of a wretched slave lay mouldering on the road beneath its feet.

On arriving at the by-road, or rather path, which led to the villa, they dismounted, and made the best of their way through a tangled wilderness of shrubs, reeds, and undergrowth, with Phaon as their guide, towards the rear of the house. Near the premises was a sandpit, where the freedman begged the party to conceal themselves while he went on to reconnoitre. Nero, however, refused to enter it. Finally, having dismissed his slaves on various errands, Phaon managed to introduce them unobserved into the *hypocaustum*, or bath-room of the villa.

And now the night became full of strange noises. The fugitives, as they huddled together in the semi-darkness of the *hypocaustum*, heard the tramp of horses' feet, still distant, but rapidly approaching on the road in front. Had, then, their flight been all in vain? Were the relentless pursuers already on their track?

It was at this dread juncture that the sublime light of sacrifice burned in the Athenian's faded eyes. His life, he knew, had been one of but little service—perhaps even of active disservice—to his Imperial master. Now it was in his power to die a death which would atone for, which would wipe out, all his shortcomings and transgressions.

He held a brief whispered conference with Acte, Phaon, and Naravas, while Nero, scarcely conscious of what was transpiring around him, stood by in a pitiable state of physical prostration and mental collapse.

When the Greek in a few words had unfolded his scheme, his three interlocutors embraced him, one after the other, in sad and solemn valediction.

Then he advanced, bowed low before the Emperor, seized the long white hand on which glittered a priceless emerald graven with the Rape of Proserpine, raised it to his lips and, kissing it repeatedly and passionately, murmured : "Cæsar, patron and friend, the hunters are close upon their quarry, but I will save you yet. Codrus the Athenian died for his country ; Terpius the Athenian, degenerate though he be, will die for his friend. And now, farewell ! '*Orcus mihi ducit pedes.*'"

As he spoke he drove his *stilus* with a resolute hand through his

throat, and fell at Nero's feet. He was about to pose as the Emperor for the last time.

The desperate expedient which the devotion of the Athenian had suggested, and which was rendered feasible by his extraordinary likeness to his master, had not been tried a moment too soon. The measured tread of the Prætorians was heard approaching the entrance to the *hypocaustum*.

Phaon and Naravas, supporting the fainting form of Terpius, raised piercing cries, "Nero is dying! Nero is dying!"

A centurion rushed in, followed by four or five Prætorians, and with a hypocritical assumption of concern bent over the moribund, endeavouring with his military cloak to staunch the blood that flowed in torrents from the fatal wound.

"Too late! Is this your allegiance?" gasped the pretended Emperor, faithfully playing his part to the end—and then expired.

The centurion and his soldiers had only eyes for the woeful tragedy before them. Their features worked, and their consciences troubled them.

Meanwhile Nero and Acte, standing in the shadow, and clad in servile garb, were quite unnoticed, and passed out unchallenged into the night.

Acte had gold and gems about her dress, amply sufficient to furnish forth their *viaticum*, and the pair reached Ostia without molestation. Thence they took ship for Syria. It was Nero's design to seek an asylum with the Parthian king, Vologeses, and to live thenceforth as a private man and an artist.

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A costly funeral was accorded to Terpius, the Athenian actor, and his ashes were duly deposited in the mausoleum of the Domitii, which contained none nobler than those of the man who had dared to die for his friend. Ecloge and Alexandra, the nurses of Nero, decorated his last resting-place with violets of spring and roses of summer, little imagining that their loving offerings were made to the *manes* of a stranger. And far away in Parthia Nero and Acte lived and loved. Vague rumours reached Rome from time to time to the effect that the son of Ahenobarbus had not perished, and would return and reign again. But he had learnt wisdom for the future and, moreover, had repented him of the past. "Terpius was far more worthy to reign than I," he often said.

THE ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRIGHT IN HIS WORKSHOP.

DURING the closing years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the literary activity of the English playwright was quite abnormal. Many of the plays then written have wholly perished, while of those that have survived a considerable number have reached us only in a revised form ; still, enough remains to give us a distinct idea of the drama of the period ; and an epoch which produced Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Webster, Decker, Heywood, Middleton, Marston, and a crowd of other capable dramatists must always retain a supreme interest for the English-speaking world.

Now when we take up the works of these playwrights we must always bear in mind that the conditions under which they wrote were very different from those of the twentieth-century dramatist, and it is of the peculiar conditions under which the playwright had to work that we propose to give an account. In doing this we shall have to make frequent reference to the Diary of Philip Henslowe, a man who, at the close of the sixteenth century, appears to have combined the trades of dyer, pawnbroker, theatrical agent and lessee. The Diary exists in a somewhat mutilated condition, and is the property of Dulwich College ; it was discovered by Malone, who made copious extracts from it in the notes to his edition of "Shakespeare," and was printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1845 under the editorship of J. Payne Collier ; this, the only printed edition, unfortunately embodies a number of forged entries, but when these have been weeded out it puts at our disposal a vast mine of minute and interesting information.

The expenses which at the present day attend the production of a new play necessitate comparatively long "runs" if the theatre is to pay ; but in the reign of Elizabeth a different programme for each night in the week was the general rule. When a play was in two parts, as Marlowe's "Tamberlaine," they would often be acted on consecutive nights, but, generally speaking, variety and novelty seem to have been greatly in demand. As an instance we may take

the list of plays acted by the Lord Admiral's and Lord Chamberlain's men (*i.e.* the companies of players who had a licence to act granted to them by those noblemen) from June 3, 1594, to March 14 following; during this period 228 performances were given of 36 plays, the most popular of which appears to have been "Bellenden" which was acted seventeen times; sixteen of the plays were new ones, and the remaining twenty old ones, already owned by the company.

The consideration of these facts at once suggests to our minds three points of great importance: first, the value to a company of actors of possessing a good stock ofactable plays; secondly, the opening afforded to skilful dramatists who could turn out satisfactory plays at short notice; and, thirdly, the good reason which actors at that period had for objecting to plays, which they had purchased from the authors, being printed.

Let us now examine each of these points a little more in detail. The value of a good stock library is obvious, since, when an old play was reproduced, the fee to the dramatist for a new one was saved, and if the play had begun to get somewhat stale or out of date it could often be made serviceable by a little altering and amending at the hands either of the original author or some other playwright; that this was done we know from the frequent payments recorded for the making of such alterations: *e.g.* on September 25, 1601, we find that Edward Alleyn paid Ben Jonson forty shillings for making additions to "Jeronimo" (*i.e.* "The Spanish Tragedy"), a play by Kyd, which had long been a popular favourite, and on another occasion we hear of Decker receiving ten shillings for altering "Tasso," a play of which he was perhaps the original author. Now in the printed copy of "The Spanish Tragedy" published in 1602, the "additions" made by Ben Jonson can easily be distinguished from the original portions of the drama, while in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" we have a more thorough-going revision of an old play which still exists in its earlier form. It is not hard to see the effect that this practice of revising and recasting plays would be sure to have on the majority of dramatists; for the knowledge that their play when it left their hands would be liable to subsequent alteration would undoubtedly rob them of the chief incentive to minute care in elaborating the details. What was required in a new play was something striking to hit the public taste—if the play succeeded, faults of detail could be amended afterwards; the play, so to speak, was never really completed until it ceased to be acted, and so we are not surprised to find hasty and ill-connected work in dramas which contain much that is striking and powerful.

In the next place, it is clear that a clever dramatist capable at

short notice of revamping an old play, or writing a new one, was an invaluable ally to the players, and one worth taking some pains to retain. A fact so patent did not escape the playwrights of the period, who, for the most part, being at once quick-witted and impecunious, made the best use possible of their value to the actors, and frequently had recourse to them for advances of cash when funds were low, on the security of unwritten, or partly written, plays; this was an arrangement convenient to both parties, for it secured the writers the ready money they needed, and gave the players a hold over the dramatists on whom they depended for successful plays. The actors themselves, however, did not advance the money personally, but had recourse to Philip Henslowe, in whose diary the loans are recorded. A few extracts will clearly show the *modus operandi*; an undated entry in Henslowe's diary, somewhere between April 27 and May 6, 1600, shows us an actor, Robert Shaa, borrowing 30s. "in behalf of the company," to give to Thomas Decker and John Day "in earnest of a book called 'The Golden Ass and Cupid and Psyche'"; whether the play was by then partly written, or as yet only "plotted," we cannot tell, but at any rate the company was anxious to secure it, and ready to advance money to the dramatists in order to do so. On May 6, 1600, we find another £3 advanced to Decker, Day, and Chettle "in part payment" for the same play. The appearance of a third co-author suggests that when the first loan was obtained the play was not yet begun, and that to complete it more rapidly the original devisers of it, Decker and Day, had had recourse to the assistance of Chettle. Be that as it may, the work appears to have been finished by May 14, as on that date Decker, Day, and Chettle received another 30s. "in full payment" for the same play, making £6 in all, a very usual price for a new play at the period.

That sometimes Henslowe would advance money on the security of a play of which not a line was as yet written we know from an interesting reference to Ben Jonson, dated December 3, 1597, wherein it is noted that 20s. had been advanced to him for "a book he was to write for us before Christmas next after the date hereof, which he showed the plot unto the company"; surely, had Jonson written any part of the play when he applied for the loan, he would have shown that, rather than the mere plot, to the company.

As a rule,¹ the dramatists seem to have kept their engagements

¹ Not always: cf. Greene's *Groat'sworth of Wit*:—"When vulgar men receive earnest they do perform, when I am paid anything aforehand I break my promise." *Works*, ed. Grosart, vol. xii. p. 134.

with the actors, but there are one or two entries relating to Harry Chettle which suggest that his employers found him rather a slippery customer ; for on one occasion we find him having to get one of his fellow dramatists, Harry Porter, the genial author of the "Two Angry Women of Abington," to give "his word for the performance of the same, and also for my money" ; while on another occasion, after a loan to Chettle is recorded, it is significantly added, "either to dd¹ the play, or else to pay the money within one fortnight." Clearly Chettle's word was not always quite as valuable as his bond. But the readiness of the actors to advance money to the playwrights had another result sometimes, for it gave them an opportunity to bind the author hand and foot, and make him pledge himself to carry his wares to no other market. Thus did Porter enter into a compact with Henslowe to let him have "all the books which he writ either himself or with any other" ; and on another occasion we find Chettle making a somewhat similar agreement. But if the actors were on the look-out to drive a good bargain when opportunity offered, they were also ready to aid the unlucky or improvident playwright in his hour of need, as we find evidenced by an advance of 40s. "to discharge Mr. Decker out of the Counter," a prison in the Poultry to which the dramatist had been committed, probably for debt.

We have already seen that plays were written very hastily, partly owing to the exigencies of the stage, partly owing to the poverty of the writers ; now this extreme speed in composition perhaps led to, and would certainly be increased by, the extraordinary amount of collaboration we find common at the time. Many of the plays were the work of three, and not a few of five or more authors. According to modern notions it is difficult to see how plays so written could have any unity, but that they have is proved by the difficulty which critics experience in agreeing as to the shares which the various authors had in a play written in collaboration. The first part of "Sir John Oldcastle" furnishes us with an excellent example. In the "Biographia Dramatica" (1812) we find the following account given of it :

"This is one of the seven plays discarded from Shakespeare's works by most of the editors ; yet it was undoubtedly published in his lifetime with his name. Mr. Malone says the hand of Shakespeare is not to be traced in any part of this play ; and Dr. Farmer supposes it to be the production of Thomas Heywood, whose manner it resembles." Schlegel, on the other hand, believed

¹ dd, a contraction signifying "deliver."

it to be by Shakespeare, and a model of the kind of composition to which it belonged. Now all this seems to show that there is nothing in the play itself to suggest at first sight that it is the work not of one hand but four. Yet from Henslowe's Diary we learn that Munday, Wilson, Drayton, and Hathway all had a share in the production of it. Nor is this unity of effect really surprising when we remember the manner in which the dramatists lived; they were not isolated literary men, working separately, but a clique of Bohemians constantly in contact one with another at the taverns, ordinaries, and playhouses. The very plot of a play, which several of them proposed to write, would in all probability not be the result of one man's thought, but of discussion between several over a pint of wine—canary for choice, no doubt. What wonder that men who thus lived and worked together should tend to assimilate each other's ideas and to express their thoughts in almost the same manner? By a laborious and minute analysis of a number of plays, it is sometimes possible to disentangle some, at least, of the work contributed by a particular author to a composite play, but the very difficulty of so doing is a strong proof of the complete fusion of thought which went to the production of the play in the first place. Unfortunately the great majority of these plays have perished, as is well illustrated by the case of Drayton, who can be shown to have had a hand in two dozen plays, of which one only survives, though one or two other extant anonymous plays are attributed to him.

That the authors of a composite play often divided the work fairly equally between them may be assumed from the manner in which they divided the payment for it; and on this point, as on so many others, Henslowe's Diary comes to our assistance. As a general rule, only the price paid to the group of authors is stated, but in the case of a play called the "Chance Medley" the share of each author is noted separately, viz.: to Drayton 35s., to Wilson and Chettle 30s. each, and to Munday, 25s. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the appearance of a dramatist's name as part author of a play in Henslowe's Diary does not always prove that he had any considerable hand in it; especially may this be the case where the entry refers to a transaction in which money was advanced on the security of a play as yet unwritten or only partly written; for it is quite conceivable that after two men had "plotted" a play together one might do the lion's share of the writing, the other contributing no more than a scene or two and a few casual suggestions. Such I believe to have been the case with Part I. of "The Honest Whore." The facts, which are worth considering, may be briefly stated: the players ad-

vanced £5 to Decker and Middleton "in earneste of their play called the patient man and the Honest Whore." This proves that Middleton had some connection with the play, but the phrase "in earnest of" suggests that when the money was advanced the authors had not completed the play, and perhaps had got no further than contriving the plot; when it was published, it had the name of Decker only on the title-page, and this is the more remarkable, since Decker had a short time before expressly acknowledged a speech contributed by Middleton to his "Magnificent Entertainment," and not long after collaborated with him on "The Roaring Girl," which was published as their joint work. This suggests to us that, for some reason or other, Middleton, after helping to contrive the plot, left the bulk of the writing to Decker alone, a conclusion supported by the fact that in a play called "Michaelmas Term," which he wrote about the same period, Middleton uses some of the ideas and incidents contained in the "Honest Whore," but treats them in a very different spirit. Now, if this view be correct it shows that while the attribution of a play to certain authors in Henslowe's Diary proves that they all had some interest in it, it by no means proves that all the authors named had an equal share in writing it.

Had more plays of the period we are considering survived, it would perhaps have enabled us to arrive at more definite conclusions with regard to the work done by individual authors; but unfortunately the greater number have perished, owing to the opposition raised to their publication by the actors, who, as Heywood tells us, thought it "against their peculiar profit to have them come in print," a statement borne out by a payment recorded by Henslowe of 40s. to the printer to stay the printing of "Patient Grissell." Another passage in Heywood shows us that the playwrights, as a rule, acquiesced in the attitude of the actors, and regarded it as dishonourable to print plays which a theatrical company had purchased of them. The passage is worth quoting. "Though some," he writes, "have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first and never guilty in the last. Yet since some of my plays (unknown to me and without any of my direction) accidentally came into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled, copied only by ear, that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them, this, therefore, I was the willing-er to furnish out in his native habit; first being by consent, next because the rest have been so wronged in being published in such savage and ragged ornaments." Now this not only vouches for the unwilling-

ness of the players to let their acting plays be printed, but also explains why it was that most of the plays that were printed at an early date were published anonymously.

When a bookseller wished to publish a successful play he had to obtain a copy in one of two ways—either by purchasing it from the writer unknown to the actors, or by sending a shorthand writer to the theatre to take down the words of the play as it was acted. The first method was sometimes practised, as the passage just quoted proves, though the more honourable dramatists would not lend themselves to the deception, while Heywood is once more our witness to prove the use of the second method.

"Some, by stenography, drew the plot, put it in print, scarce one word true," he writes. The unfortunate author, protected by no law of copyright, was unable to defend himself against these pirates, who not only stole his work but mangled it in the stealing, so he must, one would think, as a rule have been thankful for the omission of his name from the title-page. Sometimes the bookseller gave the author's name, but not always correctly, as in the case of "Sir John Oldcastle," which was originally published as by William Shakespeare, whose name, however, was withdrawn from the title of the second impression.

To one check only was the piratical bookseller subject, the necessity of getting the manuscript he desired to print licensed by the Master of the Revels ; but this licence seems usually to have been forthcoming, provided the play contained nothing blasphemous or seditious. Now, this state of things could not go on for ever, and eventually drove many authors to publish their plays in self-defence. Thus we find Marston, in the preface to "The Faun," excusing himself for printing his play, in the following terms : "If any shall wonder why I print a comedy, . . . let such know that it cannot avoid publishing ; let it therefore stand with good excuse that I have been my own setter out."

In the long run, therefore, posterity owes no small debt of gratitude to the unscrupulous booksellers who printed the work of our early dramatists, neither with their leave nor by their leave, first, because by so doing they preserved from destruction many interesting plays that would undoubtedly otherwise have perished ; and, secondly, because their action in the end drove the playwrights in self-defence to publish accurate editions of their writings.

The change had, however, another and more vital effect : a dramatist writing a play to be printed as well as acted will inevitably set to work in a somewhat different fashion from one who has no end

in view save to produce an actable piece. Hence we find that from the beginning of the seventeenth century the drama tends to become more literary. This of course may, in part, be attributed to the fact that a somewhat different type of man began to turn his attention to playwriting; but when all allowances have been made, it is impossible to doubt that the knowledge that they were writing plays which would be read as well as acted had a great influence on the methods and style of the old dramatists.

Now that we have seen something of the methods of the Elizabethan playwright, it remains to say a few words concerning the subject matter upon which he worked; and this we find to have been extremely varied—ancient history and mythology, English history, striking episodes from the history of other nations, old tales and legends, Italian novels, accounts of notable contemporary crimes, the literary and dramatic squabbles of the day, all furnished him with materials out of which to construct plays, while not the least interesting class of writings are those in which he depicted the social life of his own period. In the production of this type of play he appears to some extent to have forestalled the methods of the modern journalist, for he seems to have been at no small pains to make himself familiar with the facts he intended to introduce into his play. This is evidenced by a very curious passage in Field's "*Amends for the Ladies*,"¹ where some tavern bullies suspect two gentlemen of having come among them for the purpose of making notes of their behaviour so as to embody it in a play; while in the "*Roaring Girl*" the authors betray an obviously first-hand knowledge of the manners and slang of beggars, tramps, and pickpockets. Alongside of this minute realism we find a curious indifference to historical perspective. Jonson, it is true, is severely classical in his treatment of classical themes in his "*Sejanus*" and "*Catiline*," but his fellow-dramatists, for the most part, including Shakespeare, give their characters of all ages and nations a colouring derived from Elizabethan England rather than from the age and country in which they lived, or were supposed to live. Once again, the circumstances under which they wrote must be held responsible for their manner of treating their subjects; what the playwright had to do was to produce a play which would prove attractive to the audience of his day, and what the Elizabethan playgoer desired was not historical or archaeological accuracy, but a good play, and good plays he got in plenty.

ERIC REDE BUCKLEY.

¹ Act iii. scene 4. See *Nero and other Plays*, p. 459 (Mermaid Series).

DEATH AND DYING ON THE AFRICAN VELD.

THE folklore of any country is interesting, and there are few more interesting points in its study than those which deal with what may be called its less mundane aspects. The conceptions which the savage mind has formed about those mysteries which have attracted great thinkers in all ages, the ideas about death and the future life, about eternity and the hereafter, or about the very essence of life and being, have a psychological interest which makes their study both fascinating and instructive. On the veld, the bleak barren Karroo that stretches from the upper plateaus of the Cape Colony, from the wild Goup where the fossilised remains of *Paria-saurus* and *Dicynodont* lie exposed between half-crackling scales of crumbly clay slate, to the farther wilds of the Kalahari and the desert stretches of Great Namaqualand, a folklore has arisen which is peculiarly interesting because it has strange teachings and a special form of its own, and because it represents the commingling of European ideas with the primitive conceptions of the native mind. It may, therefore, not be without interest to give some idea of what that folklore is, and to detail some of its more important relations with our own Indo-Germanic superstitions and race tales.

On the veld, on the stretch of country above described, lives a race of aboriginal natives, the Bushmen, mingled with a somewhat similar race, the Hottentots. On every farm one finds their representatives, none of them at present entirely uninfluenced by their associations with the white man, but most of them retaining, at least to some extent, their original instincts and a portion of their former primitive lore. Amongst them live the European settlers, Boers, of Dutch or Flemish or French or German descent, who have not only retained their old ideas but have also engrafted upon them certain of the native superstitions, and who have, moreover, in course of time come to form a veld folklore which includes new features and special points of interest. It is when one comes to examine that part of this folklore which deals more particularly with death and

dying that one realises how much the veld itself—the environment, that is—has to do in shaping certain features, and how much it has influenced original conceptions in other ways. The Cape Boer who lives on the veld finds himself in the position of a nomad who has little intercourse with others than those of his own class. Those who live far from the main villages—and it is with those that I am more especially dealing in this paper—rarely come into contact with persons who are able or willing to talk upon subjects outside trade and farming, ostrich feathers, and the sale of fat cattle and good horses, or politics and the latest achievement in scab legislation. Once a quarter the Boer and his family, or so much of it as can go into the comfortable spring wagon, go to the town to attend the *Nachtmaal* or Communion services. They remain in the village for a couple of days, attending the services and speaking to the pastor about things spiritual and matters of more worldly interest, and on their return devote themselves with renewed energy to their daily avocations. Outside the Bible, a Prayer-book, and a volume of sermons to be read every Sunday when there is no chance of going to the village, they have little to read, for the weekly paper which they take in rarely deals with anything besides political subjects and social news. It is one of the worst features of Cape journalism that it has never catered for the intellectual wants of the people, that it has never striven to interest them in anything which has not a remote bearing upon politics. One looks in vain in any of the up-country papers to find an article dealing with philosophical subjects, and hardly ever does one happen upon one that attempts to tell the reader something about the common matters of daily life or to give the Boer an insight into the history of not only his own but other countries, not only of his own but of other religious systems. The consequence is that the veld-dwelling farmer knows absolutely nothing about anything outside his catechism. To him the teachings of other religious denominations are heathenish, and the theory that the earth is round entirely unacceptable because he deems it inconsistent with Joshua's command to the sun. At some period of his life, it is true, he has to attend confirmation classes, and with some of the pastors it is the custom to tell their confirmation candidates about the Reformation and about the great historical events in the life of their Church, or even to dwell upon the more secular aspects of general history and to endeavour to get the lads to take an interest in their surroundings, an interest which does not end with the herding and shearing of the sheep and the knowledge of the toxic effects of certain veld shrubs. But these "Church extension

classes," as one might call them, are unfortunately too few, and it is usually the case that the lad returns to the farm a confirmed member of the Church, and with the very vaguest ideas about what he has learned. When one talks to the average veld Boer (and here one must carefully except the Boer who has come into closer contact with village life), one finds that his knowledge of things outside his special sphere, agriculture, is limited to what he has learned from reading the Bible and listening to sermons. It is not to be wondered, then, that he is prone to become influenced to a certain extent by his environment, and to attach, in a sort of half ashamed, half reluctant fashion, some amount of credence to what he hears from the natives who live near him. He falls, as it were, under the spell of the veld. The majesty of the desert which surrounds him unconsciously reacts upon his mind, and indoctrinated as he already is with a religion that has so much that is morbid and tragic in it, he is particularly influenced by those superstitions that deal with the supernatural, with the mysterious, and with the vague. He has never been taught to reason on spiritual things. His mind is too much saturated with his own doctrines, with Old Testament teaching which allows him to credit the story of the witch of Endor and the possibilities of miracles, to permit him to deny absolutely what he hears alleged by the native "snake doctors," who throw bucks' bones to foretell the future and divine coming events by the changes of the moon. In every case of immature philosophical development one finds a readiness to believe in omens and signs, and the veld Boer is no exception to the rule. There is so much that is strange and inexplicable in his environment, so much that is mysterious in the veld itself, that he has some excuse for his smaller superstitions, and when one takes into consideration the fact that education, in the real sense of the word, has not yet reached him, one can easily conceive that his folklore has been influenced to a very large extent by his conditions of life and by the want of association with a more intellectual class of people than the Khoi-khoing.

It is not very easy to collect folk-tales in the Cape Colony, and in my attempts to take down from the lips of the farmers themselves their stories of supernatural manifestations and uncanny experiences I have generally found them exhibit a degree of reticence and shyness which was entirely absent when they spoke about other matters. Perhaps this was due to the fact that in their language, in the *Taal*, there are not many words which express spiritual ideas correctly, and that they thus found a difficulty in describing their impressions. When one came to purely fairy-tales, this difficulty did not

exist. The *Taal*, as is the case with all dialects, is rich in diminutives which may be made to express almost every feeling, from contempt and hatred to the purest affection and regard. When one listens to a Boer boy telling the old tales of Antjie Somers (a semi-historical personage who serves to supply the want of a South African bogey-man) or of the lizard who lost his tail and married the scorpion's daughter, one cannot but admire the variety of synonyms which he contrives to introduce into his recital, and the striking and almost epical descriptiveness which he gives to the story. But once approach the sterner subjects, once touch upon death, and this perspicuity and clearness vanish and give way to an incoherent and ambiguous collection of abstract sayings which is scarcely worthy of the name of a tale. A native, on the other hand, though he prefers to talk on less uncanny matters, when he does condescend to expatiate on the supernatural is hindered by no such shyness, and he usually succeeds in giving a far more creditable account of a psychical manifestation than the white man is able to give. For all that, however, the Cape Boer has a firm belief in the supernatural, and the darkness of the veld gives him many an example to adorn his tale, hampered as he is by the want of an adequate phraseology in which to put his thoughts into language.

One of the most interesting and curious superstitions that obtain amongst the veld Boers is that concerning the "man born with the helmet." The belief is that certain children—boys for preference, though there are cases in which girls have been endowed with similar powers—are born with a skull-cap membrane which persists until the child is a few days old and defies removal. Some authorities allege that the forcible removal of this foetal membrane will result in the permanent mental disablement of the child. The child who has been born with the "*helm*" gradually acquires the power of foreseeing the future ; but this power is limited to seeing visions of death and sickness which ends in death. The acquisition of it is entirely involuntary, and is attended with a considerable degree of uneasiness and mental pain, and the boy can never rid himself of the singular feelings which accompany it. S——, a young man who had received a fairly good education and had passed some of the elementary examinations, and who ultimately entered the Civil Service, had been told by his ayah or nurse that he had been born with the helmet, and alleged that he could foretell the future. In course of time, however, he lost this power, although his younger brother, who was said to be equally gifted, retained it. S—— was a youth of more than ordinary intellectual capacity, quick and

active in learning, boyish and vigorous, a lad who indulged in athletics and became an expert cricketer and runner, and in fact was the very last person one would have suspected of possessing such uncanny endowments. He never cared to speak on the subject, and his schoolfellows good-naturedly chaffed him on every conceivable occasion about his helmet, which rumour had it his mother preserved with religious care in a trunk on the farm. I was unable to trace any authentic instance in which he had manifested his powers, but with Henny, his younger brother, the case was different. Henny, an equally boyish lad, bright-eyed and cheerful, suffered from bad dreams—a symptom of dyspeptic trouble which under ordinary circumstances would have been treated by a decoction of myrtle berries or by blue pills, but which in his case was taken to mean direct inspiration from the devil. Consequently his brothers refused to sleep in the same room with him, and Henny became a kind of freak who was allowed special privileges. On one occasion he dreamt that a relative who lived many miles away was dying. On a Friday night, he alleged, he saw a funeral procession passing from his uncle's house and proceeding towards the *kerkhof* or churchyard in the village where his relative lived. The boy, who was some ten years old at the time, described the pall-bearers and some of the mourners, and gave in addition a description of the coffin and its fittings. This manifestation of his wonderful power was regarded as an ungodly trick, and he received a sound thrashing for having dared to tell lies. On the following Monday, however, the family received information that the funeral had really taken place, and on inquiry it was found that the boy had correctly described some of the mourners, and that his description of the coffin tallied exactly with that given in the letter which announced the death of Uncle Ben. Henny alleged that when he saw the vision he tried his hardest to close his eyes and go to sleep, but that he was unable to hide the procession from his sight, and it appears that he only told his mother about it when she came into the room to demand what he was crying for. The story is about as well authenticated as one can expect to find it, and it is one of the most remarkable instances of this kind of second sight amongst the veld Boers of which I have been able to obtain information. On another occasion, it is interesting to note, Henny's prediction was wide of the mark, and the favourite horse which he saw drowned in a gushing veld rivulet still lives to mock his amateur attempts at prophecy. The boy made no secret of his talents as a medium, but said that he wished someone had killed him when he was a baby, for

it gave him such pain to "see things happening." He was regarded with a sort of respectful awe by his family, who in time came to believe implicitly in his foretellings. As he grew older his powers seemed to fade, and when he went to college the only remarkable feat which he achieved in the soothsaying line was to foretell a special holiday which was unexpectedly given some days afterwards.

The man born with the helmet not only has the power of foreseeing the future, but has also the power of communicating his knowledge to a bystander under certain conditions. For instance, if you wished to know whether a dear friend was alive and well, you had only to ask the man with the helmet to allow you to look over his left shoulder under the light of the full moon. If your friend was alive and prospering, you would see nothing; if, on the contrary, he was ailing and his sickness was deadly, you would see his ghost, a white misty exhalation that floated towards the moon. His powers were analogous to those possessed by the Scottish second-sight seers in so far that they were exercised involuntarily and often in direct opposition to his wish, and that his visions were generally of a tragic or morbid nature. He never foretold cheerful things (the holiday vision must be regarded as an exception, due probably to the contaminating influences of college life or the fact that village pastry was more easily digestible than farm cookery), and when he foresaw things dismal he suffered acutely and tried his hardest to shut out the vision. I have met farmers who were said to be endowed with the powers conferred by the helmet, but in very few cases was it possible to obtain from them any definite account of their feelings. Some of them were said to have preserved the skull covering which had given them their peculiar talents, and indeed it was believed that if such a covering were destroyed the helmeted man would die, or lose his memory. In the majority of cases the individuals were strong, hale men, untainted by any morbidly sentimental ideas and by no means of a melancholy or hypochondriac disposition. They accepted the matter as one which they could not alter, and believed that it was a peculiar power which had been conferred upon them by God, and that it was by no means inconsistent with reason.

Death and dying could also be foretold by other means. The *dol ossies* (lit. mad oxen, or perhaps a corruption of *dool ossies*, *dool* being the high Dutch for wandering, a word which is, however, never used in Cape Dutch) in skilful hands could be made to show what was going to happen in the near future, and under certain conditions

could also discover what had happened in the past. *Dol ossies* are the bones of some animal, white-bleached by the veld sun and picked up under the light of the full moon. They are carefully preserved, and although sometimes used by the farmers themselves are generally employed by the natives, who are, however, frequently consulted by the white men. They are used in the same manner as dice, and the seer divines from the position of the bones on the ground what is going to happen. If they fall upon each other, the signs are usually good. On the contrary, if the *dol ossies* fall apart and lie some distance away from each other, it is an omen of the direst significance, pregnant with disaster and tragedy.

In most veld superstitions the full moon plays a prominent part. To sleep with one's head exposed to its rays induces madness. Insanity also results when one eats the marrow of a salted ox, or it can be temporarily produced by artificial means, such as drinking water in which certain veld spiders have been boiled. Ghosts prefer to show themselves when the moon is full, and generally elect to be seen at cross-roads where several footpaths join. Also when a dog barks and the moon is full a death will take place before another full moon, and the ticking of the death-watch is more to be feared at full moon than at other times. The belief in the malignity of the death-tick is as fully established in the Cape Colony as it is in certain parts of England, and is probably a survival of old times, for nothing analogous to it can be found amongst the native races. I have found farmers who implicitly believed in its warning, while their native servants scoffed at the idea that a *crikie* (cricket) could foresee death, forgetting that their own superstitions were even more absurd. The native believes in other *goggas*¹ which are able to give signs, but few of these can presage anything concerning death. The devil bee (*Acherontia atropos*, L.), for instance, is a fearful animal which stings a person to death and, moreover, has a revengeful disposition which makes it follow its enemy relentlessly with the persistent impudence of a Hamadryad. The farmers, again, attach much importance to the ticking of the little beetle behind the wainscoting, and I know of one case at least where an educated man, a Civil Commissioner of an up-country district, firmly believed that the death-tick had warned him of the impending dissolution of his wife and daughter.

There are certain burial customs which prevail amongst the veld Boers which are interesting, for they point to the influence which European traditions have had upon the Boer's mind. One of these

¹ *Goggas*. The word *gogga* is almost untranslatable, but may be taken to mean insects, or generally "creeping things" good or bad, but usually bad.

is the custom of holding arvals or death feasts after the funeral of a near relative. Arvals used to be common at one time, but nowadays it is almost impossible to find a record of one. They have died out just as that far more laudable and picturesque ceremony, the consecration of a new dwelling-house, has died out, but in their day they were events of importance. I never attended one and have no recollection of hearing of one held in my district, but I distinctly remember the many tales which the elders of my father's congregation could tell about them. A favourite dish in the Cape Colony is *Geele rys en rasyntjies* (curried rice and raisins), which in some parts is still known by the unsavoury name of *begrafnis rys* (funeral rice), because it was the staple dish at such feasts. Lately its name has been changed into *Fandisi rys* (auction rice), because it figures largely on the bill of fare at auctions where according to the advertisements "free refreshments will be provided." In Brand's "Antiquities" many of the accounts of arvals in England might almost serve as descriptions of the similar feasts held in the Cape Colony in olden times. It was customary to hold these feasts immediately after the funeral, though in some cases the tables were spread while the corpse was still lying in the back room. Tradition tells of one Harmse, whose wife made a grand arval while he was lying, as she supposed, dead in the *buite kamer*, and who walked into the dining-room in his *kis kleere* (lit. coffin clothes) and scared away all the guests. The custom, if not directly a remnant of European usage, probably owed its origin to the fact that the farms were much further apart from each other fifty years ago than they are now, and in consequence those who wished to attend the funeral at some particular farm had to travel long distances and could not take their provisions with them. For a similar reason auction feasts are still held, and at the Communion services which now and then take place on the farms the table is always spread, and all are welcome to a slice of meat and a plateful of vegetables.

Death itself is regarded with particular solemnity by the veld dwellers, and when a death takes place the farm is for the time being in a state of rest. • The body is carefully washed, and dressed in its shroud. Many farmers still keep their coffins ready in the loft, together with their coffin clothes—a custom which dates from the time when it was difficult to obtain the services of a carpenter to make the coffin, or when proper wood was not so easily to be got as nowadays. In some cases the coffin serves as a receptacle for dried fruit until it is wanted. In others it stands amongst the lumber in the loft, and little attention is paid to it until it

is evident that the owner will require it. There is something uncomfortably gruesome in the idea of having one's coffin looked to when one is lying ill, yet that is by no means infrequently the case. Some of the older farmers preserve large Georgian pennies which they exchanged with their wives on their marriage-day. These are put over their eyes when they are coffined and a bandage is tightly bound across the forehead, giving the corpse a peculiarly repulsive and uncanny look. The coffining is always done with respectful solemnity and generally in silence. Flowers are rarely put into the coffin itself, though a sprig of myrtle or jasmine is sometimes placed between the fingers of the dead, and wreaths are always to be seen on the grave. In some of the older graves the bodies were buried in an upright position and with a Bible placed between the hands; but this custom has entirely ceased, and the coffin is now always lowered into the grave and placed flat on the ground. At the funeral the pastor or a friend conducts the service, which is usually short and pithy. The nearest relatives take up handfuls of mould and throw it upon the coffin before it is covered, and subsequently a simple slate stone or marble slab is placed over the mound.

I have not been able to ascertain whether there exist any peculiar superstitions amongst the veld Boers regarding the dead body itself or not—such, for instance, as the belief mentioned by Chambers that non-stiffening of the corpse presages another death in the family. In those cases where *rigor mortis* sets in very late the farmers look upon it as a peculiarity due to the disease, and not as something which needs a supernatural explanation. Some of the older farmers claim that they can accurately tell whether a sick man is going to die or not by feeling his finger tips, a shrinking of the finger nails being claimed as a certain sign of impending dissolution. This, however, can scarcely be regarded as a superstition. In matters pertaining to disease many of the veld Boers have become exceedingly skilful, and some of their theories merit the attention of investigators. One of the most serious diseases amongst them is leprosy, now happily almost extinct; and it is remarkable that they have various theories to account for its origin, one of the most common being that the victim of the malady ate a certain food or plant and caught cold afterwards. One of the lepers whom I talked to told me that he had contracted the disease because he had eaten dried meat and then swum across a river.

It is when one comes to the real inhabitants of the veld, to

the men who have lived upon its wastes all their life long and who have unconsciously become saturated with its influences and sodden with its peculiar fascination, that one realises to the full how potent these influences are in the shaping of primitive superstition and folklore. The Boer came to the veld already in possession of a folklore of his own, and his religion, terribly earnest and strict as it was, with its rigid Calvinistic tenets and its stern uncompromising teaching of the nothingness of human hopes and human aspirations, strengthened him, for a time at least, against the influences of his new environment. He gradually lost remembrance of his past. The stories of his childhood faded away or grafted themselves upon the stocks of native legend and aboriginal myths. Bit by bit, little by little, slowly and gradually and without his being conscious of it, the Boer began to assimilate the folklore of the veld into one of his own, shaping it, however, into a new line so as to make it somewhat more consistent with what he had been taught and more consonant with the religious notions he held. With the Bushman it was far otherwise. His history is hidden in the gossamer veils of the past, and no one, neither anthropologist nor philologist, has succeeded in telling us more about him than he himself has condescended to inform us. Mysterious as the veld itself, interesting as his environment, taciturn and sombre stands the Bushman; but when his taciturnity grows fainter, under the spell of kindness and an unlimited supply of tobacco, he reveals to us more than any other veld dweller can reveal, and more, perhaps, than we ever dreamed he could tell us. For upon him the influences of the veld have worked strongly, strangely. So powerfully have they exerted themselves that they have left their mark upon his language, upon his face and figure, and above all upon his mind. And yet, when one comes to examine his conceptions of death and life, of the grand, grave mysteries of being, of time and eternity, one realises that it was not because of his low mental and intellectual development that these influences have left their mark upon him, but rather because of his peculiarly sensitive—one may almost say refined—character. The prevalent idea that the Bushman is the lowest type of humanity, made a little superior to the gorilla and an ace lower than the chimpanzee, is one that cannot be maintained when once his folklore is examined. It is an idea founded on his taciturnity, his standoffishness, possibly on his physical characteristics, his diminutive brain capacity, and the fact that he led a wandering Ishmaelitic life, consorting with the red *meerkats* and eating veld carrion and the roots which he grubbed up from the hard karroo. Half a century ago the

late Dr. Bleek, than whom no man has ever studied the Bushman more earnestly and more sympathetically, pointed out how erroneous such an idea was, and since then other observers have devoted their attention to the study of Bushman legends and have shown how much Bleek was in the right when he entered the lists as apologist for the maligned Khoi-khoi.

In the magnificent collection of the late Sir George Grey in the South African Public Library at Cape Town is a manuscript collection of Bushman fables and tales collected by the Rev. Mr. Kronlein, a missionary of the Barmen Society, during his labours amongst the Namaqua Hottentots. Mr. Kronlein's MSS., which fill sixty-five closely written quarto pages, contain fragmentary passages in the 'Nusa (Cisgariepian of Bleek) language of the nomad Bushmen, and these are for the greater part verbatim notes of conversations with the natives themselves. James Alexander as early as 1835 drew attention to the existence of Bushman literature and gave some account of their tales,¹ but it remained for the missionaries, animated by the example and precept of Grey, to collect the scattered legends and write them down. Casalis and Knudsen commenced the work and Dr. Bleek devoted most of his time to it, and since then Dr. Hahn, an able and energetic philologist, has continued the study of Bushman folklore and has published several highly interesting articles on the subject. Kronlein's manuscript, however, was the first reliable source of information, and it came as a surprise to many to find that the despised Khoi-khoi possessed such a thing as a mind and could compose poetry and indulge in sentiment. Bleek, in his review of Kronlein's collection,² pointed out that this literary activity of the Bushmen had taken a trend contrary to that generally exhibited by negroid races, and showed how similar the fables were to our own Germanic folklore. He did not attempt to discuss the question of the originality of the fables themselves as regards South African folklore, leaving it an open question whether at the time the missionaries wrote them down European influences had altered or changed the original native conceptions or whether the tales were unadulterated native compositions, but he premised that the existence of such a folklore amongst the Khoi-khoi confirmed the primitive originality of the fables themselves, and pointed to a greater congeniality between Hottentot and European than between European and other black races. From this he argued that both

¹ James Alexander, *Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa*. London. Svo. 1835.

² Bleek, *Reineke Fuchs in Süd-Afrika*. Bonn. 1862.

Hottentot and European had a common origin, although he admitted that there was not sufficient valid proof of common ancestry. Later on, however, he came to examine Knudsen's translation into the Hottentot tongue of the Gospel of St. Luke (vol. i., No. 13, of the Grey collection), and made the interesting discovery that the Hottentot gender signs presented striking points of similarity with the corresponding Coptic signs, and a closer study of the matter led to his dissertation "*De nominum generibus linguarum Africae australis, Copticae, Semiticarum aliarumque sexualium*" (Bonn, 1851), in which he propounded the theory that the Semitic, Coptic, and other African languages had a common origin. It is not my intention to discuss the interesting philological points which this theory raises, as they are outside the scope of an article which attempts to deal purely with the more psychological aspects of veld folklore. It is, however, instructive to glance for a moment at the fables themselves and to see how fully they bear out the contention that the intellectual capacity of the Bushman stood far higher than superficial observers had declared it to stand.

To appreciate correctly the value of the Khoi-khoi's folklore demands some acquaintance with the peculiar conditions of his life, and above all with the high state of moral development which is so characteristic of his race. It is remarkable that a community of wandering pariahs such as the Khoi-khoi should have perfected a system of tribal life which is socially perfect, and that one of the distinguishing features of this social system should have been the high position which women held in the community. In the stone enclosure where the natives congregated it was the wife and not the husband who ruled. Outside the home circle, in chase or on the war-path, the man was free to do as he pleased, but once inside the kraal he became subject to the rule of his wife. The Bushman taught his sons a moral code which was as irreproachable as that of the Persians of old, and one of the prime factors which had influenced the evolution of this code was respect for the women. The boy was taught not to lie, not to steal, not to commit rape or to harm his fellows, but above everything to show respect to his mother and sisters. The highest oath he could take was to swear in the name of his eldest sister, and the most unmanlike action he could be guilty of was to lay hands upon his father's daughter. So high was the moral code of the old Bushmen that one searches in vain to find words in their language which will express immoral thought or describe immoral actions, and the very fact that in some of their collected folk fables (such as, for instance, the legends of Heitsi

Kabib) such words as "rape," "incest," and others occur makes it probable that these tales are of later origin or have been contaminated by newer additions and interpolations. One finds, on the contrary, that they possessed words which expressed a degree of moral purity which a European cannot very well put into words in his own language. Hahn¹ tells a pretty story which illustrates this to the full. He had occasion when discussing divers matters with an old Bushman to refer to one of the native girls, and in speaking of her he incidentally mentioned that he thought her face was *isa* (pretty). The old man, however, disagreed, and remarked that "every girl's face was *isa*, but such a face as hers we call *anucha*,"² a word which Hahn attempts to translate "full of purity." One has only to listen to a Bushman, to hear his tales, to hear, indeed, his mere comments on things in general, to realise how deeply his heart is stirred by sentiment and how truly he has a poetical conception. In his language one finds more than one word which stands for "love," for "beauty," for "purity," "fidelity," "truth." He speaks of "dying for love," "dying like a devil," and of "living like a stone," soulless, without being influenced by the environment which means so much to him. It is, therefore, only natural that his ideas concerning death and the life hereafter should be more poetical and less morbid than those of the whites with whom he came into contact; and though it is true that he has never troubled himself to think very deeply on the question of immortality, and that in consequence his conceptions of life are tinged with a sadness which to a less contented and happy race must be melancholy in the extreme, he had contrived to encrust the little he knows about the unknown with strikingly poetical fancies. Death to the Bushman is something different from what it means to the Boer. The hereafter to the former means here, in the present where he lives and works, and perhaps no race on earth believes so firmly in the truth which lies enshrined in the Benedictines' warning:

The hell ye fear, the heaven ye seek,
Are in yourselves alway.

The resurrection, so far as his knowledge goes, is confined to two things, the moon and the male ostrich. The one revives perpetually, month after month, shining over the veld in a blaze of silver that makes the rounded karroo nodules dazzling to look upon

¹ Theophilus Hahn, *Tsi el Gooam*. London. 1886.

² I have not attempted to give the signs for the cerebral and guttural clicks in these and other Bushman words in this article.

—the other comes to life again when its tail feathers drop into a running stream and are purged of the blood that is on them. All other beings die outright, for all other things have sinned, and in the Bushman language sin, guilt, and wickedness come from the same root as death, and mean “that which makes atonement in death.” For man there is only death, and the manner of that death depends on the measure of his evil. Atonement, vendetta, revenge or “the doing-in-return” is human retribution for human wrongdoing, but to a certain extent the Khoi-khoi believes in divine punishment, for his conception of a divinity is as clear as that of a future life for himself is vague and undefined. Of evil and evil spirits he has a very definite notion, but it is questionable whether he has not been influenced by the white man’s “devil” in assigning certain powers to his evil genii. In the abstract “Supreme Man” (*i.e.* God) is superior to all else, but in the concrete the powers of ghosts and evil spirits, fawnfeet, and jackal-coloured beings are too terrible for contemplation. Therefore to propitiate the fawnfeet, which are literally the shades of those who have died a devil’s death (old people who have perished by starvation), the baby’s little finger is cut off and burned. For this reason also the mother has to keep a fire burning until the umbilical cord of the child falls off and the navel heals, and the sacrifice will be useless if metal touches the flame or the smell of meat floats over it. It is the evil spirit that gives presentiments and that makes one shiver all over when something bad is going to happen. But the fawnfoot has no power to harm hereafter. His work is purely earthly, and consequently the Khoi-khoi sees no necessity for prayer. The natives, however, have never given a very clear account of their ideas concerning spiritual matters, and it is consequently difficult to define their superstitions correctly, the more so as the missionaries, animated no doubt by the purest motives, have put such constructions upon the simplest Bushman rites and practices that one cannot get any adequate notion of what the natives really meant. My own talks with Bushmen have convinced me that they have no doubts regarding their absolute oblivion, but owing to my ignorance of their language (which made it necessary to converse in Cape Dutch) it was impossible to find whether they had arrived at any such philosophical theory as the Buddhistic Nirvana. Dr. Hahn, who has paid considerable attention to the matter, does not express himself definitely upon the point, but what he has collected goes to show that though the Khoi-khoi has a belief in eternity (which in his language means “that which is without a point or extremity”) he has no fixed faith in im-

mortality except as regards the moon and the ostrich. He has various legends to explain death. I can well remember Outa Saul, a Bushman himself, though possibly not of the pure breed, telling me one variation of the story which is interesting enough to repeat. Outa Saul was a little man, typically Khoi-khoi in appearance, who herded cattle by day and smoked much *dagga* (hemp) in the evening, and who was not above telling the "young master" something of his past life, in return for a span of the hard Boer tobacco which lay in the "old master's" store-rooms. He spoke Bushman fluently, but for the reason already stated our conversation was carried on in the *Taal*, and possibly therefore his variations of the legend might have been influenced by what he had heard in church, for now and then, "for a change" as he expressed it, Outa Saul attended service in the mission church.

"Our little Lord in heaven," said the Outa, "once created (made) all things, you, little master, me, the sheep, and the white pebbles under the tiger krantz. And when he had made them he called the *geitjie* (gecko) and said to him, 'Little geitjie, go and tell man that he shall not die.' And little geitjie went, but loitered on the way, taking pleasure in catching flies and eating wasps' honey which he found in the holes under the stones. So the little Lord grew impatient and called the mountain swallow (bee-eater, *Merops apiaster*) and said to him, 'Go you now, little *berg swaal*, and say to man, "You shall die."' And the mountain swallow flew away and gave his message first, and that is why we all must die—you, little master, and I and my sheep. Goodness!"

In Kronlein's MSS. the legend is as follows: "Once upon a time the moon in heaven sent an insect to man on earth, saying, 'Go tell man, as I die and dying live, so also shall ye die, and dying live again.' The insect went and on its way was overtaken by a hare, who asked it what it was going to do. So the insect said, 'I am sent by the moon to tell man that even as she dies and lives again so also shall he die and live again.' And the hare said, 'I am of fleeter foot. Let me carry the message.' But on the way he forgot the message, so when he came to man he said, 'Moon says, as she dies and dying perishes, so also shall all of you die, and dying come wholly to an end.' For this the hare's nose was split by the moon, but nevertheless death came into the world." It is also the variation recounted by Alexander, who mentions as a fact that the Khoi-khoing may not eat hares' flesh after attaining to man's estate. Knudsen also tells the legend similarly.

Outa Saul had many other legends to relate. He knew of the tale of the angry girl who threw wood ashes into the sky and thus

gave origin to the Milky Way, and he firmly believed that some of the stars were men who had been transported to the heavens because a girl looked at them in anger. He knew about the mantis, who was an incarnate evil spirit, although he was not quite clear as to whether the insect was the ghost of one who had died a devil's death or merely possessed an evil and wicked soul. The mantis put bad thoughts in the side of one's throat where one could feel the throbbing of the veins, and where, according to Outa Saul, the moral preceptor some people call conscience dwelt. When the sky became covered with cirrus clouds, Saul knew that a white man had died or was about to die; and when one asked him how he could tell, he invariably replied, "When I am ghost I will know. Now I cannot tell." He knew also that if a hen attempted to crow, it was to warn her owner that death was near and that the most merciful thing her master could do was to wring her neck. He believed in the stars and knew them by name, although he said some of them were the eyes of dead men who had become ghosts, but not fawnfeet, else they would be roaming the earth, doing mischief and playing elfin tricks with his sheep. As he sat over his dagga-pot—a little hole scraped in the hard floor of his hut and filled with the dried leaves of the leonotis, which he smoked through a reed—he never liked to talk on these subjects. But outside on the open veld, herding his cattle and leisurely carving devices on his *kerrie*, he became much more communicative, and told the young masters many a fairy-tale and many a myth which time has not effaced from my mind. Most of these tales were interesting, and some of them have been taken up in Mr. Kronlein's collection. Of those several show very well that the authors had imagination and some poetical genius, and most of them express simple home truths in simple language. For instance, there is the story of "The Lion who would not listen to his Mother," which is admirably adapted to be taken up in a new anthology of moral tales, were it only for the lion mother's lament with which it concludes:

My son, oh my son, did I not tell thee
Beware of the one who has pinching weapons?
Of him with the white dogs,
Of him who walks quite straight,
Who has sharp spears and envenomed arrows.
Oh, strong son of the short-eared one,
Thou yellow child of the lion tail,
Son of her who eats flesh,
Of her who drinks pit water,
Why didst thou not hearken to what thy mother had told thee?

Another tale is that of the hyena whose children clamour for food and the mother yelps at them :

The fire threatens,
Stones threaten,
Assegais threaten,
Guns threaten,
Yet ye seek food from me, my children.
Do I get anything easily?

a song which probably gives expression to the feeling which its author had in the old times when Bushmen hunts were a species of sport in which white man as well as black took keen delight, and when the struggle for existence on the veld was far stronger than it is to-day.

All these folk-tales of the Bushmen, especially those which concern death or dying, abound in picturesque descriptions and in finely turned phrases. The lion, for example, died, "and his eyes were broken like a wind egg that is parched by the sun," and Heitsi Kabib in his struggle with the Evil One "breathed like the *aard vark* when it shovels up earth." The star Achenar is "God's digging-stick." Alpha, Beta, and Gamma Crucis are the three lions which had been slain by the elephant. Orion's belt becomes the three tortoises, who have, however, no special history of their own, and a man dies of starvation "like one who has eaten pigflower root"—the pigflower, or *Varkblom*, being the common arum (*Richardia africana*, R.B.), the root of which when eaten produces an insufferable feeling of strangulation owing to the swelling of the mucous membrane of the fauces which it provokes. Southey, in his "Commonplace Book, queries if the phrase "bitterness of death" is derived from the Talmudic legend of the angel of death dropping three drops of gall into the mouth of the dying man; but the veld-dwelling Bushmen use the same expression or a variation of it when they say, "Death is like *ghnarrah*," a peculiarly bitter astringent berry that grows on the veld.

It would take up too much space to give in detail the many smaller superstitions of the Bushmen, or to remark at length upon the curious practices which obtain amongst them with regard to the burying of the dead. Enough has been said to show the interest which lies in the study of Bushman folklore in general and the deathlore of the veld in particular. Philologists have tried to explain the fables of the veld by syntactical reasons, by supposing that the Khoi-khoi language is essentially sex-denoting, and that consequently the natives have endeavoured to ascribe virtues which

they themselves possess to inanimate things. But it is by no means an established and accepted fact that the language is sex-denoting, at least in the sense that Aryan or Semitic languages are, and it is reasonable to assume that the language, as well as the fables, which are merely the interpretation into language of the influences of external objects upon the minds of the natives, was moulded by the conditions of life and by the environment of the Khoi-khoi. No one who has lived on the veld and experienced the fascination which inevitably comes with long association with its surroundings can have doubted that it must have an influence upon the minds of those who live upon it, and the more refined, the more sensitive its dwellers are, the more susceptible will they be to that influence. The Boer, stolid and practical, and fortified by his religion, which has rid him of much of the faculty for seeing beauty in things which are not religious, has remained proof to a certain extent against that influence ; but even amongst the Boers one meets with instances where the glamour and magic of veld environment are not unappreciated. In the case of the Hottentot, who had neither a very fixed idea of a life hereafter nor an adequate conception of mine and thine as far as his relations with the white man were concerned, but who was highly impressionable to outside influences and endowed with a by no means rudimentary artistic sense which made him conscious of the beauties which he saw around him, centuries of veld life were bound to leave their mark not only upon his language but equally upon his faiths, his superstitions, and his beliefs. One need not go into philological abstractions to account for the modifications which this influence has tended to bring about. One need not go into the debateable question of the origin of the race. The facts are there. The highly developed literary activity, the mural paintings and clay-washed frescoes, and the fables and legends which one hears everywhere and which only need a student's energy and an enthusiast's pains-takingness to collect, all these offer sufficient material to enable one to say that the veld, by itself, did influence the men who dwelt on it, and that it did tend to modify their conceptions on great questions which have always engaged the attention of every race. White man and black man, living side by side, came under that influence. It reacted upon them, not similarly, for their natures were different, and the one had education and the knowledge of centuries of philosophical research to help him, while the other stood alone, with his bow and his arrow and his dog, to try to find out for himself how much the arid karroo, with its deep fissures and

sloping mounds, could teach him of eternity, of death, and of a life hereafter. Each influenced the other, but by the time the white man had fallen under the spell of the karroo, civilisation was already interfering and the newer influences were disturbing the calm serenity of veld life. The Boer has, therefore, never really had a chance of learning from his environment anything more than to make it less arid and more fertile ; and as he stood on a pedestal and read his Bible and went to the quarterly *Nachtmaal*, he despised the poor Khoi-koi, still bent upon "idol worship and fetish adoration" (a gross libel, by the way, upon the Bushman), forgetting that the latter had developed a higher moral code and a religion which, although it might not be as philosophic as the white man's, was nevertheless satisfactory to its believer, and that he had developed all this, not from what the past had taught him, but from his daily life on the veld and from the veld itself.

C. LOUIS LEIPOLDT.

BIRD-SONGS, BIRD-MATING, AND OTHER MATING.

I.

I HAVE recently been reviving my impressions of the arguments of Mr. Darwin and his disciples on what they call "sexual selection." A great man hits on an idea which he announces tentatively, and very soon scores of disciples are dogmatising on it. It is very much the same here as Mr. G. H. Lewes said it was with physiological experiments. A great man hits on something new, and indicates proof by experiment, and immediately thousands on thousands all over the world are active to repeat the experiment uselessly and sometimes even cruelly. Mr. Darwin did not dogmatise, he suggested possibilities; and especially true was this in regard to the point we have now in hand. Well for him that he did not dogmatise; for the theory will not hold absolutely in any one particular field. But see how far they have gone. Dr. Westermarck thinks he has proved that all ornaments and tattooings on savage men and women have but one aim, to "aid them in courting successfully and being courted," like the fuller colouring, it is assumed, on animals at mating time. But even there the rule has many exceptions, for, in some cases, where the cock sits on the nest as well as the hen, the hen is the more brilliantly coloured. All other aims or purposes, religious or directed to secure tribal unity and solidarity, are but secondary and subordinate, and this notwithstanding that with some tribes the women are tattooed but not the men, in others the men but not the women; while some tribes, again, paint or make cicatrices on or tattoo children only a few days old, and these very children, as among the Australians—as Sir George Grey tells—are betrothed as mere children and have no sort of freedom in the bestowal of their affections or in disposing of themselves in any way. There is left no room for courtship in our sense of it. Tattooing there seems rather thrown away, on Westermarck's idea of it. Then there are many tribes which tattoo the women only

after marriage, or partially tattoo them after marriage, this post-marital tattooing standing to them as the wedding-ring does to us ; and surely, though in very exceptional cases the wedding-ring may be used ill, he would be a very, very strange reasoner who would argue that its primary purpose was to attract the miscellaneous regards of the other sex. In at least one case the name or sign of the dead husband is tattooed on the widow's tongue—what do the Westermarckians say to that ? Is that, even among "savage" men, a marking likely to attract the miscellaneous regards of the males ?

The subject is of more importance, both from the natural-history point of view and from that of human development, than it might at first sight seem, for the whole theory is based on the idea that the analogy between men and animals is complete ; that as the animals put on, through the action of involuntary laws, gay colours at the mating time, so do early or savage men, in a half-involuntary and inevitable way, put on ornaments for the selfsame purpose. Mr. Darwin, cautious as he was in some ways, reasoned himself into some very strange positions ; one, for example, was that man's whole mental or moral nature had been developed from animal nature, and that if he were once again thrown into certain circumstances he would fall back on the mere animal plane ; a theory Mr. Grant Allen *aimed* at illustrating in many stories. One point they all lose sight of. It is very curious indeed that neither Mr. Darwin nor any of the very ingenious illustrators of his doctrine has, so far as I am aware, pointed out, not to speak of having dealt so far with, the modifying elements that must step into human life, however dark or savage, by the very act that human beings not only like animals beget, but form families—families and tribes following in a sense that no animals ever form. Early man's greatest delight as well as his greatest terror circled round this. Before that he was, it may be, in so far like the brute, concerned only with the serious business of getting food and shelter and protecting himself against wild beasts ; with the advent of progeny all is changed. He becomes at one step a rude thinker ; and he becomes distinctively a rude thinker because now he differs from all known animals in having laid hold on a crude altruism which remains with him.

This is a consideration well worth being taken into account in association with or in addition to the suggestive statement of Dr. A. Russel Wallace, which may well give pause to Darwinian thought in certain directions : "The assumption that varieties occurring in a state of nature are in all respects analogous to, or even identical with, those of domestic animals, and are governed by the same laws

as regards their permanence and further variation, is altogether false," and in support of this I must add that the illustrations Dr. Wallace gives of the way in which the increase or even the existence of a variety is affected by the risks of want of food or scarcity of food are wholly convincing, and this, taken in connection with the further statement of Dr. Wallace to the effect that "man as we now behold him is different from the animals in that he is social and sympathetic : in the rudest tribes the sick are assisted at least with food ; less robust health and vigour than the average does not entail death ; and neither does the want of perfect limbs or other organs produce the same effects as among animals," is conclusive—the facts pointing exactly in the same direction as we specially wish to go.

II.

One of the most pathetic things about animals, indeed, is that, with few exceptions, the moment the time of nurture—during which so much self-denial and bravery in defence of the helpless young was shown—is over, the brood or litter is not only cast adrift, not recognised as theirs by the parents any more, but forgotten so utterly that they will, if met with, not seldom be cruelly driven off and dealt with as enemies.¹ It is not so with man, and this fact introduces elements distinctive of human society and development, never found among the animals, or even the most remote hint of it. This idea seems to have made a great impression on White of Selborne, who thus writes, and in so touching a manner that I must beg leave to quote the whole passage, for which, I am sure, most of my readers will thank me.

"The more I reflect on the *σποργή* of animals, the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of the affection more wonderful than the shortness of its duration. Thus every hen is, in her turn, the virago of the yard, in proportion to the helplessness

¹ One of the exceptions noted above among birds is the beautiful little goldcrest, which builds so unique a hang-nest at the very tip of pine or cedar branch. It keeps the young ones all together with it *en famille* as long as it can, till next spring in some cases ; and a very pretty sight it is to see and watch them ; while, on the other hand, the much-petted robin redbreast is one of the most cruel of parents, mercilessly driving off the young ones on being able to feed themselves from the nursing ground, and sometimes, it is a fact, the young ones are killed by the parents in this struggle, or one or other of the parents by the young ones.

Though the goldcrests of our islands are usually residents, we have vast migrations from the colder north in winter, precisely as with the starling, field-fare, and some other birds.

of her brood, and will fly in the face of a dog or a sow in defence of those chickens which *in a few weeks she will drive before her and from her in relentless cruelty.*

"This affection sublimates the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Thus a hen just become a mother is no longer that placid bird she used to be, but, with feathers standing on end, wings hovering, and clucking note, she runs about like one possessed.

"The fly-catcher of the *Zoology* (the *Stoparola* of Ray) builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that would follow. But a hot season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection from the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young had not affection suggested an expedient and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded and mouths gasping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring.

"A further instance I once saw of notable sagacity in a willow-wren which had built in a bank in my fields. This bird a friend and myself had observed as she sat in her nest, but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though we saw she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after as we passed that way we were desirous of remarking how this brood went on, but no nest could be found till I happened to take a large bundle of long green moss, as it were carelessly thrown over the nest, in order to dodge the eye of any impertinent intruder."

The chaffinch will sometimes do the same thing, weaving the most elaborately careless screen eyes ever saw over or in front of the nest if observed or if the situation turns out more exposed than was expected ; and all this without any hope or expectation of reward in lifelong recognition which man has joys in. There is this "great gulf fixed" between man and the lower animals which must, when closely looked into, invalidate much of the theorising which would fain slump them up together under a law of sexual selection or any other such law.

III.

Alexander Smith in his "Life Drama" has a fine image :

As music is to marching men,
So song is to humanity.

Love-songs are often fine marching songs, as witness "The girl I left behind me." The analogy with the songs of birds and fighting is exact. Their love-song not seldom is their war-song, only sung in a rather higher or sharper key. They will sing when fighting, but invariably there is this touch of shrillness. Linnets in pairing time sometimes fight as sparrows do, and will sing when fighting, only then the recurrent *te-a, te-a* in their song is in especial much sharper.

I insert here a scrap from an article of Mr. Witchell in *Knowledge*, with which I agree, only emphasising the fact that I do not think Mr. Witchell sufficiently estimates the general shrillness in tone then.

"If a singing robin be watched, and especially in autumn, he will be seen to attack any other singing robin which may be near; yet the birds will be singing all the while, and their songs will be like the ordinary songs of the species, though a trifle sharper in tone. The music is evidently intended to convey the animosity of the birds. The hedge-sparrow twitters in quite a subdued tone when fighting; yet it nevertheless seems to be singing. The willow-wren sings its ordinary song when about to attack a rival. The chiffchaff, however, does not employ his cheerful strain on the like occasion. The nightingale is somewhat pugnacious, and I have several times seen two fighting (I once saw three), but no song notes were then given."

Mr. Hudson in his most interesting book, "The Naturalist in La Plata," has a most able and suggestive chapter entitled "Music and Dancing in Nature." There he certainly gives no sanction to the idea that birds' songs or that even birds' dancings and social celebrations are in any way special to periods of love and sexual selection, finding instances, full and many, of such ebullitions of gladness even after pairing; and he cites, as well he may, as illustrative here, and as completely refuting the notion of such performances having for end only sexual selection, the case of the spur-winged lapwing, which indulges in a most remarkable triple dance. "Two birds already mated," he tells, "call in a third to complete the set." Here, in regard to none of the three can the sexual selection theory at all apply. He gives illustrations, by fine engravings, of the dance of the Ypecaha rails, of the wing display of jacanas showing effectually the arrangement of "grouped wings," and also cites the proceedings of the scissor-tail tyrant bird and the woodhewers (or *Dendrocolaptidae*). His definite results may be thus summed up, that "when courtship begins it increases the beauty and vigour of the performances, but it does not originate them." Some exceptional cases there are as to

song indeed ; " some birds that are good melodists sing in a feeble, disjointed manner during courtship," this being true of one of the mocking birds of La Plata, not to name others. He also remarks very aptly that some of the male migrant birds on recovering from the effects of a long journey after arrival burst out into glad strains of song (and very noticeably is this the case, as we have ourselves over and over again observed, with the earliest to return of our migrants, the dainty brown little chifchaff), and this days before the females arrive in our country.

Mr. Hudson's conclusion is that birds are subject to unmistakable periodical fits of gladness—the cause of dancing &c. He tells us he has stood watching a flock of plovers feeding, when suddenly one of them would run and playfully pretend to peck some of the others, and that then the whole group would give themselves up to the most uncontrollable fun, running wildly about pretending to peck and chase each other round and round, and so on.¹

That was certainly the case with my canaries. Suddenly one would be seized with the desire to have some fun, and would peck at the tail or toes of another, then fly round the room, the pecked one following, while another one or two followed, and so on, again and again. The more cautious linnets, wondering and observant, would sit as if questioning each other, and then, overcome by the merriment, would join it in shorter circles ; and then the canaries would settle, and in their turn look as though questioning and wondering, as though they said, " What have you little darkies got to do with it ? The game isn't yours, only ours ; so pray keep out of it or make a little game all by yourselves."

IV.

The followers of Darwin have even gone so far as to lay it down that the whole aim, purpose, and motive of birds' songs is sexual selection. This is almost *funny* to one who has studied birds, their ways and songs. Who that has listened to the sweet, sweet dropping song of the robin in October or even in November could subscribe to this ? Who that has ever heard a lark in January, while yet the snow lay in patches on the ground, rising, circling, and sending out his piercing notes, could credit this ? Who that has paused in his walk in December to listen, rapt and grateful, to the mellow song of the thrush—made mellow almost as it comes through the clear frosty air—could agree with this ? Who that has sat in his garden and heard the chaffinch, during some gracious sun-glint in the winter

¹ Pp. 275–289.

afternoon, pouring forth his pleasant lay, could with patience listen to the scientific speculator heaping up his one-sided arguments to prove this? Who could credit this that has been enchanted by the sweet soft song of the little dipper, as the late Duke of Argyll had been (see "The Unity of Nature," p. 81), discoursed in mid-winter from the stone, rimmed with ice, in the centre of the stream, and when the air is clear, keen, and frosty? And who that in a mild, fresh, frostless day of December, when a south-west wind becomes balmy, has sat and enjoyed the liquid, soft, gracious song of the wren, could agree to this? The songs of our native birds, not a few of them, in and even after autumn, when they have successfully passed through their moult, are less strong, varied, vibrant, and penetrating, but are certainly softer, sweeter, more insinuating and mellow than even in the spring.

A well-known writer in the *Cornhill*, when describing "My Pool," takes occasion to celebrate the rich chorus of song with which he is treated in his visits there in mid-winter :—

"A quiet winter afternoon just before Christmas. We are enjoying that 'dark, still, dry, warm weather' occasionally happening in the winter months, about which Gilbert White wrote in verse. There is a great charm in it. A charm in the short winter afternoon, with soft grey sky and mild atmosphere; in the yellow of the damp grass and the sweet smell of the fallen and decaying leaves. The song thrushes are singing again now, morning and evening, not quite so full and gladsome a song as that of spring, but a quiet, hopeful melody, reminding one of that season to which earth and nature will surely wake. The robin's winter song is heard in all directions, and we have, too, occasionally, the sweet wild strains of the mistletoe thrush; the hurried song also of the wren; the modest but cheery rippling notes of the hedge-sparrow; and the chatter and whistling of the starling, though these three sing more in the morning. Truly the winter choir is a full one, as sweet, if not so rich, as that of May."

Father Gerard has most discriminatingly said, with precisely the same drift :—

"Brilliancy of colour sometimes manifests itself at a season when the selective preference of a mate cannot account for its genesis. The Redpoll, for instance, in spring, has but a faint tinge of crimson on its forehead, which develops into richer tints as the season advances to the time of the great moult which follows, being then at its best when the breeding season is done. A phenomenon of similar import is presented by the autumn song of the robin which cannot

be accounted for, like spring melodies, by the advantage which it gives the singer in securing a partner."¹

Mr. Waterton has these wise and well-weighed words:—

"We are informed that incubation is the main inducement to melody in the feathered tribe. In disproof of this we have only to step out after sunrise into the surrounding evergreens, and there we are sure to hear either the wren, the hedge-sparrow, or the robin in fine song, although not a single twig has been laid or a piece of moss produced in furtherance of a nest wherein to raise their future young. Certainly, in this case, neither love nor warmth could have had any hand in tuning the winter lyre of these little sons of Orpheus."²

And further yet, what of some of our sweetest-throated migrants whose note is heard in our woods and by our streams before the females appear? On the principles of the Darwinians they act a very foolish part in singing so when there are none of the other sex to hear them. Perhaps they would urge "practising"; but, most unfortunately for them, these are just the very cases where they do not need to practise, and are "wasting their sweetness on the desert air"—in some cases the song is just as perfect at the first start as at the close of the season. Who that has kept cage-birds, that, save for the moulting time, sing many of them through the whole year, though they are solitary (and all the better if solitary with some) and have no view of females whatever, could go with this? What explanation can on their principle be given that certain cage-birds, some canaries, but also certain wild birds tamed, red-breasts for one class, will sing and sing lustily so long as there is bright light beside them? Some keepers of public-houses know this so well that they are fond of certain cage-birds, which give their song even up to closing time—the song, that is, to the wine, beer, &c. of their customers—so that they have night as well as day music if even they do not employ a band! Knowing that that genuine bird-lover and careful and close observer, Mr. W. Warde Fowler, of Oxford, had expressed himself to fellow-ornithologists to this effect, I turned to his latest book, "Summer Studies in Bird-life," and found that he was wholly at one with me in this matter. So decided, yet so guarded and determined to press no point too far, is he that his philosophic sentences may steady and give weight to mine on this point. Here are his most persuasive passages on the question:—

"It is, indeed, almost impossible for anyone who lives all the

¹ *Science and Scientists*, p. 98.

² *Essays on Natural History*, second series, p. 93.

year round among birds to accept this theory as an adequate explanation of song, as it is now used by many species; and I should doubt whether it supplies us even with a sufficient reason for the primeval origin of song. With all my reverence for the great naturalist, I can hardly persuade myself that his view is here entirely in keeping with the general tenor of animal life, of which the force and spontaneity and enjoyment are surely not all derived from one set of emotions. Persistence in singing long after the breeding season is noticeable in some birds, and is especially well known in the case of the robin, the common wren, the thrush, the hedge-sparrow, the chaffinch, the great tit; and a near relation of the yellowhammer, the corn-bunting, will also sing the greater part of the year—the first three in every month from January to December.”

With these birds, indeed, silence is only observed during the severe stages of the moult in July and early August. And Mr. Warde Fowler well celebrates the autumn song of these:—

“That autumn song is to me always peculiarly sweet and pleasant. It is the natural outpouring, I think, of high spirits and happiness, after a period of illness and change has been successfully passed. . . . *I look on singing and courting as both flowing from the same cause, viz. renewed health and spirits and enjoyment.* I remember once at Knaresborough, and again in Nidderdale three years ago, in fine weather, finding every garden and hedge echoing with the songs of robins the first day or two of October; and had all these songs meant love-making or quarrelling, I must have seen something more of it than I did. And they could hardly have meant mere practising: *if constant listening to birds' voices can give one any idea of their meaning, then I think I have a right to say that these robins were singing from pure enjoyment of the autumn sunshine, of the abundance of food and moisture, of freshness of bodily health and comfort.* . . . It is indeed hardly possible to dissociate a bird's song from its surroundings; and the robin in November, the blackbird in February, the dipper by a trout-stream, or the chaffinch's ringing notes in March, all have a special charm of their own which is not derived solely from the melody of the bird.”

But Darwin himself, unlike some of his followers, clearly saw this, and at least made the endeavour to meet it and explain it.

“That the habit of singing is sometimes quite independent of love is clear, for a sterile hybrid canary-bird has been described as singing while viewing itself in a mirror and then dashing at its own image; it likewise attacked with fury a female canary when put into the same cage. It is not at all surprising that male birds should

continue singing [to sing?] for their own amusement after the season of courtship is over.”¹

“For their own amusement” here is not a happy term. The song of various birds seems just as serious in autumn or early winter as it does in the spring and early summer; indeed, the idea of their own amusement introduces a reflective self-conscious element such as on Darwin’s theory he should have been the last to suggest.

But surely Mr. Darwin does not here wish to give the impression that canary hybrids are usually or necessarily sterile. I have had scores, and none of them were sterile; and even if they were it does not by any means necessarily follow that they were without sexual desire—the two things are quite different—and I wish much I had had the opportunity to ask Mr. Darwin for his grounds for assumption of absolute sterility of this case. I write thus for truth’s sake: the case as Mr. Darwin states it of course makes for my argument here.

“Canaries pair not only among themselves, they form connections foreign to their species, and, provided the analogy is not too remote, produce fruitful mules. . . . Mules of serin, citril finches, siskins, goldfinches, are fruitful. Their first eggs, however, are very small and the young hatched from them very weak, but the next year the eggs become larger and the young stronger and more robust.”²

In the section on “The Canary Bird,” in “Domestication,” vol. i. p. 295, Mr. Darwin speaks of “the hybrids as almost completely fertile.”

And yet there can be no mistake about it that among large classes of birds there is systematic practising of song. Often when in the recesses of a wood you lie quite still suddenly you will hear a blackbird or thrush raise a strain different from the ordinary song, in that it runs on a bar of a few lower and finer notes repeated and repeated. Sometimes it may be partially stolen from another bird, occasionally the nightingale. I have not heard any but what are called resident birds do this kind of retired practising, never the blackcap, garden-warbler, or indeed any of the warblers; at all events not in the same set, methodic way; it may be that they do their practising elsewhere over the sea and return here ready with what approaches to their full song. To settle that matter one would need to spend years elsewhere and devote day and almost

¹ *Descent of Man*, p. 571.

² Gould, *My Canary-book*, pp. 90, 91.

night to watching and listening. But what was my surprise just some days after having written the above to find in turning over the pages of odd numbers of the *American Naturalist*, in search of something else, to find the following in an article on "The Development of Bird-language," by Samuel N. Rhoades, in March 1889, p. 91 :—

"Among the North American Turdidæ are several species which habitually retire to more secluded portions of the forest haunt to rehearse, in critical undertone, difficult bars and passages of the favourite song ; and it is demonstrably true that the older and more experienced of these vocalists surpass the younger by reason of their long practices. In this respect bird-language has developed into a fine art analogous to the attainment made in bird architecture, as exemplified by the play-houses of the bower bird and two American wrens (*Troglodytes ædon* and *Cistothorus palustris*) and in the ornate embellishments of their nests by the Trochilidæ and Vireonidæ."

Here, too, it is plain that the devices of men in training birds and in developing fully the gift of song in them are already anticipated in nature and practised by the birds themselves ; another illustration—and a forcible one—that, as Mr. Darwin held, if there were not in this way tendencies to vary and to improve in the creatures themselves men could do nothing in that direction. The bent is in the birds, laid there by nature, else men could do nothing. The dark-bowers used by the Harz and other canary trainers is anticipated in the retreat of practising birds, thrushes and others, into the more shaded and darker recesses of woods to try to improve their notes in solitude ! One of my pet linnets had quite a fancy for singing several canary notes, and when resting in favourite spots quietly would suddenly come out with a canary note or call (very different from the linnet note or call, kea-kea, tuckee, &c.) and would, once begun, go on repeating it carefully and critically till the canaries would look at each other and talk about it as though they said, "Is it possible that darkie can ever become really one of us?"

V.

Another very remarkable point may be dealt with here. Love-songs and kissing are not far apart, and, indeed, most frequently go together. Now I find Mr. G. D. Leslie, in "Letters to Marco," venturing on the assertion—led to it by seeing two birds kissing—that "birds, I believe, are not much given to kissing" (p. 214). I

have been so delighted with Mr. Leslie's books that I am reluctant to disagree with him, but here I must. I have kept all manner of pet birds, and have bred with almost all of them, having at one time or another got some fine mules. Will Mr. Leslie pardon me if I say that kissing—"billing and cooing"—is a most essential part of the breeding process? I shall not say that my observations are exhaustive, but in all cases of successful breeding on my part there has not only been the kissing, but even a real or pretended feeding, and sometimes a great deal of it. In one case I put a fine spangled or lizard canary cock with a linnet hen, intending to set the eggs under a canary hen when I got them; but, though all the processes of breeding were gone through except the kissing, the linnet's sharp beak rather, I confess, keeping my canary at a distance—a thing he never completely got over—I had no eggs, or had only eggs that were without true yolks, and, in this case, was disappointed in getting linnet mules. Eggs, infertile eggs, are got from birds that have not undergone the other processes of breeding, but have been kissed or fed through cage wires. My notion is, though I may be wrong, that the kissing contributes, in the case of some birds at all events, a certain decisive element in the production of fruitful eggs, and I am the more convinced of this, that the year before last I was privileged to witness the wren's wooing, and after a great deal of dancing and pirouetting round the hen there was an unmistakable "billing and cooing."

The habit of billing has been most noticed in the domestic pigeon, but the dove is in this respect no exception. As I have said, all the birds I have kept caged, at breeding time especially, largely indulged in it; and, even after it, if cock and hen were together, the former, just like a human being, would sometimes be seized with a sudden access of affectionate feeling and would *kiss his mate*, and after that, for a considerable little while, talk to her, as though of past times of delight and rearing of young. Dryden speaks of

The strong pounced eagle and the billing dove,

and the "Encyclopædic Dictionary" gives as the meaning of billing the act of joining bills as doves [and many other birds] "do in token of affection." So that this habit of birds joining beaks and kissing has given us, and quite correctly, a very strong idiomatic expression in *billing* and cooing.

Mr. Witchell, in his article on "The Love-gifts of Birds," in *Knowledge* for April 1899, gives no idea of the extent of this habit.

He says: "When, before birds have a nest, and apparently before they have paired, the male gives the female morsels of food, it is fair to assume that this courtesy is intended as an earnest of passion—that it is, in fact, a love-gift. One of the indications of pairing by pigeons is the insertion of the beak of the male into that of the female, and this is accompanied by a shuffling of the wings exactly as occurs when the young are fed. Homers never omit this performance before pairing. The male homer is passionately fond of his home, his mate, and his young. But though his mate is a model wife, he is not a model husband, and often, especially if a strong flier, he is likely to bring domestic troubles into the life of any unmated young female bird in the loft."

The thing is absolutely common to all small birds, soft-billed or hard-billed, that I have had the opportunity of watching before or at mating time, and, as said already in the case of all birds I have kept and bred, it was the invariable, and, I believe, absolutely necessary accompaniment and complement of other processes of mating towards the true result—progeny.

I have kept almost all kinds of pet birds, and have most carefully observed them on this point. The true mating song varies from the ordinary song both in itself—it is louder, more insistent, and hurried, the notes heaped the one on the other—and it has special accompaniments in action. The bird lowers his tail, droops his wings, and inclines to a kind of dance motion, swaying from right to left and from left to right, lifting his feet very high, and, like the pigeons, inclines to run round the mate with the head lowered, and I have seen a cock do this—a cock bullfinch as well as a cock canary. And, if the hen flies away, as she will often do, when, as in our case, the birds have free flight in a room or rooms, then the cock will pursue her, singing shrilly as he flies, his tail spread out to the full and turned down, and his feathers raised on his head like a crest, which gives him quite a different expression for the moment from his usual one. Then again, when the hen is sitting on eggs, or still busily engaged in the work of feeding the young ones, the cock will often begin this kind of thing, which she very properly stops by setting up her feathers and throwing out her wings and "going for him" (since she now has her exacting duties to attend to and has no time to waste in such frivolous indulgences). At no time have I ever seen a hen go for a cock even during incubation in this way when he indulged only the ordinary song—that seemed rather to be enjoyed by her—but when off the nest at brooding time often and often have I seen the cock run at and beaten off (nothing less) by the hen when

he began the other and true mating song ; so that a difference is, at all events, recognised by the birds themselves, whatever the defenders and discoverers of sexual selection in all birds' songs may say.

No ; neither close students of human development nor practised ornithologists and careful observers of birds and other animals will or can agree with the tendency of Darwinian thought when it would fain demonstrate that even birds' song has no aim or purpose beyond the utilitarian and utterly prosaic one of securing the mate, not to speak of an accompaniment in the laborious work of rearing the young, which indeed, as Master Cockbird must sometimes feel, is a drawback on his perfect freedom of mating. Yet here it must, in justice to these creatures, be said that generally duty prevails, and the young are not deserted nor neglected.

Tennant, in his "Anster Fair," has a very happy image, which much delighted Jeffrey (see *The Edinburgh Review*, November 1814, p. 181), derived from the very fact of "billing and cooing" in doves :

And as two doves of plummy-varnisht throat
Sit billing in their dove-cot's nested hole,
Their liquid wee lips twitter kisses hot
In fond commutuality of soul,¹

so his lovers rush into fond and close embrace, and kiss each other.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

¹ And, by the way, a small literary point here. "R.L.S.," at one place, referring to Tennant's "Anster Fair," speaks of it as a "vernacular poem." It is in no proper sense vernacular, as indeed the above stanza will show. Only such common and universally used words now as "wee" and "bonny" are used in it. "R.L.S." had either never read it or had, for once, quite unaccountably forgotten. I do not think Mr. Sidney Colvin corrected the lapse either, as he might well have done.

A FAMOUS OLD ITALIAN THEATRE.

AN admirable corrective to the sense of gloom and desolation left upon one by the reading in "Pictures from Italy" of Dickens's impressive account of his visit to the mouldering and rat-haunted theatre of Parma is afforded by the Wynn Ellis collection in the National Gallery, wherein reposes Ferdinando Bibiena's painting of this identical Teatro Farnese at the height of its splendour. Nothing in the way of contrasts could well be more startling than these two records. Stolid and ill-educated must be the spectator who can look for long at Bibiena's superb picture without feeling that the work conveys an especial message from bygone Italy. The essential typicalness of this ducal theatre can readily be conceived by bearing in mind that it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that properly constituted public playhouses (and then only in Venice) were known in Italy. Before that the indigenous drama was a delicate hothouse plant, deriving its nurture from the caprices of the nobility. It had moments of splendid blossoming, but its culture was neither sedulous nor rational. That transfusion of the red corpuscles of the people which endowed the Elizabethan drama with such wondrous vitality was utterly lacking in the anæmic classicalities of the Italian renaissance. What reflex of contemporary manners, or what comment on the seething life around, could be hoped for from a purely academic drama, compelled to evolve as best it could in the private playhouses of the grand seigniors, who looked upon theatrical representations as a matter of show and splendour, a thing to be resorted to on the occasion of a great wedding, or some such event, and then laid aside? To dazzle and surprise being the only aim, magnificence was attained by developing the pictorial side of dramatic art in conjunction with the sensuous charm of music. Here, in a nutshell, we have the secret of Italy's lack of a great national drama, and equally of her right to the motherhood of the opera. Thus it was that at the time when the English drama had reached the height of

its poetic and intellectual significance, when the maturer plays of Shakespeare were being performed on a rush-strewn and tapestry-hung stage, the enervate Italian drama was still choked by the dust of ages, although the Italian theatre had already a sensible system of movable scenery. It was eminently characteristic of the Renaissance that the artists who supplied the scenic accessories were of equal, if not greater, capacity to the dramatists whose works they mounted. Side by side with the names of Dovizio, Ariosto, and Trissino one does not hesitate to place those of Raphael, Aristotile, and Peruzzi. Equal splendour of decoration reigned on both sides of the curtain. Let us not forget that Mantegna's "Triumphs of Cæsar" were painted to adorn the auditorium of the ducal theatre at Milan. So early was the science of stage illusion discussed and comprehended that a treatise on the subject, by Ingegneri, was published at Ferrara in 1598. What time William Shakespeare was giving "Hamlet" to the world, the first opera had blossomed forth at Florence. Already a degree of scenic splendour had been achieved of which England was to enjoy a faint reflex in the highly ornate masques of the early Stuart period. In conceding to Italy this pristine supremacy in matters of *mise-en-scène* we but prepare ourselves for the surprises in Bibiena's painting.

As erected within the palace by Duke Ranuccio in 1619, and first made use of in 1628 on the occasion of the marriage of Duke Odoardo with the Princess Margaret of Tuscany, the Teatro Farnese of Parma was a vast wooden edifice capable of accommodating over 4,000 spectators. Giambattista Alleotti, a pupil of Palladio, was responsible for its construction. Next to its spaciousness—and it was the largest playhouse of its time—the one thing that struck Addison was its perfect acoustic properties. Not only was it vast in proportions, but "at the same time so admirably well contrived that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be distinctly heard to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering-place; and yet, if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the slightest confusion."¹

In touching upon the auditorium of the Teatro Farnese in his "Essai sur l'Histoire du Théâtre," M. Germain Bapst points out that it was the last theatre in Italy to be constructed after modern ideas of ancient methods of seating. He might have added that it illustrated the parting of the ways, for if it was the last house to reproduce the ancient amphitheatre and orchestra, quaintly enough, it was the first to utilise private boxes much as we have them now.

¹ *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, London, 1718.

Past and future met in a disagreeable architectural compromise. The boxes surmounting the amphitheatre gave isolation to the great, but were ill designed for seeing from ; and it seems not at all unlikely that they were frequently deserted in favour of the bare space, or "orchestra," immediately in front of the stage, as indicated in Bibiena's work. Many points of interest are presented by this pictorial record, the execution of which is assigned by M. Bapst to 1725, a date quite a score of years beyond the mark. As early as 1690, Ferdinando Galli, otherwise Bibiena, was in the service of the Duke of Parma, and in that year painted one of the scenes for a fantastic musical drama, "*Il Favore degli Dei*," represented in the Farnese theatre in celebration of the nuptials of Prince Odoardo and the Princess Dorotea Sofia di Neoburgo. It was a very comprehensive production, for the action took place on land, on sea, in heaven, and in hell ! Machinists and scene-painters were brought from Venice for its better mounting. The curious will find a copy of the rare book of this opera in the British Museum library. The illustrations show six of the scenes, some with elaborate mechanism of descending palaces, of flying angels, and of deities on moving clouds.

The statement originally made in Bryan's "*Dictionary of Painters*," and somewhat incautiously repeated in Mr. E. T. Cook's "*Handbook to the National Gallery*," that the play shown in action in Bibiena's painting is "*Othello*," is apparently an unjustifiable guess based on the circumstance that the central personage is of undoubted sable hue. Opera, mostly of a mythological tone, was the only fare at the Farnese theatre of those days, and we have yet to learn of a musical treatment of the woes of the Moor at so early a period in Italy.

With this painting as evidence, M. Bapst arrives at the conclusion that the Farnese theatre was unable to boast a roller curtain, and that the scene was shut off by draperies raised by curtain bands. At the first blush this seems a very natural inference to draw from the presence round the proscenium of a meagre bordering of crimson drapery ; but more searching inquiry shows that corroborative evidence is required for the establishment of the conjecture. If we take a line through the early Stuart masques, as mounted by Inigo Jones in the high Italian manner, we shall arrive at the conclusion that the crimson bordering was merely proscenium drapery, and that a curtain of some kind was used as well. Besides being furnished with a curtain, Davenant's masque of "*The Temple of Love*" (1635) had a provision of crimson drapery round the proscenium, "tack'd up in several pleats," and fastened at each corner in great knots. The

remainder hung down in folds to the bottom of the pedestals. Three years later, a similar arrangement was seen in the masque of "Britannia Triumphans."

In scrutinising the scene depicted—it was probably Bibiena's own work, for it has all his characteristics—considerable allowance must be made for the gloss of composition. How necessary a certain measure of idealisation was in this case may be arrived at by examining a flash-light photograph of one of the most striking stage settings of to-day. Translated into another medium, the whole seems bald and flat. One feels oppressed by the drab theatricality of the thing. It will be wise for us, therefore, to look upon Bibiena's depiction in the light of a design for a scene rather than as an uncompromising transcript of the scene itself. In the painter's time the *plafond* shown was not theatrically realisable, and the scheme of stage lighting, sound as it was, hardly admitted of the effects indicated. After bearing all these points in mind, not forgetting meanwhile that this particular scene had to be constructed for rapid setting and equally rapid removal—for the opera of the period demanded great variety in the scenery—one arrives reluctantly at the conclusion that the masters of latter-day scenic art are only laboriously re-discovering systems long practised, and as long forgotten, in Italy. Lest it should be thought that my assumption is hasty and based upon insufficient data, let me add that there exist certain fine old Viennese engravings of eighteenth-century stage scenery, the work of Joseph Galli Bibiena, the worthy son of Ferdinando, in which the setting is equally grandiose and opulent with that in the National Gallery painting. Of one of these designs the best of our present-day scene-builders might safely be challenged to translate all its components into the stage architectonics of the hour. Personally, I never think of the glorious architectural dreams of the Bibienas without recalling to mind what Roscoe said of the Chevalier Giambattista Piranesi, who found it so difficult in latter days to obtain adequate employment for his extraordinary talents that he turned for consolation to the designing of imaginary buildings, "which rise pile above pile in towering sublimity, and present to the eye masses of architecture which the labour of ages could not accomplish, and of which the revenues of kingdoms would not defray the expense." Profuse as it was in its ornamental and decorative aspects, the architectural art of Ferdinando Bibiena (1657-1743) and his brother Francesco (1659-1739) was not so impracticable; but it was a luxury that none but princes could afford. The genius of the brothers was frankly and unmistakably theatrical, and it is in theatrical annals, as

pioneers of scenic reform, that their memory will be kept green. Writing in 1736, Riccoboni informs us that "the two Bibienas, those eminent architects and celebrated painters, now alive, have convinced all Europe by their grand decorations that a theatre may be adorned without machinery, not only with as much magnificence, but with more propriety." Hence a sudden alteration in the trend of Italian opera, which, in abandoning its magical surprises, relegated to limbo all the conventional gods and goddesses, with their equipage of flying clouds and descending palaces. Moreover, a masterly knowledge of perspective enabled Ferdinando Bibiena to institute the most vital scenic reform of modern times. Count Algarotti, in his "Essay on the Opera," authoritatively attributes to him the introduction of "accidental points, or rather the invention of viewing scenes by the angle," which he adds, "produces the finest effect imaginable." This innovation, dating from the close of the seventeenth century, was that of the oblique, as opposed to the old monotonous rectangular setting. Before Bibiena's time the vanishing point was invariably placed in the centre of the horizon, and the scene so symmetrically balanced as to be icily regular, splendidly null. By shifting his vanishing point to the right or left, and raking the scene obliquely, Bibiena not only arrived at effects of unexampled picturesqueness, but gave to the scene an increase in both actual and apparent depth. As the system is commonly practised now, I may point out in corroboration of this that if in staging a rectangular chamber the scene-builder sets his construction at the perspective angle instead of placing it square to the proscenium opening, the result will be that the wall so set becomes the hypotenuse of a rectangle instead of one of its sides. France has persistently claimed for Servandoni the honour of having inaugurated the oblique system, purely on the count that he was the first in that country to demonstrate its gratefulness. Your French historian has gifts of research and wonderful assiduity, but on one point he is painfully obtuse—he never admits of outer influences. Algarotti wrote too soon after the event for his authority to be impeached. In his eyes Ferdinando Bibiena was "the Paul Veronese of the theatre," for, "like him, he enjoyed the glory of raising his art to the summit, so far as relates to the magnificent, and to a certain degree of the marvellous." Unfortunately, his pupils perpetuated his vices of style without reproducing his virtues, and, great as was his mastery of stage illusion, his art died with him.

POLLY.

HE slammed the front door and went down the garden path, muttering to himself (the most audible word being a one-syllable one, not fit for publication), while his sister sat at the breakfast-table with an aggravating smile of triumph on her lips, and the newspaper lay on the floor at her feet.

The inhabitants of the little town of Z—— had long since arrived at the conclusion that it would be difficult to find a more disagreeable couple than Mr. Willett and his sister. They had spent all their lives together, and each year they grew a little more crabbed, a little more quarrelsome ; each year their interest in the outside world narrowed a little, till it seemed that they looked forward to their daily disputes as the one excitement of their otherwise monotonous life.

They wasted no time ; the first daily quarrel took place at breakfast each morning, the newspaper forming a bone of contention. Miss Willett liked the *Chronicle*, while her brother preferred the *Standard*, so that their newsagent was driven wild by the contradictory orders which came for the rival papers, till at last he compromised matters by sending alternately the *Chronicle* and the *Standard*.

If by evening no new cause of dispute had been found, the morning argument was rekindled and served again. But it was not difficult to find a new grievance, each was so decided to quarrel.

Yet in their curious way Tom Willett and his sister had some affection for each other. Two years before the date of my story Tom had had a severe attack of pneumonia, and during his illness his sister had nursed him devotedly and patiently, sitting up at night and tending him in the day. When he was well enough she read the papers to him, and although she seldom agreed when he discussed the news, she kept silent, closing her lips in a straight firm line while he spoke. He, too, was gentle during this time, and grateful for every small service. It was a peaceful interlude in their usual stormy but uneventful lives. But it was impossible that it

should last, and when, at the end of three months, the doctor pronounced Tom sufficiently well to go to his office, the atmosphere changed, clouds gathered quickly, and the following morning they quarrelled at breakfast over the newspaper.

They had a brother in India, in the army, and on his wife's death he had sent home his baby-girl for them to bring up. The child had lived in this atmosphere of bickering, the idol of uncle and aunt, and a new source of dispute between them. She loved them both, and could wind each round her little finger. She was married now, and living in India, and had a little daughter of her own, of whom she wrote anxiously, for the child was delicate. Since she left them, five years ago, the Willetts quarrelled more noisily than before.

The first cause of dispute had sprung up before the younger Mary's arrival in their home. Miss Willett was engaged to marry a doctor, Jim Harvey, a man lately come to the town, whom Tom distrusted and disliked, and against whom he warned his sister. She was a proud, reticent woman, and had resented his warning. Tom never gave her credit for much depth of feeling, but she loved the young doctor with all her heart, and would have deemed it an insult to him to make the inquiries Tom wished. That was the first little rift between the brother and sister, and it widened. Some months later a report spread that Jim Harvey was already married.

When Mary heard the news she made no comment, but early in the day she walked into the town and went straight to the doctor's house. People who knew her turned to stare, but she held up her head proudly, and bowed to acquaintances, stopping even to speak laughingly to some, and then passed on.

She was telling herself all the time that it was an infamous lie, and that when she and Jim had laughed at it together she would hunt out the mischief-maker who had first started the report. But her teeth were clenched and her lips were white, for she had heard details which she knew (though she would not confess it, even to herself) must be true.

The servant who opened the door to her looked confused, and said that the doctor had gone away that morning; he had left no address, and said he was not coming back.

Mary did not flinch; she walked home again, and no one knew how she passed the hours she spent alone that day in her room. Friends who came to see her later on found her as usual; slightly colder, perhaps—that was all; and they thought her unfeeling, and said they had always thought she did not care. Only once did she

break down, and that was before an old friend who came in with open arms, and took the girl in a close embrace, saying simply: "My dear! oh, my dear!"

But that was twenty years ago. After the first evening she and Tom had never mentioned Jim Harvey's name. But the rift widened. Unreasoning, illogical as it was, she blamed Tom for her lover's treachery; and he, after the first pitying impulse, resented her attitude without in the least understanding it.

Little by little bitter speeches became more frequent, till their quarrels formed one of the chief interests of their lives. Mary was forty-five now, a tall graceful woman, whose handsome face would have been very pleasant if its constant expression had not been a fretful one.

This morning Tom had left the paper at home, and Mary felt triumphant. But after a few seconds the smile left her lips and she sat staring moodily into the fire.

The noise of wheels roused her, and, glancing out of the window, she saw a carriage stop at the garden gate—a most unusual event at this early hour. A lady stepped out, glanced up at the house, and, after speaking a few words to the driver, turned to the carriage and lifted out a child, who lay as if asleep in her arms. She came up the path and rang the bell, while the driver lifted a small trunk from the roof of his vehicle and carried it up to the door. A few minutes later the servant announced that a lady was waiting in the drawing-room to see Miss Willett.

The lady, who was seated with the child on her lap, tried to rise on Mary's entrance, but the child whimpered, and she sat down again.

"I hope you will excuse me calling at this early hour," she said in a pleasant voice, "but I have just come from India, and have brought your little niece. The doctor ordered her immediate return to England, and as I was coming home I offered to look after her and give her into your charge. But how silly I am!" she exclaimed, interrupting herself; "this letter will explain everything to you."

The letter was from the younger Mary to "Dear Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary," and was blotted and blurred. It was as follows: "It has come at last. The doctor says nothing else can save her, and that we must send our darling home. Dear aunt and uncle, I know how well she will be looked after; but oh! it is so hard to send her away, and to know that we may never see her again.

"I would have written before, but there was no time; the boat

leaves to-morrow, and my friend Mrs. Hardy has promised to take care of her and to bring her to you. Write often and tell us exactly how she gets on."

Then followed doctor's directions and the address of a London physician whom the parents wished to see the child.

Mary Willett read the letter through, then turned to look at the child. She was six years old, a little limp creature with waxen cheeks and large dark eyes, whose heavy lids were raised with an effort to look at the new auntie, then lowered, and she lay still, twisting her tiny fingers together. A lump rose in Mary's throat as she stooped to lift the child in her strong arms, and a little feeling of chill came to her heart as she felt the delicate weight, and noted the languid indifference with which the change was borne.

"Well," said Mrs. Hardy, rising, "I have fulfilled my commission. If you will allow me I will call again before leaving England next June, so as to be able to give Mrs. McIvan an exact account of Polly."

She could not be persuaded to stay longer, and Mary was left alone with little Polly, who lay on the sofa, where she had been placed, without making an effort to move.

That was a strange day. A new interest had come into Mary's life, and at present she was unprepared to receive it. She had been fond of children formerly, and had been very patient with certain boisterous youngsters, some of whom had come to her for sympathy their own mothers had not been able to give. But she had only known healthy, joyous childhood. This delicate, helpless, suffering bit of humanity was an unknown quantity to her, and she sat and watched it anxiously.

The child seemed to want nothing, but lay still, with closed eyes, the greater part of the day, while Mary hardly knew if it was awake or asleep.

It was November, and the day closed in early; but when the light failed Mary sat still in her place near the fire, her book and work lying near her, afraid to ring for lights lest she should disturb the child. Suddenly she was startled by a plaintive little voice: "Take me up, please, auntie."

"What is it, dear heart?" she asked as she bent over the pathetic little figure.

"Hold me in your arms as muvvie does, please."

She lifted the light burden and sat down in a low chair by the fire, and a recollection came over her of how as a small girl she had sat thus with the baby—Tom.

Just then the front door slammed ; Tom had come home. During the whole of that day Mary had forgotten him, and had never thought of preparing the unpleasant remarks which usually greeted his return. He came in abruptly, for he had not forgotten his defeat, and was fully prepared to make himself unamiable, both offensively and defensively.

"What's this tomfoolery?" he growled as he came into the dark room ; "why is there no light?"

There was no answer, and he struck a match and lighted the lamp, then turned to his sister with angry words, which died away unuttered.

Two large dark eyes were raised to his from a small white face, and a weak voice muttered, "Uncle Tom !" For a few minutes he stood, too surprised to speak ; then Mary pointed to the letter she had received that morning, which lay on the table at her side. He fumbled with it, then turned his back and read it through. Something in the poor mother's cry moved him, and he came near and bent gently over the child. She smiled, such a feeble little smile, and put out a tiny hand, which closed round one of his fingers. He stood still a moment, coughed huskily, unloosened the little clinging fingers, and left the room abruptly.

That night the sister and brother were very quiet. Mary waited upstairs to see Polly fall asleep, and when she came down—quite ten minutes late for dinner—Tom had not appeared to notice it, though on another occasion such an event had furnished cause for argument for days. They ate their dinner in silence, and the little housemaid who waited on them confided to the cook that it made her feel "quite nervous like to see them so gentle." Next morning, however, each rose with the ordinary appetite for the breakfast dispute, and Tom had the advantage, for he was able to place the sharp things he had stored the previous day.

The ensuing week was a strange one. A tacit agreement seemed to exist between the sister and brother that no sharp words should be uttered in the presence of the child ; but little Polly spent her mornings in bed, so that breakfast-time was as lively as ever. The evenings, however, were very peaceful.

The London physician came down to Z——, gave instructions, took his fee, and departed, desiring to be kept informed of the child's progress.

What a wonderfully large place a little child can occupy ! Tom found his thoughts wandering from his deeds and wills to the small figure at home, and he listened in amaze to the endearing words

which began to fall naturally from Mary's lips—terms she had never used to Polly's mother, but which seemed to suit this fragile little flower.

The ordinary relations of the uncle and aunt were never revealed to the child. No idea of their dog-and-cat life ever came to her innocent mind. Her experience of life was love, and she took it for granted that theirs was a similar one.

One night she insisted on Tom's nursing her, and when Mary came to carry her off to bed, she said, "Kiss Uncle Tom!"

They were taken so unawares, and were growing so accustomed to obey the small autocrat, that the kiss (a pecky one on the forehead) was given before either realised it; then Tom blushed sheepishly, and Mary made her exit, carrying off the tyrant without looking round. That kiss gave each much cause for reflection. Neither had perceived it, but unconsciously the quarrels were losing their piquancy and a more peaceful atmosphere existed in their home.

As Polly grew stronger—and the change, though slight, was perceptible—her commands were more imperious. It was not enough now that they should sit quiet in the evening. They must talk to each other.

"Favvie tells muvvie all sorts of fings, and I listen. Haven't you somefin to tell, Uncle Tom?" she would ask. And Tom found himself relating the day's experiences to Mary, who, being unable to carp, began to take an interest in them, and even to inquire concerning persons and things to which some weeks previously she had been absolutely indifferent.

Then came something new. "Tell me what you did when you was little" was an oft-repeated request, and it was difficult to give any account of those long-past times without bringing in Tom's name. On those nights, after the tiny tease had been carried off to bed, the brother and sister would sit silent, thinking of those days so long ago when they had been children together.

Christmas was drawing nigh, and Polly was intensely delighted. She was able to walk about a little now, but was not allowed out of doors. She was soon tired, and would lie on the sofa or on Mary's lap for hours; but there was not the languid indifference and listlessness which had been so piteous to see. The small face looked less fragile, though still very pale, and the little limbs were rounder.

"Auntie," she asked one evening, "shall I have a stocking at Kistmas?"

"Yes, my precious, a stocking full of toys."

"Oh!" in great delight. "And what will Uncle Tom have?"

Mary gasped. So it was expected that she should give Tom a present, and she knew that there was no escape—she would be obliged to submit. Tom fidgeted behind his paper, and unconscious Polly continued: "You can whisper, then he won't hear."

But Mary could not whisper; she had no idea what to say.

"Don't you know what to give him, Aunt Mary? Shall I help you to find out what he wants? I always do for muvvie. I always tell her what favie wants, and then I tell favie what muvvie wants. What do you want, Aunt Mary?"

Mary said cheerfully that she wanted nothing.

"Oh! but at Kistmas, auntie, you *must*, you know! Everyone wants sumfin at Kistmas. Shall it be a s'prise present? Would you like that?"

"Yes—no! I—— Polly, pet, you must come to bed now."

"Oh, not yet; one minute, auntie, please. Let me tell Uncle Tom. Do come, uncle." And then in a loud whisper, as he bent over her with a laugh in his eyes, which were so unaccustomed to laughter under their heavy brows, she said: "A s'prise present! What shall it be? A brooch?"

"Yes," said Tom mischievously in an audible voice, "a lovely brooch with pearls—pearls for peace."

When Mary came down after seeing Polly in bed Tom was not reading as usual, but sitting staring into the fire. He got up as she came into the room, stood hesitating awkwardly a moment, then took her hand, bent, and kissed her. "My dear," he said, "we are a couple of fools, and the child is right."

Then he went out of the room, and left Mary standing with a strange sensation at her throat and eyes.

H. WILSON.

A VILLAGE CAMDEN.

TWO hundred years ago a Shropshire yeoman amused his old age—and informed posterity—by writing a history of his parish, which was characterised by Sir Thomas Phillipps as “one of the most extraordinary topographical and genealogical works ever written.” And so in truth it is, and more ; for it is not the topographer and genealogist alone who will be rewarded by a perusal of this history, which, no less as a picture of life than by the quaintness of the author’s style, deserves to win a wider recognition. The MS. is entitled : “*ANTIQUITIES and MEMOYRES of the Parish of MYDDLE, Written by RICH^d. GOUGH¹ Anno Ætat suæ 66 : Anno Dñi 1700.*”²—*Nescio quâ Natale solum dulcedine captat.*”³ There are several old manuscript copies of the work to be seen in Shropshire and elsewhere ; and the autograph original, which remained at Myddle till a few years ago, is now at Whitchurch, near Reading, in the possession of Mr. W. H. Bickerton, a descendant of the author. It was printed for the first time (privately) by Sir T. Phillipps in 1834, with the title of “Human Nature displayed in the *History of Myddle*, by Richard Gough ;” and in 1875 a limited issue was published, with facsimiles of Gough’s neat pen-and-ink title-pages, plans of church, etc., by Messrs. Adnitt and Naunton, of Shrewsbury.

Myddle is a village about eight miles north of Shrewsbury, and in the township of Newton-on-the-Hill Gough’s yeoman ancestors—all bearing the same name, Richard—had lived on their freehold estate for several generations. Our author was baptised at Myddle January 18, 1634–5, and buried there February 12, 1722–3, thus living through an eventful period of history, of which his memoirs contain many anecdotes. Though he received a strictly local

¹ In no way related to the celebrated antiquary of the same name. The two families are quite distinct.

² It was begun in 1700, but it is evident that it occupied its author till the spring of 1702, and that certain portions of it were added by him in the year 1706.

³ Clearly a wilful departure from the original, as many of Gough’s apparent misquotations turn out to be, on a second view.

education (he was at school first in Myddle itself, and after in the adjoining parish of Broughton), he shows in his writings a considerable knowledge of Latin, and has an amusing way of introducing quotations from that language as well as from English literature. He was probably ignorant even of the Greek alphabet, though not of Greek authors, to whom he occasionally refers through the medium of Latin, *e.g.* :

Justitia in sese virtutem continet omnem.—*Aristotle.*

so that, while he had learnt to read and also to express himself in Latin, he could at least think Greek. He displays, moreover, a curious intimacy with legal technicalities and legal lore ; but chronological considerations debar me from harbouring the theory that he "wrote Shakespeare." Like Shakespeare, again, he appears not to have blotted out a line ; yet his style, if unequal, is always clear and attractive, its charm being due (I fancy) not so much to education as to instinct or native genius. He was naturally endowed with the qualities—and limitations—requisite for accomplishing his self-appointed task in a manner to delight the reader : a good, though not infallible,¹ memory ; an attention to detail wholly unconnected with the critical faculty ; and a shrewd judgment united to the power of felicitous, and the opportunity of fearless, expression. Perhaps his character-portraits are among the happiest efforts of his pen.

"Gough's History of Myddle," as his memoirs are usually called, though a highly prized and oft-quoted authority with Shropshire antiquaries, is practically unknown outside the county. Yet is it a most fascinating work, unique of its kind, but also well worthy of the attention of the general reader. "Among the rest"² the literary man will find there a refreshing absence of self-consciousness ; the scientific historian will be reminded (like Ezekiel) that bones, however dry, can be made to live ; while the pages abound in those touches of nature that appeal with a special force to the ordinary person. Indeed, though it is perhaps too much to say that Gough's "Myddle," if more generally known, would take rank with those books which all are supposed to have read, it is at least one which all who read it are sure to enjoy.

Enough, however, of preamble. Let the work speak for itself by

¹ He makes mistakes in proper names, and misquotes—a proof that he *relied* on his memory in both cases.

² This idiom, which frequently occurs in Gough's *Myddle*, is used in one place with a curious effect. Speaking of a certain only daughter, Gough says : "Shee, being a great fortune, had many suiters. But among the rest shee was married to Thomas Hall."

means of extracts taken haphazard from it. For you can open it nowhere without lighting on something good. The following passages from Gough's account of the Rectors of Myddle will serve to introduce the reader to his manner :

Mr. William Hollway, M.A., some time student of Christ Church, in Oxford. The transactions and occurrences¹ of his time are fresh in memory, and, therefore, I shall only say, that hee was a man short-sighted, but of a discerning spirit to discover the nature and dispositions of persons. Hee was naturally addicted to passion, which hee vented in some hasty expressions, not suffering it to gangrene into malice. Hee was easily persuaded to forgive injuries, but wisely suspiciouse (for the future) of any one that had once done him a diskindnesse. . . . Huic successit Hugo Dale, Art. Mag., aliquandiu Socius Coll. Æneanasensis Oxon.

Ad Hugonem Dale.

Dii tibi sint faciles, et dent tibi Nestoris annos :
Casurum nullo tempore nomen habe.
Sit fortuna tibi (plus quam tua vota) secunda :
Dux es divitibus, pauperibusque pater.
Ingenuæ vires, pia mens, corpusque salubre,
Hæc (et plura) precor sint tibi dona Dei.
Sic ex animo exoptat R. G.

The "tags" from Ovid and Martial are incorporated in accordance with the customary method of that time-honoured—some, alas ! say, time-wasting—employment known as "doing Latin verses." Here is another example of the old yeoman's versification :

I have shewed what Honourable persons have beene Lords of this Lordship, butt yet the King is Lord Paramount of it, and his Court Leet is therein yearely kept, togeather with the Great Court and Court Baron of the Lord of the Manor. And, therefore, I will here humbly take leave to breath out my well wishes for his sacred Majesty in a few lines, *Si non ut debui, tamen ut potui*.

*Ad serenissimum Dñum nñum Gulielmum Tertium, Magnæ Britaniæ
Franciæ et Hiberniæ Regem.*

Vive, alter Solomon, patriæ pater, orbita Pacis,
Auctor opum, vindex scelerum, Largitor honorum,
Gemma coævorum regum, flos præteritorum,
Forma futurorum, Dux, Laus, Lex, Lux populorum.
Prisca parem nescit, nec talem postera Regem
Exhibitura dies ; Patribus clementior ullis,
Vivito, præteritis melior, majorque futuris.

Whether the sentiments or the language of the above verses do their writer the greater credit, or which was the stronger motive with him in penning them—an unbounded admiration for his sovereign, or the

¹ The reader will understand that all peculiarities of spelling, whether of English or Latin, as well as misquotations and false quantities, are retained *without comment*. It is assumed that he will prefer this course to seeing the word *sic* repeated *ad nauseam*.

desire for a little agreeable exercise of his own scholarship—it is idle to debate ; but there is no doubt of his sympathy with the royalist cause in the Parliamentary war. Of the execution of Charles I. (which took place when he was fourteen) he says in one place :

. . the King's party was vanquished and dispersed, and the King, by wicked hands, had lost his life ; of whom a loyall subject made this epitaph :

Non Carolus magnus,
Nec Carolus quintus,
Sed Carolus agnus
Hic jacet intus.

This calls to my mind that of Charles the Great :

Carolus, ut victo discessit victus ab orbe,
Ulterius tendens regna beata tenet.

After the list of Rectors comes an account of some of the “ Parish Clerks.”

The first that I remember was Will. Hunt, a person very fitt for the place, as to his reading and singing with a clear and audible voice ; but for his writeing I can say nothing. Hee comonly kept a petty schoole in Myddle. There was a custom in his time, that upon Christmas day, in the afternoone after divine service, and when the minister was gone out of the churche, the clarke should sing a Christmas carroll in the churche ; which I have heard this Will. Hunt doe, beeing assisted by old Mr. Richard Gittins, who bore a base exceeding well. . . . The next was Richard Ralphs, a person in all respects well quallyfied for that office. . . . Mr. Hollway, in the roome of Ralphs, choase Thomas Highway, a person alltogether unfitt for such an employment. Hee can read but litle ; hee can sing but one tune of the psalmes. Hee can scarce write his owne name, or read any written hand ; but because hee continued all Mr. Hollway's time, and has now gott an able assistant (viz.) John Hewitt, jun., a person in all points well quallyfied for the place, therefore Mr. Dale is pleased to continue him, altho' hee is now litle more then a sexton.

Turpius ejicitur quam non admittitur Hospes.

By far the greater part of the book is taken up with an account of the various families living in the parish, for which indeed there is a fresh title-page, inscribed as follows :

OBSERVATIONS concerning the SEATES IN MYDDLE and the FAMILYES to which they belong, written by RICHARD GOUGH Anno Ætat sue 67 : Annoq: Dñi 1701.

Cede Majori.

The Church

*Is God's Inclosure, and noe comon ground ;
'Tis his freehould, and but our teneñt.
Tēts at will, and yet in taile, wee bee :
Our children have the same Right to't as wee.*

After a learned dissertation on "peiw" rights (with citations of cases) the author says :

I hope noe man will blame mee for not nameing every person according to that which hee conceives is his right and superiority in the seats in Church, beecause it is a thing impossible for any man to know ; and therefore, I have not endeavoured to doe it, but have written the names according as they came to my memory : but if any one bee minded to give a guess in this matter, lett him first take notice of every man's church *leawan*, and then look over what I have written concerning the descent and pedigree of all or most part of the familiey in this side of the parish, and then hee may give some probable conjecture in this matter.

The unique narrative pedigrees which follow, although memory alone must have largely supplied the materials, are extraordinarily full (if occasionally inaccurate) in point of detail. The compiler gives the most triflingly personal—often the most glaringly discreditable—particulars about his fellow parishioners, past and present. It is to be hoped, and in the case of so excellent a man may be presumed, that he was not so free with his tongue¹ as he was with his pen. It is impossible now to decide whether he contemplated his MS. being read before his death, but he evidently foresaw to a *certain extent* the esteem in which it would be held afterwards. That is to say, he realised its antiquarian, and its possibly ethical, value ; but it is unlikely that he had a suspicion of its *literary* worth. It is his careful chronicling of *minutiae* and vivid representation of the immutable that set his book above the ordinary dryasdust parish history, by giving it a wider—as also a permanent—significance. "Human Nature displayed" the editor of 1834 called it.

Gough does not fail to anticipate the feelings of a man on finding his own forefathers' shortcomings immortalised ; at the same time he is far from apologising to the aggrieved descendant.

If any man shall blame mee for that I have declared the viciouse lives or actions of theiire Ancestors, let him take care to avoid such evil courses, that hee leave not a blemish on his name when he is dead ; and let him know that I have written nothing out of malice. I doubt not but some persons will thinke that many things that I have written are alltogaether uselesse ; but I doe believe that there is nothing herein mentioned which may not by chance att one time or other happen to bee needfull to some person or other ; and, therefore, I conclude² with that of Rev. Mr. Herbert :

A skillfull workeman hardly will refuse
The smallest toole that hee may chance to use.

¹ Of a certain Richard Gittins he says : " Hee was a very religiouse person, butt hee was too talkative."

² The "conclusion" is not, as might naturally be supposed, the conclusion of the completed work, but that of the preface to the portion devoted to pedigrees.

This estimate of the usefulness of his work has been amply vindicated by subsequent antiquarian opinion.

Gough has a facile pen for the delineation of character, or rather for the lifelike presentment of the whole personality. Many of his descriptions are models of pithiness, some even epigrammatic, while all are good reading. That of Mr. Hollway already given is a fair specimen. Some more examples now follow, of various kinds, culled from the genealogical and biographical section of the *History*.

Thomas Jukes was a bauling, bould, confident person ; hee often kept company with his betters, but shewed them noe more respecte than if they had beene his equalls or inferiors. Hee was a great bowler, and often bowled with Sir Humphrey Lea¹ att a Bowling Greene on Haremeare Heath, neare the end of the Lea Lane ; where hee would make noe more account of Sir Humphrey, than if hee had beene a plow-boy. Hee would ordinarily tell him hee lyed, and sometimes throw the bowle att his head ; and then they parted in wrath. But within few dayes, Sir Humphrey would ride to Newton, and take Jukes with him to the bowles ; and if they did not fall out, would take him home and make him drunk.

Students of heredity will be interested to learn personal details of the ancestors of Wycherley. The Wycherleys were a good Shropshire family seated at Clive for many generations. Of the dramatist's grandparents—Daniel Wycherley and his wife Margery, the daughter and heiress of William Wolph of Acton Reynold—Gough says :

She was a proper, comely, and ingeniouise person ; but her Husband was a spare, leane person, whose countenance shewed that he was a passionate, cholerick man, and his actions proved him soe : for he was allways at strife with his neighbours, and much in debt. Hee mortgaged all his estate in Clive.

Their son, also named Daniel,

. . was well educated with all sorts of learning that the country could afford ; and, having the advantage of a good naturall witt and a strong memory, hee was like to make a person fitt for any weighty imployment. . . . After some yeares hee obtained a Steward's place under the Marquesse of Winchester² (this was that famly of whom it is said, that *every other heire is a wise man*). In this Nobleman's service Mr. Wicherley gott his estate—hee married the Marquesse's gentlewoman,³ who, if shee wanted beauty, had a large share of tongue.

A long account of this Daniel Wycherley follows—too long to be given here. Though, like his father, he was very fond of litigation, Gough is able, in conclusion, to say of him :

¹ Sir Humphrey Lee, of Langley and Acton Burnell, Bart. (so created in 1620). He was born about 1559.

² John, fifth marquis, "a wise man."

³ Beth, daughter of Wm. Shrimpton.

I have heard him much commended for that hee did never contend with persons unable to deale with him,¹ but with great persons, as appeares by what I have mentioned. But his last contest was with one that was stronger than all the rest, which was Death : but this was soone over,

For, wageing Law with cruell Death,
Hee was nonsuite for want of breath.

His son, William Wicherley, Esq., succeeds him—a person as highly educated as any in this County, and excellently skill'd in dramaticall poetry. The Earle of Rochester, in his Poem of the Poets of our time, gives a great encomium of him, and terms him the restorer of true Comedy, and after hath these verses of him—

Wicherley eames hard for what he gaines ;
Hee wants noe judgment, and hee spares noe pains :
He often-times excells, and att the best
Committs lesse faults than any of the rest.

There is a description of one Richard Clarke, which, besides being good in itself, contains an appreciation of the Society of Friends that is at least unambiguously expressed.

This Richard Clarke . . . was naturally ingeniose. Hee had a smooth way of flattering discourse, and was a perfect master in the art of dissembling. Hee was listed for a soldier on the Parliament side in Wem, whilst hee was yett but a mere boy. There was nothing of manhood or valor in him, and yet hee was serviceable to the officers of that Garrison by carrying of letters to theire friends and correspondents that were in Garrisons of the adverse party. Hee had an old ragged coate on purpose which hee would putt on and goe as a beggar boy. . . . After the wars, hee married a wife that lived beeyond Ellesmeare. Her maiden name was Phillips. Shee was very thick of hearing, but yett shee was a comely woman, and had a portion in money ; which Clarke quickly spent, for hee was a very drunken fellow if hee could gett money to spend. After hee had spent his wife's portion, hee came to Newton-on-the-Hill, . . . and there hee sett up a trade of making spinning wheelles. Hee was not putt apprentice to any trade, and yett hee was very ingeniose in workeing att any handicraft trade. Hee had a lytle smyth's forge, in which hee made his owne tooles and likewise knives and other small things of iron. Hee had severall children. . . . The eldest . . . is as ingeniose att working as his father, and as thicke of heareing as his mother. . . . About this time that phanaticall, selfe-conceited sort of people called Quakers beegan to start up here and there in this country. *Nimietas plus obest quam prod-est.* This Clarke, merely out of designe, had a minde to join with these persons. Hee went to one Gefferyes of Stanton, who was a topping Quaker ; who received this new proselyte very gladly, and entertained him all night very kindly. Hee came home the next day a perfect Quaker in appeareance, and had gott theire canting way of discourse as readyly as if hee had beene seven years apprentice.

Cum optimis satiati sumus, varietas etiam ex vilioribus grata est.—*Quintil.*

This Clarke was for a while of some repute among the Quakers, till att last hee had borrowed severall sums of money among them ; which, when they required, hee att first gave fayre promises, butt att last utterly refused, telling them

¹ Yet Garbet relates that his son George, rector of Wem, died "in goal," where his own father had cast him for a debt.

hee was not able, and they were worse than divells if they sued him. Upon this, att a general meeting of the Quakers, hee was excommunicated. This Clarke, whilst hee was in favour with the Quakers, had sadly abused our Ministers with his scurrilouse language, calling them hirelings, dumb doggs, and Baal's Priests. . . . When Clarke was cast off by the Quakers, hee thought the Protestants would not receive him, and therefore hee turned Papist, butt was not regarded by that party.

The above is just half of what the author has to say about this adaptable character, but it must suffice here.

As a rule, Gough's diction is quite simple and spontaneous, and points to methods far removed from those of the *Matine bee*. Sometimes, however, when he is epigrammatic, alliterative, or rhythmic, a conscious imitation of classical models may perhaps be detected ; as in the following :

This Thomas Freeman was a person slow of speech, provident and laboriouse ; yett delighted much in bargaining, and more in building.

His fondness for antithesis (often purely verbal) is also *possibly* due to the influence of his early education. Thus, in the *List of Rectors* :

Mr. Kinaston was succeeded (but not exceeded) by Mr. Thomas More.

Again :

Richard Ames was Cryer or Martiall of the Town Courte and Towne Sessions, which place hee obtained by favour, but served in it butt ill-favouredly, for hee could never speake plaine.

—I say “possibly” due to educational influence, because, as we learnt at school, playing with words has a special fascination for the unlettered and ignorant.

“Butt to returne.” Several “good scollers” were born in Myddle, whose biographies are recorded. From two of these I give extracts.

Ralph [Gittins] was brought up a scoller, and indeed his naturall Genius inclined him thereunto, and by his dilligent study and reserved life hee was very eminent in his time. Hee was somewhile High Schoolmaster¹ of the Free Scooles in Shrewsbury. . . . Hee had a naturall facility to poetry. His verses were commonly rhyming verses such as the Monks used to write. And these usually came from him *extempore*. I have heard many of them. . . . I cannot omitt the Epitaph which hee made on Sir John Bridgman (mistaking his name to bee Bridgemooone) who was Lord President of his Highnesse the Prince of Wales his Court att Ludlow. This Sir John Bridgman was a very severe man, and would committ persons for small falts to Porter Lodge, which was the prison proper for that Court ; and his usual saying was (to the keeper of Porter's Lodge), *Sirrah, take him away*. Whether Ralph Gittins had met with such dealeing

¹ He never actually rose higher than to be Second Master.

from him I cannot tell ; butt, when hee was dead, Ralph Gittins made this Epitaph :

Jam jacet argillâ Pons Lunæ conditus illâ :
Sirrah, Satan Dominus dixit, *hoc aufer onus*.

which hee Englished thus :

Here lyes Sir John Bridgmoone clad in his clay ;
 God said to the Divell : *Sirrah*, take him away.

The other scholar from whose biography I will quote, by name Thomas Hayward, married Alice, the daughter of the Rev. John Meighen, Headmaster of Shrewsbury from 1583 to 1635 ; but their married life was far from comfortable.

Thomas Hayward . . . was a handsome, gentile man, a good country scholler, and a pretty clarke. . . . Hee was just and faythfull in affirmeing or denying any matter in controversy, soe that lesse credit was given to some men's oathe than to his bare worde. This Thomas Hayward was an extraordinary good husband in manureing his land, and had great profit by it, if it had beene well used. His wife Alice was soe shrewd that hee was not able to abide in the house with her, soe that hee was forced to goe from his buisnesse to the alehouse to gett meate and drinke to suffice nature. This brought him to many inconveniencies ; for, hee beeing well-beloved by all men for his ingenuity and courtesouse behaviour, oft tymes hee mett with company which caused him to stay longer than hee intended, and soe neglected his buisnesse, mis-spent his time, and wasted his money : and in the mean tyme his wife spent as much (or more) at home ; for shee, beeing a towne-bred woman, was unfitte for a country life—shee must bee richly cloathed, fare daintily, drinke nothing butt strong waters, and that not a lyttle : soe that his estate decreased, and his debts increased ; butt hee still boare an honest mind, for I have not heard that any man lost a penny by him.

His intimate freind was Mr. Hotchkins of Webcott ; and indeed there seemed to bee a naturall sympathy betweene them, for they were both of them very just, honest persons, and well-beloved : butt theire deportment when they were in drinke was very different ; for Mr. Hodgkins could goe, butt not speake ; and Mr. Heyward could speake as well, and seemed to bee more acute and witty in his drinke then att other times, but could not goe.

A propos of another household ruined from the same cause, Gough gravely quotes as follows :

(Plato ait) *Ebrius gubernator omnia subvertit, sive navigium, sive currum sive exercitum, sive aliam rem quamcumque sibi commissam.*

Another quotation is in a lighter vein :

Walter de Mapes confessed his owne love to good liquor as follows :

Mihi est propositum
 In tabernâ mori :
 Vinum sit oppositum
 Morientis ori :
 Ut dicant, cum veniunt,
 Angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius
Huic potatori.

Hee was Archdeacon of Oxford, *temp.* Henry II.

The tragic death of a drunkard named Crosse is related in language of almost Biblical flavour :

Hee dyed soone after he went to Shrewsbury ; and, as his life was extravagant, soe his end was strange. For, as hee sate in an ale-house cellar upon the stand that holds the barrells, and whilst another was drawing drink by him, hee was taken with an apoplexy, and fell downe dead. The other man thought hee was playing the wagge, and said, *Arise, why dost thou play the foole?* butt when the other man went to him, hee found that hee was dead ; and called in neighbours, butt hee could not bee recovered.

There is an account of a murder, one episode of which, in spite of the unpromising theme, is very amusing, and actually led to the detection of the murderer. A certain man called Elks entered a house, with intent to rob, on a Sunday morning, while the family were away at church, leaving behind only one maid who was making a cheese. Elks cut her throat, and then, becoming frightened, ran away, taking nothing, and even forgetting his own dog.

When people came from Church to Eyton, they found the girl dead and Elks his dogge in the house almost burstd with eating the cheese. They followed the dogge, who brought them to Elks his house ; and upon this, Elks was apprehended on suspicion. . . . Hee was after found guilty upon his tryall att Shrewsbury, and was hanged.

Equally amusing, but scarcely intentionally so, are the translations appended to some of the classical quotations. For instance, the shade of Virgil, if it understood English and were not rusty in its Latin, might pardonably writhe under—or, such conduct being unwarranted by precedent and perhaps a physical impossibility, at all events loudly bewail—this double catastrophe :

Facile est descensus Averni,
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

The way to Hell's an easy way,
The gates are open night and day.

Verily a case of insult added to injury : yet it is almost a literal translation. On the other hand this is good :

Non bene succedunt mala opera ; assequitur tardus celerem :
Ut nunc Vulcanus, cum sit tardus, cepit Martem.

Homer.

Ill deeds have ill success ; revenge, though slow,
The swift o'ertakes : slow Vulcan catches soe
Swift Mars.

Here the English version, though less literal than the intermediate Latin, curiously enough (by a sort of Darwinian reversion) approximates more closely to the dignity of the original Greek, with

which our yeoman scholar was unacquainted. The translation *may* of course be an echo from his school-days, and so not strictly original.¹ Even then, how many are there who can quote²—let alone compose—Latin at sixty-seven?

There is an unconscious humour in Gough's allusions to the doctors of the period. Thus :

Richard, the son of my uncle John Gough, was never maryed ; hee was an honest, just man, and well bee-loved. When hee was somewhat past his myddle age, hee gott a distemper called the Scurvey ; hee tooke several medicines in hopes to cure it, butt they heightened the distemper ;³ soe that, in one yeaere's time, all his teeth dropped out of his mouth, and then hee growed to have a precipitate consumption, and dyed.

Again :

My deare wife dyed att Shrewsbury, where shee went to take phisicke.

It is not stated whether she *took* the physic, but the presumption is that she did. In neither case apparently does Gough hint at any lack of skill in the physicians,⁴ but sets down the unfortunate facts co-ordinately and without an *arrière-pensée*. Yet there are other coincidences, of less practical importance, on which his mind dwells in a curious fashion. In fact, while his piety, or his caution, does not allow him to admit actual superstition, a vague interest in the mysteries of coincidence is indulged to an extent which indicates a bias towards a supernatural explanation for them—an attitude of mind, for that matter, common enough, especially in country places, even nowadays. Three examples of this follow.

There is a wonderfull thing observable concerning this farme, of which I may say, in the words of Du Bartas :

Strang to bee told, and, tho' believed of few,
Yet is not soe incredible as true.

It is observed that if the chiefe person of the family that inhabits in this farme doe fall sick, if his sicknesse bee to death, there comes a paire of pidgeons to the house about a fortnight or a weeke before the person's death, and continue there untill the person's death, and then goe away. This I have knowne them doe three severall times. *1st.* Old Mrs. Bradocke fell sicke about a quarter of a yeaere after my Sister was maryed, and the paire of pidgeons came thither, which I saw. They did every night roust under the shelter of the roofe of the kitchen att the end, and did sit upon the ends of the side raisers. In the day time they fled about the gardines and yards. I have seene them pecking on the hemp butt

¹ In such cases Gough usually makes the due acknowledgment. The passage is *Od.* VIII., ll. 329, 330.

² See note 1 to p. 584.

³ Cf. St. Mark, v. 26.

⁴ His wife's uncle, Richard Baddeley, was "an able chirurgeon" in Shrewsbury.

as if they did feed, and for ought I know they did feed. They were pretty large pigeons ; the feathers on their tayles were white, and the long feathers of their wings, their breasts, and bellies, white, and a large white ring about their necks ; but the tops of their heads, their backs, and their wings (except the long feathers), were of a light browne or nutmeg colour. (My brother-in-law, Andrew Bradocke, told mee that hee feared his mother would die, for there came such a pair of pigeons before his father's death, and hee had heard they did soe beefore the death of his grandfather.) After the death of Mrs. Bradocke, the pigeons went away. *2ndly.* About three quarters of a year after the death of Mrs. Bradocke, my father, goeing to give a visit to them at Kayhowell, fell sicke there, and lay sicke about nine or ten weekes. About a fortnight beefore his death, the pigeons came ; and when hee was dead, went away. *3rdly.* About a yeare after his death, my brother-in-law, Andrew Bradocke, fell sicke, the pigeons came, and hee died : they seemed to me to bee the same pigeons at all these three times. When I went to pay Mr. Smalman, then minister of Kynrerley, the buriall fee for Andrew Bradocke, which was in April, Mr. Smalman said,—*This is the fiftieth Corps which I have interred here since Candlemas last, and God knows who is next,*—which happened to bee himselfe. Andrew Bradocke died of a sort of a rambeling feavourish distemper which raged in that country, and my sister soone after his decease fell sicke ; but shee recovered, and dureing her sicknesse the pigeons came not : which I observed, for I went thither every day, and returned att night. Afterwards, my Sister sett out her farme to John Owen, a substantiall tenant, who about three yeares after fell sicke ; and my Sister, coming to Newton, told mee that shee feared her tenant would bee dead, for hee was sicke, and the pigeons were come ; and hee died then. You may read a parallel story to this in Mr. Camden, who, speakeing of the worshipful family of the Breretons in Cheshire, sayes that, before the death of any heire of that family of Breretons, there bee seene, in a poole adjoineing, bodies of trees swiming for certaine dayes togeather. Hee there likewise gives his opinion how these things come to passe ; but I leave it to those who are better learned than I am in the secretts of Philosophy.

The above is a truly remarkable story, all the more so as being a *bona-fide* statement of the personal experience of an honest man, who adds “convincing detail.” It should be mentioned, however, that the latest of the occurrences had taken place thirty-five years before being recorded.

The two remaining cases I promised to give of Gough's speculation on matters mystical are concerned with coincidences of a somewhat different character.

And here I thinke it is not amisse to mention that some persons, that give over much credit to the occult philosophy, have accounted the 3rd day of September to bee a criticall day for England, and have numbered up a great catalogue of very remarkeable things that concerned England in generall, which have happened on that day. I will onely name such as have happened dureing the time of memory :

Upon the 3rd of September, 1650, King Charles II. was routed att Dunbarre.

On the 3rd of September, 1651, hee was routed att Worcester.

On the 3rd of September, 1658, Oliver, the Protector, dyed.

On the 3rd of September, 1666, was the greatest of the conflagration of the terrible fire in London.

And on the 3rd of September, 1701, our late King James dyed; for our News Letters sayd that hee dyed September the 14th, *stilo novo*, which is according to the Gregorian foreigne new account: butt wee in England, who follow the Julian or old account, doe beegin our month 11 days after theirs. But I doubt I am mistaken one day in this.

He is more than "one day" out in the last instance. Of the others the matter-of-fact man (whom we all dislike) might offer the obvious criticism that, had our calendar chanced to be Lunar instead of Solar, the events would have taken place on days of different names. However, the most sceptical person will have nothing to say to the following.

Writing in the spring of 1702, Gough says :

In and about this yeare there happened a great mortallty of Noblemen in this Kingdome. . . .

Those that are curious in Astrologically speculations may take notice of the seeming *Prodromi* of this *Catastrophe Magnatum*.

And first, the Eclips of ☉ in 1699, the ascendant of England, Mesahala says, *significabit interitum Regum*.—2ndly. The eclips of ☉ 1699 in ♌ (the opposite signe to ♈) just att the Equinox; it happened in the eleventh house, the house of friends; and in the tenth house, the house of Kings and Rulers; and att that time was alsoe an ☿ of ♂ and ♀. Proclus says, *significat mortem nobilium*.

There was ☿ of ☉ and ♀ att the tyme of King William's death, just entering ♈. The Prophet Jeremiah says, *Bee not dismayed att the signes of Heaven*. They are signes, butt not to bee feared.

Nam Deus astra regit.

The mixture of piety and paganism is delightful.

In view of the consistent irregularity of Gough's own spelling (to which part of his charm is perhaps referable) it comes as a surprise to find that orthography gave him a moment's thought. Yet, in speaking of a certain petition presented to Bishop Lloyd about a certain *chappel*, alias *chappell*, he gives us the benefit of this note explanatory and critical :

I believe the petition was drawn by Francis Berkeley, of Hadnall, Esq.; for *Chappeldry* is writte instead of *Chappelry*, and I know of no other one but Mr. Berkeley that writes it soe.

He proceeds to give a copy of the petition, and now it is *Chappeldry*.

Naturally the fullest pedigree in the book is that of the author's family. By his own account¹ Gough was the sixth Richard in

¹ See, however, *Transactions of the Shropshire Archaeological and Natural History Society*, 1893, pp. 261 sqq.

succession from the Richard Gough who in the first half of the sixteenth century had left Wem, the original home of the family, to settle at Newton-on-the-Hill, in the parish of Myddle.

There is a good anecdote of one William Crump of Acton Reynold, the father-in-law of "Richard Gough the third."

This William Crump was a strong and a stout man. One instance I will briefly relate. In the time when Shrewsbury was a Bayliffe towne (for it was not a mayor towne untill the reigne of King Charles I.) there was a tax imposed upon Acton Reynold (which is in theire libertyes), which William Crump conceivinge to be a wrong one, refused to pay; and therefore the Bayliffe sent two officers to distraine, who took two oxen of William Crump's: who, haveing notice of it, road after them with a good cudgel, and as soon as hee overtook them, hee knocked downe one of them, and the other run away. And William Crump called to him and sayd: *Comend mee to thy masters, and tell them, if thou wast my man, the first thing I did, I would hang thee, beecause thou sawest thy partner knocked downe and didst run away.* The next day the Bayliffe sent twelve officers, who brought Crump to Goale: but Sir Andrew Corbett, hearing of it, went strait to Ludlow (which Court was in full power at that time, and Sir Andrew was one of the Prince's Counsell there), and brought an order to release Crump.¹ Not long after, the Bayliffes of Shrewsbury sent two cunning tradesmen to Crump's house, and desired to speak with him on the backside; and there they offered him four nobles for his false imprisonment, and desired him to take it privately, that it might not be a bad example to others. Butt hee told them he was not brought to Goale in private, nor would hee receive the money in private; butt if they would pay him in the open street, hee would take it. As they were paying him in the street, hee called with a loud voyce to his neighbours, and said: *Come hyther, quickly!* And the people came in all hast; and hee shewed them the money, and sayd, *See here: the Bayliffes of Shrewsbury have sent mee four nobles for false imprisonment—I pray beare wittnesse that I have received it.*

Crump's daughter died within a year of her marriage, after giving birth to "Richard Gough the fourth." A few years later Richard Gough took for his second wife a widow named Guen Baker, who already had a small family and was to bear Richard Gough five children more. The story of her son Thomas Baker, and of his son Thomas Baker, is interesting. But for want of space I must deal very briefly with Thomas Baker, senr. After a wild youth, in which he wasted his portion, he went to be servant to a certain Andrew Chambre, of Sweeney, near Oswestry.

This Andrew Chambre was a sleepy drone of a man; hee was never married, and his servants consumed all the profits of his estate, and putt him alsoe into debt.

Thus Baker laid the foundation of his future prosperity. He afterwards married Chambre's housekeeper,

¹ Crump was a tenant of Sir Andrew's.

and then hee became rich and covetuous.

Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.

Covetousness will grow
As much as Riches flow.

His half-brother, William Gough, went to live with him at Sweeney, and together the two increased in riches. Eventually Andrew Chambre died poor, having first leased, and then sold, Sweeney Hall to his former servant, who died a very wealthy man. Amongst his many purchases, one is charmingly described as :

. . . a place very pleasantly shadowed with stately woods.

Thomas Baker had two sons and one daughter. The elder son, a promising youth, died before maturity. The daughter, Katharine by name,

. . . was a lovely, handsome woman, and was married (more to please her father than herself) to a neighbouring gentleman¹ of a good, butt of a decaying, estate. Shee had one son by him, and then left him, and went away with a Captaine ; who promised to take her over into Ireland, butt hee left her at Chester.

Nulla fides pietasque viris qui castra sequuntur.—Lucan.

The breach was made up by the giving of a second portion, and she returned to her husband. Her brother,

Thomas Baker, Jun., was noe comely person of body, nor of great parts, and little education ; butt hee was very rich in lands, woods, money and goods.

*Sint tibi divitiæ, sint larga et munda supellex,
Esse tamen vel sic bestia magna potes.*

Say thou hast wealth and goods both rare and dainty,
A great beast thou mayst be for all thy plenty.

How bee it, hee married with a lovely gentlewoman of a masculine spirit and noe meane beauty : I saw noe inducement that shee had to marry him save his riches.

Nam genus et formam regina pecunia donat.

. . . This Mr. Thomas Baker (for soe I must now call him) erected a new faire house in Sweeney, a handsome pile of Building. . . Mr. Baker was made a Justice of Peace in the Parliament time (and soe continued untill the Restauration of Charles II.), and wrote himself *Esquire*. Butt it was lytle trouble to him, and his Clarke had a faire life, and indeed was not fit for much businesse. I cannot tell whether hee knew where the Bench was where the Sessions was kept, for I never saw him there.

Hee was made High Shrieve of the County, and kept a very noble Shrieve's house. Hee beehaved himself among the gentlemen of the County with much comendation, even to admiration.

¹ Edward Lloyd, of Pentrecoed.

He appears to have been hospitable, and Gough grudgingly allows that he did many kind actions, adding :

butt all this was thought to bee done by the discretion of Mrs. Baker.

And now I come to the apex of Mr. Baker's dignity. Hee was chosen by the Protector to bee a Parliament man. The other knight for this Shyre, chosen alsoe by the Protector, was John Browne¹ of Little Nesse, a selfe conceited, confident person, butt one that Mr. Baker had a great respect for because hee favoured the Independent party. . . . It was thought that the Protector chose this Parliament on purpose thatt they might make him king : butt this Parliament was too wise to doe that ; although the Protector, when hee turned them out, called them *a Parliament of fooles*. They made one onely act, which was that all persons should bee married by Justices of the Peace : of which act Mr. Culpepper sayd merrily :

An act for marriages, from heaven sure sent,
The only business of one Parliament.

I have now brought Mr. Baker to his meridian ; *sed ad summum quicquid venit, ad exitum prope est*. As hee increased in dignity, soe hee decreased in riches, which wasted faster than his father gott them ; *Maxima paulatim ex minimis, minima subito ex maximis*. Hee had spent all the money that his father left him ; and, haveing noe child, hee began to consider of an heire to his estate. And first he designed his sister's son,² and to that end sent him to Oxford to learne University readeing ; butt hee proved extravagant, and gott much in debt, and profited nothing in learning ; and therefore the uncle payd his debts and cast him off. When hee came home, hee married a wife of noe fortune, and hardly a good name ; and this alienated Mr. Baker's affection whooly from him.

Quam falso accusant superos stultequ queruntur
Mortales ! Etenim nostrorum causa malorum
Ipsi nos sumus, et sua quemque vecordia lædit.

Chrysippus.

Afterwards Mr. Baker designed a son of Judge Mackworth's³ for his heire, butt the young man dyed before hee came to maturity. And then Thomas Browne, the eldest son of John Browne of Little Nesse (Mr. Baker's oracle), married with my Cozen, Mary Gough, eldest daughter of my uncle, John Gough of Besford, halfe brother to old Thomas Baker, and had a son by her named Thomas Browne, and this young man Mr. Baker made choice of to bee his heire.

The above-named uncle, John Gough of Besford, is described as "a dilligent, laboriouse person, and spareing allmost to a fault." The details of a purchase of freehold which he made in 1649, as well as his wife's striking personality, are worth quoting.

These lands were bought in the name of my uncle William Gough of Sweeney : for my uncle John Gough had been in actuall armes for the King under Sir Vincent Corbett, and hee was afraid that this Parliament wouald (after

¹ There is an error here. John Browne represented Montgomeryshire in the Barebones Parliament. The other Shropshire M.P. was William Bottrell.

² John Lloyd.

³ Mackworth had married a sister of Baker's wife.

the great ones) call the litle ones to account ; and beeside, my uncle William, liveing at Sweeney, could shelter himselfe under Mr. Baker, who then beegan to bee of some account among that party. . . .

Not long after this purchase my uncle John Gough dyed, butt my aunt Katherine survived him. Shee was soe extreeme fatt, that shee could not goe strait forward through some of the inward doores in the house, butt did turne her body sideways : and yett shee would go up staires and downe againe, and too and fro in the house and yard, as nimbly, and tread as light, as a gyrl of 20 or 30 years of age. This, perhaps, to some may seem idle to speake of ; but, indeed, I thought it a very strange thing.

The late Mr. Stanley Leighton was descended (through their daughter, Mary Browne) from this thrifty individual and his corpulent spouse, and inherited Thomas Baker's "new faire house in Sweeney."

After the account of "Richard Gough the third," and of his second wife's offspring, the narrative is the simple record of a yeoman family, adorned by the writer's characteristic touches, *e.g.* :

Richard Gough the fourth marryed with Katherine the daughter of Trustan Turner. . . . Hee was a proper tall man, and shee a very litle woman. . . . Richard Gough the fift, my father, was a man of a midle stature, very active of body, and of a nimble strength.

Gough's own domestic history reminds one of the first chapter of *Job*. Yet there seems nothing in himself or his ancestors to account for the apparent weakliness of his eight children. His great-grandfather "lived to a great age and . . . was very healthful ;" his grandfather attained the age of threescore years and ten ; and while the Cayhowell pigeons carried off his father some time before he had completed the allotted span, the historian himself far exceeded it. The catastrophe may possibly have been due to some constitutional defect in his wife Joan, who died in 1694 in middle life. But let him tell his own story in his own words.

And now I come to speake somewhat of myselfe, who am the sixt Richard of our family. I married Johan, the daughter of William Wood,¹ of Peplow ; hee was descended of that antient famly of the Woods of Muckleton. Her mother was Joyce, the daughter of Mr. John Baddeley,² of Ellerton Grange, in Staffordshire. Shee dyed att my house in Newton, and lyes burried in Myddle Chancell. I had ishue : Richard, my eldest son, who was the seventh Richard of our famly ; butt hee dyed beefore his middle age,³ and lyes burried in Myddle Chancell. Baddeley Gough, my second son, was apprentice to Mr. Johnson, a dyer in

¹ Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., is descended from this William Wood, who was a very wealthy tenant in Peplow, Hodnet.

² John Baddeley's wife, Anne, was the sister of Dr. John Arnway (1601-1653).

³ He was 26.

Salop,¹ and dyed ² of the small pox, and lyes interred in St. Aulkmund's Church there. William, my yongest son, is a Grocer in Salop. Hee married Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Richard Hatchett of Lee, who ³ has a son by her named Richard. I have omitted to say anything of two children ⁴ that I had which dyed in theire childhood. I have three daughters—Joyce, Anne, and Dorothy. Anne is married to John Palin,⁵ of Baschurch. My deare wife dyed att Shrewsbury, where shee went to take phisicke. Shee was brought to Myddle, and lyes burried in the Chancel under the same stone with her mother.

Digna hæc luce diuturniore,
Nisi quod luce meliore digna.

Too good to live with mee; and I,
Not good enough with her to dye.

With this sad reflection, so beautifully expressed, Gough concludes the account of his own family. It was possibly to beguile the comparative loneliness that fell upon his declining years that he undertook the history, which (as we have seen) was to occupy him from 1700 to 1702. Afterwards he would be further consoled for his many bereavements by the contemplation of his eight grandchildren growing up to maturity. Of these, seven were the offspring of his daughter, Anne Palin, who lived only a few miles away, and through whom alone (it should be recorded) was he destined to be represented in the fourth generation. Her descendants are living to-day,⁶ and "among the rest" some are to be found at Myddle. The other grandchild, Richard Gough the eighth (son of William), a stationer at Whitchurch, in Shropshire, died unmarried when he was under forty; and with his death, in 1737, the historian's own branch of the family became "whoaly extinct" in the male line.⁷ This last satire on his labours the industrious genealogist was spared, for he was then dead: but he survived all his children,⁸ except his unmarried daughter, Joyce (who "I may rationally guesse" kept house at Newton, and sometimes read aloud to her father); and he lived after the completion of his "Antiquities and Memoyres" no less than twenty-one years. Beyond that he took up his pen again for a while

¹ *i.e.* Shrewsbury.

² At the age of 20.

³ The grammar is confused, but the meaning clear.

⁴ Christened *Baddeley* and *William*.

⁵ Husbandman.

⁶ Maternally descended from Anne Palin is Sir John Edwards-Moss, the present head of a well-known family of "oars."

⁷ There are, however, male representatives (among them myself) of his uncle William, younger brother of "Richard Gough the first." This branch, which left Shropshire about a hundred years ago, had even lost sight of its Shropshire origin.

⁸ Dorothy died unmarried in 1706, in her twenty-eighth year; and William was apparently dead in 1711. Anne Palin died in 1720, aged 46; and Joyce in 1726, aged about 60.

in 1706, and made one small addition to his MS. as late as 1709, nothing is known of him during this period. Probably he was now too old to attend much to the management of his farm ; concerning which I may mention (to fall into his own quaint phraseology) that, as it was his lot in life, so it would seem to have been his chief delight. In one place he says impulsively :

husbandry . . . is indeed a delightfull calling.

Tempus in agrorum cultu consumere dulce est.—*Ovid.*

O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,
Agricolos.—*Virgil, 2 Lib. Georg.*

It is likely that literature attracted him in another way, as an episode, only less than husbandry did. . And as, earlier in life, much of his spare time must have been spent in reading ; so, with the fuller leisure of its close, we can fancy him often reading—but oftener re-reading. And if his eye grew dim, and his hearing thick, so that he could neither read nor be read to, he was well fitted for the Contemplative Life by his years, and not less by his disposition and mental equipment. We can judge by his writings that, in his seventh decade, years had not yet impaired his intellect ; and that he retained its use to the end may be inferred from the fact of his will¹ being dated only a year before his death, which occurred February 9, 1722–3, at the ripe age of 88. He was buried three days later at Myddle, probably in the chancel, where his wife and eldest son were laid ; but this is not certain, and no frail memorial to-day marks the spot where he lies. His name, however, is still preserved at Myddle on a bell, which has this inscription :

CÆTEROS · VOCO · IPSE · NON · INTRO

RICH · GOUGH · WILL · FORMESTON · C · W · 1668.

It may “not be improper to mention” that in his burial entry he is styled “Gent.” ; and perhaps the ascription to him of this now dim disputed title is the more complimentary as it was *technically* incorrect. Though possessed of a considerable freehold estate, Gough was not—nor claimed to be—armigerous : he was of yeoman rank, and so “wroate himselfe” in his will. If we are right in regarding the wording of the register as proof of the respect in which the old man was held by his neighbours, this again might be taken as presumptive evidence that the remarkable book of which he was the author was not discovered till after the funeral.

And truly—apart from contemporary opinion—a remarkable book

¹ The signature looks quite firm.

it is. When the rank of the author is borne in mind, and when one considers that—well taught though he must have been in his boyhood by local clergymen—he did not proceed “to learne University readeing,” but discontinued his education (in the narrow sense of that word) with his schooldays, it is not inconceivable that, with better opportunities for the pursuit of letters, the unusual talent (it may be genius), which his monograph and only work evinces, might have won for him literary fame. *This reflection* (so might he himself—but for the anachronism—have commented on such a case) *puts me in mind of that of Mr. Gray :*

Their lot forbade.

A short description of the original MS., which is still in a good state of preservation, may be of interest. It is a very closely written leather-bound volume of 182 pages, twelves inches by seven and a half ; its contents (at a rough estimate) would fill three numbers of “The Gentleman’s Magazine,” and the portion devoted to pedigrees is about two-thirds of the whole work.

Strangely enough, the very existence of Richard Gough—as also of Myddle—was only revealed to me, though descended from “the historian’s” uncle, through a reference to his “Antiquities and Memoyres” in *The Genealogist’s Guide*. The charm of the book itself thus romantically, as it were, *recovered*, together with the unexpected access of a wealth of real live ancestors (instead of the usual empty *human summaries*), made an immediate, but lasting, impression ; and antiquaries at all events will understand my feeling of deep gratitude towards one in whom it would now be no “bull” to say : “I did something for posterity : what has posterity done for me ?”

This was twelve years ago, in the Bodleian Library, where Sir Thomas Phillipps’s imperfect edition of 1834 is to be found. But there do not exist many copies either of that or of the better edition of 1875 ; and my object in bringing a few extracts from the work before the readers of this magazine is to rescue—not (it is true) from total oblivion, but from accidental obscurity—

*A village Camden, that with pious zeal
The petty annals of his home records ;
A humble Walton—wanting rod and creel ;
A Boswell—echoless of Johnson’s words.*

ARTHUR V. GOUGH.

ALL-DELIGHTING PAN.

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness ;

• • • • •
Hear us, great Pan.—*Keats*.

THE poetic epithet "All-delighting" (*Panterpes*), applied to the god Pan, was an expression partly humorous and partly descriptive. It seems to have been originally used in a sportive manner. In the seventeenth Homeric Hymn, Hermes is depicted in the act of introducing into the presence of the Immortals his infant son wrapped in the skin of a mountain hare. The presentation being graciously received, the gods "called him All (*Pan*), because he delighted the minds of All (*Pasi*)." We may, if we please, see in this nothing but an antiquated pun, but if we do so we shall lose the full meaning of the fable. The hymn points to something beyond a feeble jest. Although the character and attributes of Pan, as imagined by the early Greek poets, were unfixed and indefinite, and it was only by degrees that the god came to be recognised as the tutelary divinity of flocks and herds, vineyards and cornfields, nevertheless, from the infancy of pastoral and agricultural pursuits he was associated in the minds of the Hellenic people with the joys which attend such occupations. To him was ascribed the festive glee that is wont to accompany the ingathering of crops and the safe delivery of the increase of flocks. His protection received its meed of praise during the merrymaking which of old corresponded to the harvest home and the mirthful season called by Scottish shepherds "the waukin' o' the fauld." In a land of husbandmen, herdsmen, and vinegrowers, and amongst a people filled with love of the beautiful, the rustic life was spontaneously glorified. Enthusiastic worshippers willingly gave offerings to Pan, whose beneficence they perceived in abundant crops, clustering grapes, and teeming herds, and whom they praised as the source of general joy and happiness. Thus the epithet "All-delighting" was a poetic and

accurate expression of the god's position in popular estimation. The minds of all mortals delighted in his fostering care, just as the first sight of his baby self delighted the minds of all the Immortals.

When we state the purpose of this essay, it will be apparent why we have chosen as its title the name and epithet of this old patron of the fertility, fecundity, and felicity of Mother Earth. It is our intention to set down some thoughts on the relation of man to "Earth his mother," the lights and shadows of rural life, and the attitude most becoming to those who would inquire into the secrets of nature, which, although read with ease by the observant disciple, are, to the careless and indifferent, dark as the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Surely there never has been a time when the beauties of nature and joys of rural pursuits were so fully expressed in literature as in our day. Poets, indeed, have ever been true to All-delighting Pan, except in barren intervals, when their vision was temporarily affected by the distorting medium of fashion. At the present time, however, prose writers not only follow but emulate the poets in giving melodious expression to the delight of communing with nature. Had Goldsmith lived in our time, he would not have characterised the collecting and arranging of butterflies as "specious idleness" and only preferable to "that unhappy state which is produced by the total want of employment." He would rather have sympathised with those who love the little winged blossoms. But although this appreciation of the beauties of nature is a praiseworthy feature of modern literary taste, there is yet room for criticism of the manner in which it frequently receives expression. There are writers who describe the manifold attractions of wood and hill, river and meadow, in language which is indeed elegant and graceful, but which proves that the beauty they describe is to them a source of sadness rather than of joy. They are full of fatalism and gloom. Than those prose poets, when they are in this melancholy mood, no one is truer to the external loveliness or falsier to the inward consolations of nature. They echo the cry of the preacher, "All is vanity," but omit the qualifying lesson that vanity consists in the dedication of everything to mere selfishness and self-indulgence. They complain that the fresh leaves in spring come forth only to wither and die; the birds, which in summer make the woods resound with their songs, are compelled in autumn to flee from our shores or perish; the streams, which brighten the meadows in the May sunshine, become in October turbid, muddy, and defiled. Earth they denounce as a heartless and unfeeling mother, who cares nothing for

her children, and grinds them in a mill of hopeless fate. Forgetting Keats's picture of the dethroned Saturn, sitting "quiet as a stone," with bowed head "listening to the Earth, his ancient mother, for some comfort yet," they prefer to amplify the brooding thoughts of Endymion :

The dashing fount pour'd on, and where its pe
Lay, half asleep, in grass and rushes cool,
Quick waterflies and gnats were sporting still,
And fish were dimpling, as if good nor ill
Had fallen out that hour.

It is hardly necessary to state the obvious truth that the movements of nature cannot be affected by the good or evil fortune of the onlooker. His joy or grief will influence the spirit in which he regards those movements, but they will continue in their course irrespective of his pleasure or pain. The sun shines as brightly, the breeze is as soft, the birds sing and lambs romp as gaily on the day of a funeral as on the day of a wedding, while the bride, as often as the widow, goes to church amidst rain and storm. But the writers of whom we have spoken wilfully close their eyes to another truth, equally obvious, that love is the ultimate controlling power in all the operations of nature. The triad in the harmony of nature is love, peace, and joy, and it is our duty, as well as our wisdom, to regard love as the root of the chord. We ought to train ourselves to note and appreciate the universal happiness so clearly perceived and beautifully described by Dr. Paley : "It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view." Writing which harps solely on the mournful aspects of nature is a mere passing fashion, unavailing as the sad piping of Pan for Syrinx, and often attributable either to sentimentality or ill-health.

In the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, the sympathy supposed to exist between Mother Earth and her children is regarded as an admitted fact. The twenty-eighth Homeric Hymn describes Earth as the Mother of All, who feeds all things in air, earth, or sea, and on whom depends the giving or taking of life. It proceeds, "Blessed is he whom thou shalt willingly honour in thy mind." A similar passage occurs in Æschylus ("Seven against Thebes"), where Mother Earth is addressed as a well-beloved nurse who cherishes the young things which creep on the ground, and takes upon herself all the care of their upbringing. Those poets would have

been surprised to hear the mother and nurse of all stigmatised as heartless and devoid of feeling. The Latin authors speak of earth as the principal source of the elements out of which the framework of plant and animal is built, and as a storehouse of nourishment to support the life which animates that framework, but, beyond all, as a mother capable of entertaining maternal feelings. Thus Horace, narrating the overthrow of the Titans, says, "Earth cast upon her monsters mourns, and grieves for her offspring hurled by the thunder-bolt to dismal Hades." It will be observed that the verbs used in this passage, *dolet* and *mæret*, are peculiarly applicable to the expression of human grief.

We shall not cite further authority in support of a proposition which is backed by the whole tenor of ancient poetry, but merely connect it with modern thought by a quotation from a curious work by John Wesley, entitled "Primitive Physick, or an Easy and Natural Method of curing most Diseases." In this treatise, under the head of Consumption, we read the following remarkable direction to the patient: "Every morning cut a little turf of fresh earth, and, lying down, breathe into the hole for a quarter of an hour. I have known a deep consumption cured thus." One would wish to know where Mr. Wesley found this cure, and what was its origin. It merits consideration in connection with our present subject, whether it be a survival of the doctrine of the earth-mother, "on whom it depends to bestow life and to take it away," or a foreshadowing of the open-air treatment of consumption, or an early appreciation of the antiseptic properties of freshly turned mould.

Leaving our study, let us ponder in the open air some lights and shadows of the rural life. There is no place where the "heavy peacefulness" of the all-delighting one can be enjoyed so fully as in a wood. We are not at present thinking of a forest with jagged trunks, eternal whispers and glooms, such as Keats fancies for the palace of Pan, but a simple wood in the far north, growing on the face of a hill, at the foot of which a well-known river hurries down rapids, or whirls in black foam-streaked pools. The main body of the army of trees which occupies this ridge is composed of Scotch firs, but there is sent down towards the river a party of skirmishers, in the shape of delicate birches and larches, sturdy oaks and beeches, and, on the verge, a few horse-chestnuts. At one or two points in the river haugh, fields have been reclaimed which are a double joy, delighting the rabbits which inhabit the sandy slopes behind, and the poachers who come from the nearest village in search of game. The locality is well adapted to the methods of these Ishmaelite Nimrods.

Timing their arrival so as to reach the edge of the wood at the hour of night when hundreds of the rodents are nibbling the herbage in the fields below, three men run up in the grass a long net supported on slight stakes, a short distance from the whins which mark the boundary of the trees. Tom stays to watch the net, while Jim and Pete go softly down to the river bank, and stretch out a long "switch line." Taking each an end of the line, they walk slowly up the field with the line switching the wide space of grass between them. So soon as a rabbit hears the "siss, siss" of the approaching line, he becomes uneasy and shifts his position a little nearer his base of operations, the wood. The sound draws closer, he does not like it, and slips off to shelter. Alas! between him and safety stretches that deadly net, and into it he tumbles headlong, to be speedily and quietly dispatched by the watchful Tom. So the work goes on, till Jim and Pete bring up the two ends of the switch-line, and the netting of that field is completed. On a suitable night three men have been known to kill in this way between ninety and a hundred rabbits.

If we wander in the wood on one of the early days of a mild January, we shall be impressed, in the first place, by the absence of bird-calls and other signs of animal life. There will probably be a high wind, in which case we shall hear it humming among the branches, and looking up may see a flock of rooks cawing and swaying in the blast. The skirmishing hardwoods form a cold grey network of branches and twigs, streaked here and there with the silver white of the birches. The larches are dotted with small brown cones. Behind these the main body of Scotch firs is drawn up, dark green and sombre, but warmed by the rosy brown of the trunks. In sheltered spots we shall find one or two oaks bearing patches of brown leaves on their lower boughs. Some of the brambles, in spite of the winter frosts, are still green. The floor of this temple of Pan is grass, not yet withered, chequered with brown leaves and masses of fir needles. The only signs of animal life are the whirling rooks and a few tits, which are pecking the insects hidden on the firs, and climbing round and round, as if they were ascending a winding staircase; or if we kick up the leaves we may discover a little spider or beetle lying numb and sluggish. There are no flowers, except on a clump of whins near the river.

By the middle of April we see a change. The hawthorn hedges on the margin of the wood are a study in brown and green, the leaves in some parts being fully formed, while in others the twigs show their naked brown. The larches have fresh tips, and are dotted

with little bunches of bright green. No insects are yet stirring save an occasional humble bee, but birds are twittering and chirping among the branches. On a piece of old dry-stone wall there is a pretty bit of colour. The top of the wall is covered with sods which have lain there for many years. Upon these, and in the interstices of the stones, quantities of deep green hard-ferns are growing, and among them one rosy-petalled daisy. A robin has alighted on the dyke, just where the sun strikes upon the green fern, rosy petals, and orange breast, thrown into relief by the dark shade of the moss and the weather-worn stones. Here come a troop of merry children to roll dyed eggs, for this is the Saturday before Easter. In the heart of the wood is a grassy hollow, like a bowl, entirely devoid of undergrowth, where the brightly tinted eggs are rolled up the slope and allowed to slide back amidst the shouts of the children. After a time the shouting ceases, dire destruction having come upon the painted shells, and the playmates being engaged in enjoying a feast of their hard-boiled contents.

In another month the larches are in full leaf, showing from the opposite bank of the river like splashes of bright green laid upon the purplish-brown interlacing of the leafless hardwoods. The horse-chestnuts, with partly open leaves, appear as if flocks of green love-birds or paroquets had alighted upon them. There is no season of the year when the joy of nature so affects most men as this period of revival. We seem to feel some of the glee with which the ancients celebrated the return of Persephone from Dis. At such a time the music of the old poetry comes back to us: "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Many words might be written without our recalling the spirit of the season so vividly as it is expressed in those few lines.

Pan's temple has its beauty in the waning as well as in the waxing year. By the first of November we shall find the wood again silent. The leaves are coming down rapidly, and in the silence lie in heaps as they fall, the base of each beech being surrounded by a withered brown circle. The beech hedges, however, are still in parts green, although they have mostly undergone their chameleon changes from green to lemon-yellow, chrome-yellow, orange, light brown, and dark brown. The sunsets over the hill in this month are often glorious, the western horizon being covered with heavy purple clouds, and above these pink cloudlets, like delicate feather fans, spreading upwards to the zenith. All is calm and outwardly full of peace, and yet, just as sudden storm may burst over the wood and

spread destruction around, so rural quiet is occasionally broken by unexpected tragedy. There is a farm on the other side of the hill. Mary at the farm was an orphan, with no relative except a somewhat unsympathetic stepmother. She had, however, a sweetheart, a ploughman at a neighbouring farm. There was a fair in the village, which Mary and her sweetheart attended. Whatever happened at the fair, or on the way, we do not know, but her mistress noticed next day that the girl was often in tears. A few kindly questions might have saved after regrets, but it did not occur to the mistress to put them. In the early morning Mary slipped away, and her body was, on a search, recovered far down the river. Her new frock and hat were found on the bank, where she had entered the water, carefully laid in a safe place. It seems a strange condition of mind (although it is not uncommon in such cases), which induces scrupulous regard for the safety of a hat or dress, and absolute disregard for the sacrifice of human life. What was the precise difficulty which the poor lassie found more terrible to look at than death itself was never ascertained.

The mind of a child finds Pan all-delighting, but as we grow older we become more insensible to his pipings. If we could retain the first feelings of childhood, we should retain its faculty of sympathising with nature. Conversely, the training of ourselves to appreciate duly the delights of woods and fields is the surest means of keeping intact a spirit of simple enjoyment and childlike faith, which is a most precious possession in later years. A friend of the writer used to say that his interest in all the beauties of nature kept him from his dotage; and certainly, when he went to his rest in the last decade of his life's century, his faculties were undimmed, and his enthusiasm in a new specimen or a new discovery was as keen as in his prime. Let us remain, therefore, among the worshippers of All-delighting Pan, keeping the flames of our lamps burning clearly, finding in sympathy with Mother Earth and her offspring new interests and new joys, an inspiring of life, and a key to all mysteries and knowledge, and advancing step by step, till the shadows pass away and the secrets of nature are spread open before us.

HENRY H. BROWN.

DRINKING CUSTOMS OF THE OLD SCOTTISH GENTRY.

THE generation into which Burns was born was a hard-drinking one, and, judged by the potations of his contemporaries, the poet's libations would seem to have been no more than normal. Every gentleman, says Ramsay of Ochtertyre, loved his bottle. Drinking even to excess did not carry a stigma with it. The then Duke of Hamilton, according to Carlyle of Inveresk, would have been a man of letters "could he have kept himself sober." Unbounded hospitality was universal, and sobriety, as savouring of parsimony, was shunned like a vice. The tavern, as a social institution, was frequented by the clergy without loss of respect or reputation. Ministers and elders alike at Assembly time adjourned to the Carrier's Inn, in the West Bow, for their "meridian." Piety and tippling were not considered in any great degree incompatible. Dr. Alexander Webster, minister of the Tolbooth Kirk, Edinburgh, a five-bottle man, was revered by his parishioners. The town's business then was discussed over a dram, and he never missed a meeting. It was said of him that he had drunk as much claret at the ratepayers' expense as would float a 74-gun ship. Another worthy minister who could drink prodigiously with apparent impunity laid it down as a golden rule of conduct that a man who could not hold a pint must content himself with a chopin. Like Allan Ramsay he despised a "tea-faced generation."

Both Bench and Bar during the century may be said generally to have been equally remarkable for longevity and the length of their symposia. But possibly only the fittest survived. - Lord President Forbes to the end of his days, when in congenial company, drank "to the very verge of sobriety"; and Lord Kames, who was reputed a sober man, could drink hard when he met the right people. Lord Grange, for a time justice-clerk, alternated between spates of drinking and the exercise of religion, and was specially addicted when in the latter humour to meetings for private prayer, after which indulgence the claret flowed freely. Typical of the manners of the times

was the dying request of Lord Forglen in 1727. He instructed his clerk that the doctors and friends who attended upon him were to be "filled fou," and the will of the deceased was faithfully observed. Before they left "there was na ane of them able to bite their ain thumb." Sixty years later, Jeffrey, then a boy, assisted to carry Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, to bed, who patted him on the head next morning, and assured him that if he went on as he had begun he might live to be a Bozzy yet. The custom was to dine at home at midday or early afternoon, sup in a tavern at eight, and spend the evening in conviviality. Charles Hay, afterwards Lord Newton, being seen making his way homeward about nine o'clock in the evening, walking somewhat unsteadily, was asked, "Why, how's this, Mr. Hay? You're early up from your dinner to-day?" "True enough," he replied, "but then, ye maun ken, we sat down *yesterday*." John Murray, Clerk of Session, having run up a score of £4,000, gallantly liquidated the debt by marrying Lucky Thom, the tavern-keeper. The choicer spirits had their clubs and coteries. Andrew Crosbie, the Counsellor Pleydell of "Guy Mannering," was "one of the great ornaments" of the Feast of the Tabernacles, which met at Purves's tavern in Parliament Square; and the "high jinks" of the Mirror Club and the Sons of Solomon were no less celebrated. At Douglas's tavern Smellie the printer, who was possessed of "fine convivial talents," presided over the wits of the Crochallan Club, which fraternity entertained Burns twice on his visit to Edinburgh in 1787. Lord Newton and Lord Hermand frequented the Ante Manum, so called from a rule that the "lawing" should be paid beforehand. Hermand, says Lord Cockburn, had a sincere respect for drinking, a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it, and a due contempt for those who could, but did not. He would by no means suffer the plea that drunkenness was an excuse for crime. A prisoner being on his trial for stabbing a boon companion while wrangling after a debauch, it was pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk at the time. This was warmly resented by his lordship. "We are told," he said, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my Lords, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"

The landed gentry seldom left their estates. They killed their own mutton, game was plentiful, and with claret and whisky punch

in abundance they lived out their lives unconscious of any shortcomings in themselves or their surroundings. A guest was ever sure of a hearty welcome, and he and his host would as surely sit over the bottle till one or the other was prostrate. No self-respecting laird set other bounds to the drinking. When neighbouring lairds met, the potations were "pottle deep." The laird of Balnamoon, after a night's carouse, on being informed that it was "an awfu' mornin'," thus addressed his servant Peter: "Gang direct to the parlour; see that the fire's blazin', licht the cawnels, set the punch bowl filled wi' plottie on the breakfast table, steek the shutters, and we'll try what kind of a nicht it will mak'." Balnamoon had this peculiarity—he would not sleep a night out of his own house. Being overcome at the house of a friend, he insisted on riding home as usual, which manifestly he was unable to do; so the night being dark he was assisted to mount, not his horse, but a turf wall, and Peter having attached the bridle to a stump, put the whip into his master's hand, and assured him: "Noo, your honour, the road's straight afore ye." When the befuddled laird fell off, which he very shortly did, Peter shouted into his ear, "We're at hame noo, sir! We're at hame, I'm tellin' ye! Your honour's just fa'en off at our ain stable door." And he slept from home that night; but he never forgave the trick played upon him, and stoutly resisted any attempt to inveigle him to the same house again. Scott might have depicted the scene which met the astonished gaze of Cockburn when in his teens he arrived with some companions at the inn of Middleton to meet his father, the Sheriff of Midlothian. The gentry, headed by Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville, had assembled, and were making a night of it. He found them uproarious in a low-roofed room scarcely large enough to hold them, with wooden chairs and a sanded floor. On the table was a large bowl of whisky punch, the steam of which was almost dropping from the roof, while the odour was enough, he says, to perfume the whole parish. One of the boys was promptly voted into the chair, and his health drunk with all the honours.

The wild doings of Fox Maule, who later became Lord Panmure, were long proverbial. At Brechin Castle, his seat in Forfarshire, he held high revelry, and innumerable are the stories told of the pranks he played while in his cups. The laird of Skene, a bachelor passionately fond of his dogs, was one of his victims. It was quite in the nature of things that in the course of a night's revel Maule should propose to toss the dogs in a blanket. The laird was furious, but his infirmity was that after a certain number of tumblers he

became tongue-tied and unable to articulate. He had, however, full use of his other faculties. Possessing himself of an old blunderbuss, he loaded it with powder and wadding, and fired over the heads of his tormentors. The result was that the laird was knocked over by the recoil, the candles were upset, the glasses broken, and the confusion and smoke so terrifying that one old gentleman implored to be taken to bed, as "the smell o' the pouthier made him sick." Maule was hugely delighted at the new turn in affairs, and the dogs were forgotten. The Catholic priest at Dundee had steadfastly declined Maule's invitations to dinner, knowing well what scenes were enacted there, so he was invited to breakfast. The breakfast, needless to say, followed on a night's carousal. Maule to all appearance was perfectly sober, and entertained his guest in a most becoming way. Bringing the conversation round to the subject of excess, he deplored the fact that his example of moderation was of no avail. "There," said he, opening the door of the room adjacent, where his companion of the night before, the laird of Duntrune, lay as he had fallen, "there for example, reverend father, is a man on whom the best of counsels has been thrown away. Exhort him, I entreat you, reverend sir ; perhaps he will listen to your voice, though he continues deaf to mine." The priest refused the office, and departed, only to find a hearse and four at the door. Duntrune was solemnly carried out and deposited in the hearse ; Maule mounted the box, and, after parading the streets of Dundee, drove the inanimate laird home to his house in the country. More ingenious was his way with the laird of Usan. The laird was a douce man who discountenanced riotous behaviour, and as such was considered fair game by Maule. Usan, like his neighbours, patronised the local races, and, to his undoing, there encountered Maule when he had for once somewhat exceeded his usual moderation. The wine being in and the wit out, he was easily trapped into wagering that within the space of one hour he would break all the crockery that could be brought to him. The bet was taken and the conditions arranged. The laird was to have no weapon of any kind, and the event was to come off in the market-place of Montrose on the following afternoon. Usan had time to sober and to rue, but there was no going back on his word. He provided himself with a strong pair of fisherman's boots, and duly put in an appearance. But he had not reckoned with Maule and his associates : he found a stage prepared, with seats for the umpires ! Several hampers were brought and disposed of ; the smaller articles the laird smashed with his heavy boots, while the larger he picked

up and dashed upon the ground, when to his horror cartloads of crockery began to arrive from all quarters. He redoubled his exertions, and one garment after another was discarded, until there never was such a scene in the town of Montrose, the frenzied laird like a maniac dancing among the ware amidst the shouts and yells of the populace. The proud old gentleman's native obstinacy prevailed in the end, and he won his bet, but it is said he never quite got over the humiliation attaching to such a disgraceful exhibition.

"I verily believe my senses will leave me if I stay long in this country," wrote Alexander Gibson Hunter to his partner, Archibald Constable, Scott's publisher. Hunter was the son of a Forfarshire laird, and Maule and he were close friends. Both were men of considerable mental powers, and his letters give perhaps the best picture extant of the high living and hard drinking then prevalent. Longman, the eminent London publisher, having come to Scotland on a visit, Hunter carried him off to Forfarshire. They dined at Brechin Castle and Balnamoon, and the publisher did his part, with disastrous results to his digestion. He was taken ill, and Hunter sorrowfully reports, "These Englishers will never do in our country. They eat a great deal too much and drink too little; the consequence is, their stomachs give way, and they are knocked up, of course." Another record is, "Yesterday Maule and Charles Hay (Lord Newton) came here along with us, and stayed till near three this morning—a terrible drink, three bottles claret per man, besides punch, &c., after supper." John Murray, Byron's Anak of publishers, fared no better than his rival Longman. He, too, enjoyed the "perilous hospitality" of the Forfarshire lairds. "We had a most dreadful day at Brechin Castle," writes Hunter, "one of the most awful ever known, even in that house. What think you of seven of us drinking thirty-one bottles of red champagne, besides burgundy, three bottles of madeira, &c., &c.? Nine bottles were drunk by us after Maule was pounded (he had been living a terrible life for three weeks preceding), and of all this Murray contrived to take his share. How he got it over, God knows; but he has since paid for it very dearly. He has himself principally to blame, having been so rash as to throw out a challenge to the Scots from the Englishmen, in which he was encountered, as you may suppose. He has since been close at home at Eskmount, very unwell, but yesterday I got him physicked, and to-day we dine with Major Ramsay at Kelly—from which God send us a happy deliverance."

At Kelly the evening concluded "with the usual demonstrations

of joy," and Hunter had some difficulty in getting Murray afloat next day for the Beefsteak Club dinner and dance at Forfar, from which they got home at five in the morning, preceded by Maule with whom they had "supper" and a "cool bowl of punch." Maule and his party then left to canvass the burgh of Montrose!

In one of the few cases in which Scott figured as advocate he defended a clerical client from a charge of drunkenness, on the ground that they could convict him only of three acts of drunkenness during the course of fourteen years, and that there was a distinction between *ebrius* and *ebriosus* founded in common-sense and recognised in law. A thousand cases, he said, might be supposed, in which a man, without being aware of what he was about, may be insensibly led on to intoxication, especially in a country where the vice is unfortunately so common that upon occasions a man may go to excess from a false sense of modesty or a fear of disoblighing his entertainer. The argument fitted the occasion, but it did not save Scott's client from well-merited deposition from a ministry in which much was tolerated if public decency were but observed. Lockhart says convivial habits were then indulged in to an extent now happily unknown, and that Scott took a plentiful share in such jollities down to the time of his marriage. But though Scott, when Lockhart first knew him, could "swallow a great quantity of wine without being at all visibly disordered by it," he was for his day remarkably abstemious. His maxim was, "Of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness."

ALEXANDER WOOD.

*ON LOOKING DOWN ON THE FACE IN
DEATH OF A GOOD WOMAN.*

NIGHT. Yet not complete,
Rather the twilight of a summer's morn,
Where the two gleams meet :
The ling'ring glory of the day that's gone,
The lustre of the one which sweepeth on.

The ling'ring glory ?
Before us the interpretation lies :
The lovely story
Of life to beatification wrought
By noble selfless deeds, sweet tender thought.

The radiant dawn ?
We know not. Here man's book of knowledge ends.
For, from out that bourn
Of death, no voice may tell what visions rise,
Or if but sleep soft falls, as close our eyes.

Yet we have dreaming—
Dreaming we hope to waking find not dream—
That 'tis a gleaming
Such as not yet hath struck upon the sight,
A heav'n of lovelinesses and delight ;

That this mourning bed
Is not the bed of death, but bed of birth ;
This our precious dead
But as the bud which needs must pass away
That it may win a far more splendid day.

ELTON PATERSON.

TABLE TALK

A GREAT MILTON FIND.

THE announcement of the discovery of a new work entirely from the pen of John Milton has made less sensation in the world than might have been anticipated. Considering that Milton stands second on the roll of English poets, if not on that of the world's poets—since, in modern times, no other country can rival him—it might have been supposed that some pother would have been raised; at least, in academical circles. If the contrary is the case, and the work is received with equanimity, if not with indifference, the reasons are not far to seek. In the first place, the book is not in the true or full sense new. It has been in print for exactly two hundred and fifty-five years. During that time, however, it has never been ascribed to Milton; and I, who profess myself one of the most devout of Miltonians, and who know by heart well on to half of his English verse, have never heard of its existence. A second and even more influential reason is that nobody, so far as I know, has taken quite seriously the pretensions of the discoverer. These have passed unchallenged, since no one, or scarcely one, who has yet written has bestowed the time and patience necessary either to accept or deny. The discoverer in question—of whom more hereafter—has read and translated a book, and declares, wholly on internal evidence, that the book is by Milton. To weigh his arguments and approve the value of the evidence he offers is a task of great labour, and can only be undertaken by an exceptionally scrupulous reviewer or an enthusiast. Men accordingly have contented themselves with mentioning the claim of the translator, saying what the book is about, and leaving the matter there. I have myself no time for a complete analysis of what is advanced. I am, however, as I have before said, an enthusiast. I know Milton better than most, and I have read with profound and augmenting interest the translation, from cover to cover.

THE "NEW SOLYMA."

BEFORE expressing my own convictions I will explain most briefly what the volume—or volumes, since there are two—is. Its title in its present shape is "*Nova Solyma, the Ideal City; or, Jerusalem Regained*": an Anonymous Romance written in the Time of Charles I. Now first drawn from Obscurity, and attributed to the Illustrious John Milton. With Introduction, Translation, Literary Essays, and a Bibliography by the Rev. Walter Begley. 2 vols.¹ In striking contrast with the title of the original is that now given. The original title is simply "*Novæ Solymæ Libri Sex: Londini: Typis Joannis Legati: MDCXLVIII.*" Now, everything about the book tempts to speculation. No hint whatever of authorship is given in a work without any form of preface or introduction. A fresh title-page was supplied the following year to the (presumably large) unsold remainder. This gave much more ample information as to the contents of the book, and added the intelligence that it was sold by Thomas Underhill, "sub signo Biblii in vico Anglice dicto Woodstreet." For this amount of added information we have to be thankful. To our knowledge of authorship nothing is added. The volume, including a page of errata, occupies three hundred and ninety-two pages, and contains on the blank page facing the title a Latin motto, which, as I write for English readers, I will give in Mr. Begley's translation, at once free and accurate:—

"'Whose is the book?' do you ask. Why start such a bootless inquiry?"

"If you but read and enjoy, you will have made it your own."

THE LATIN ORIGINAL.

BUT few copies of the work to which I draw attention appear to have been sold. I have never heard of a copy in private possession except those owned by the translator, and to him I am indebted for the information that the book lurks in some collegiate and academic libraries. All the knowledge I possess is, indeed, drawn from him. That the book should fall flat is a matter for little surprise, seeing that it was issued in a period of civil broil—in the year before the execution of the King. Milton, who three years earlier had published his poems, both English and Latin, had by this time good cause not only to suppress his name, but to avoid all chance of its being discovered. He was forty years of age, and his Puritanism

¹ John Murray.

was more acerb than it had been when he wrote *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Arcades*. Knowledge of his authorship of the *Nova Solyma* would not be likely to gratify his Puritan patrons, nor would it commend the work to the Cavaliers, to whom almost exclusively it must appeal. As a story the book has few claims upon attention. Some of its incidents, notably the combats and adventures with robbers, link it with the Picaresque novels, but its source must rather be sought in Classical models. The tale of the love and death of Philipppa, as narrated by Galatea, her maid and confidante, is romantic and to a certain extent tender. Two ends seem, however, to have been borne principally in mind by the writer—the first, to supply a picture of an ideal community such as is exhibited in the *Utopia* and the *New Atlantis*; and the second, to expound in edifying fashion the author's views upon morals, faith, and conduct.

EVIDENCE OF MILTON'S AUTHORSHIP.

IN a case such as that with which I deal, it must necessarily be on internal evidence alone that the ascription of authorship rests. It is not my intention to show the methods by which Mr. Begley establishes the authorship of Milton. To do this would necessitate an amount of space that I dare not occupy. Every point in the argument is closely followed out; and though many of the reasons advanced may seem inconclusive, such a body of evidence as I cannot resist is in the end accumulated. Much, though not undue, weight must be attached to the argument by exhaustion. Of English or British writers George Buchanan—who, for the rest, is too early in date—Bacon, Cowley, and one or two others, alone had Latinity enough to have written the work; while none of them is likely to have enunciated the view which it advocates. Put in its simplest form, you have to find first an inspired poet—for such is the author of the “Bridal Song of Heavenly Love”—and next one whose piety, reverence, and Puritanism are no less signal. It is, however, upon the resemblance between ideas and phraseology that the main contention must rest. In this and all other respects it seems to me that Mr. Begley establishes his case. I have another reason, which is all-powerful to me, but which I cannot attempt to impose upon others. I have read the book carefully, and from my knowledge of Milton—which, without undue boasting, I may say is extensive and far beyond the common—I have found scores of passages betraying Milton's hand on which Mr. Begley has not dwelt. I do not claim to speak *ex cathedra*, but I unite with Mr. Begley in claiming the authorship for Milton.

VALUE OF THE BOOK.

BUT one point more is there with which I have to deal. What is the literary value of the discovery that has been made? A work written wholly in Latin will appeal to comparatively few readers. The translation is excellent, but it is Mr. Begley's, and cannot be regarded as anything else. To the average reader the work will probably be caviare. It will inspire in such no more interest than the *Argenis* of Barclay, which few nowadays will be found to peruse: I read it myself some forty years ago (*cheu !*) in the translation of Sir Robert Le Grys and Thomas May, but am little likely to repeat the experiment. The scholar, however, and the lover of Milton may not and will not neglect the *Nova Solyma*. I know not who can read, for instance, the chorus of country maidens and young shepherds in the "Bridal Song of Heavenly Love" and not trace in it that mixture of sensuousness with the cultivation and adoration of virtue and that command of Scripture phrase in which Milton is unequalled. I have sought for a passage to quote, but find none I care to detach from the context. The scene of the greater part of the action is Syria; and Joseph, who is held to stand for Milton, is a Jew. Milton's Italian travels are turned, however, to good account, and there are many descriptions of Italian life. I may say that in dealing with Mr. Begley's discovery I have not attempted to describe a tenth of its claim on consideration.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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